

The Great Untold Story of Tony Curtis with Color Portrait

★ PHOTOPLAY

MAY

Special:

THE FAITH OF
Dale Robertson

BY IDA ZEITLIN

BONUS FEATURE

Vacation in Hollywood
THIS YEAR

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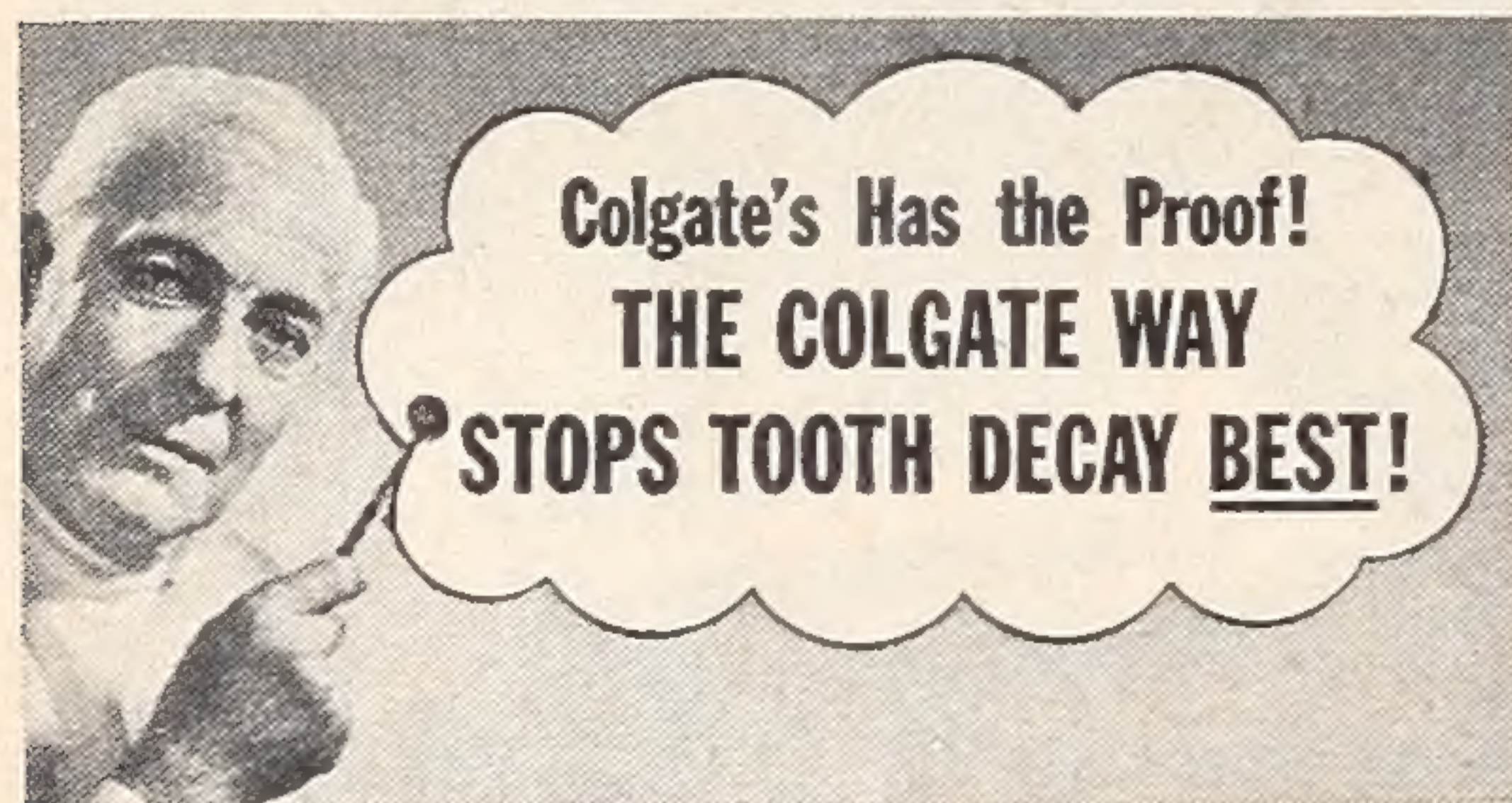
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7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS
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PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Elizabeth Taylor, star of "Ivanhoe"
Natural Color Portrait by John Engstead

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MAY, 1952

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MGM

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The star-spangled cast includes Barry
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A rollicking hit enriched by *Technicolor*!

MAY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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JUNE						
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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29	30					



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Something exciting for June!



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RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL,
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER
in a musical lilt with
romantic melody, gay as Paris and
glorious in *Technicolor*!

Something joyous for July!

JULY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:

I wish to express my disgust and disapproval of "Streetcar Named Desire." Of all the movies I have seen, it ranks high as the most sordid and unwholesome spectacle. Granted the acting is good but the theme is awful. How anyone could conceive such a story and then find someone to spend money to portray it is beyond me. Are we that hopeless?

BESSIE C. KRAEGER
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

I heartily concur with the astonishment of Jean Peters at Hedda Hopper's remark that she is a "mystery girl" (Mar.). Just because Jean's private affairs aren't an open book for all Hollywood to gape at, and she quietly minds her own business instead of making a flagrant example of herself by running around with a lot of beaus she doesn't give a hoot about, is no reason for surprise. And after seeing her heart-rending performance in "Viva Zapata!" all this loving reader and moviegoer can say is "Viva La Peters!"

JOSEPH KING
Rego Park, N. Y.

The article "Hold Your Man" by Esther Williams (Jan.) makes me laugh. What kind of an authority on that subject does she think she is? Isn't she on her second or third marriage already? Telling us how to hold our husbands. Ha! Ha!

MRS. JULES GROSSMAN
Meriden, Conn.
(Esther has been married to Ben Gage, her second husband, since 1945.)

Readers' Pets:

I just saw "Golden Girl" and I don't see where Twentieth Century-Fox gets off calling Mitzi Gaynor a \$3,000,000 gamble. She is a sure thing.

BETTE GATES
Glendine, Mont.

Talk about dream men! William Lundigan's got it over Gable, Curtis, Granger and Holden. Bill was simply wonderful in "Elopement."

MONICA MILLER
Toledo, O.

Casting:

I think it's about time John Derek got a leading lady at least half as good looking as he is. No one, male or female, could be better looking, but if he were teamed with luscious Liz Taylor, she could certainly hold her own! So far, John Derek has made all of his leading ladies look sick.

LOIS J. BOYD
Streator, Ill.

Why doesn't Hollywood remake "Gone with the Wind"? They say Jeff Chandler's a second Gable and Elizabeth Taylor would make a wonderful Scarlett.

LOIS GOODNOW
Shelburne, Mass.

Beg Pardon:

We people of Houston have the distinction of having one of the largest hotels in the country in our city. In your February issue you stated that this hotel, which is The Shamrock, was in Dallas. Please make this correction, as we of Houston are very proud of this hotel!

MARY CAROL LEMONS
Houston, Tex.

(Our apologies to Houston—and to all the residents who took the trouble to write us about our error.)

Question Box:

Please give information on Ty Power, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Stephen McNally, Marta Toren and Marilyn Monroe. Include height, weight, birth dates, new pictures, etc.

BETTY THORNE
Salt Lake City, Utah

(Sorry we can't include such detailed information in this space. However, this information—together with many more pertinent facts on over 550 stars, including those you mention, is to be found in the Photoplay Annual of 1952. If your newsstand is sold out, send fifty cents to Photoplay Annual, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.)

Would you please print a picture and some information about the cute blond boy who played Happy in "Decision Before Dawn"? I think he is a wonderful actor. Is he going to continue to make pictures in Hollywood?

MARCIA STEPHENS
Miami, Fla.

(That was Oskar Werner, who was born in Vienna. He is 5'9", 140 lbs., has blue eyes, light blond hair. He has appeared in 45 plays and seven films in Austria, Germany, France, England. "Decision Before Dawn" is his first American picture, though it was filmed in Germany. In 1943 he married the leading lady of a play he was then in, Elizabeth Kallina. He is now under contract to 20th Century-Fox.)



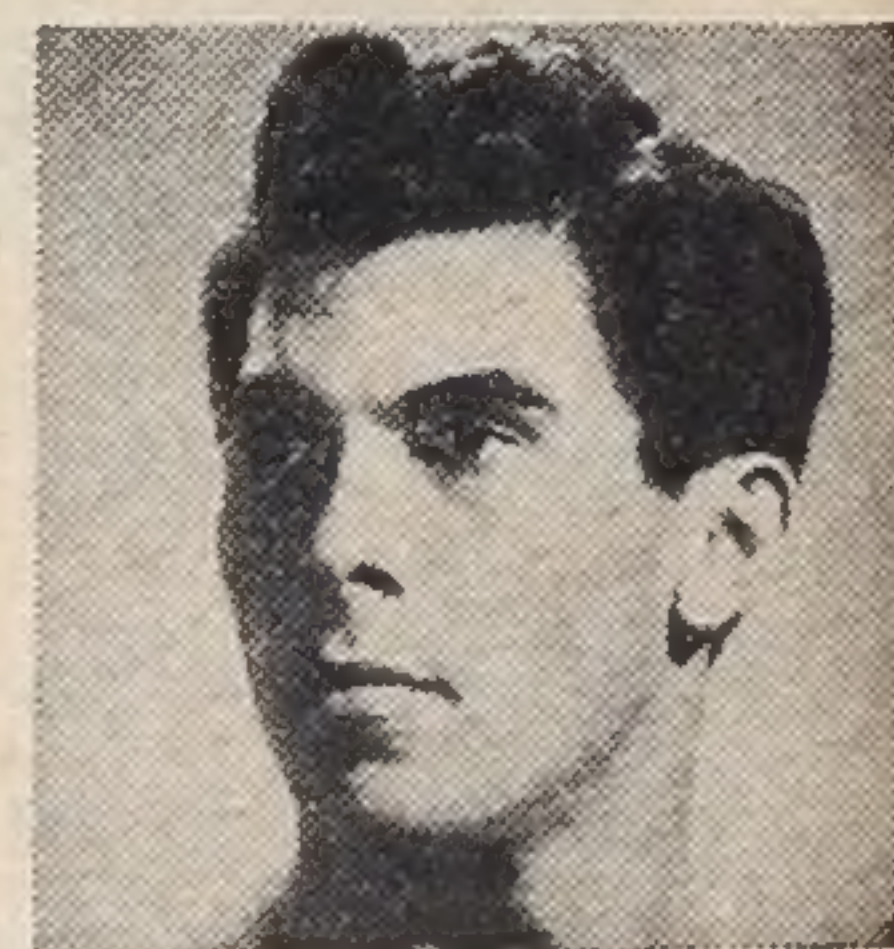
I read in a newspaper that a movie of George Gershwin's life was made six years ago. If that is true, who were the main stars and what was the name of it?

SHIRLEY SPANGLER
Viola, Wisc.
(*"Rhapsody in Blue"* with Bob Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith, Oscar Levant.)

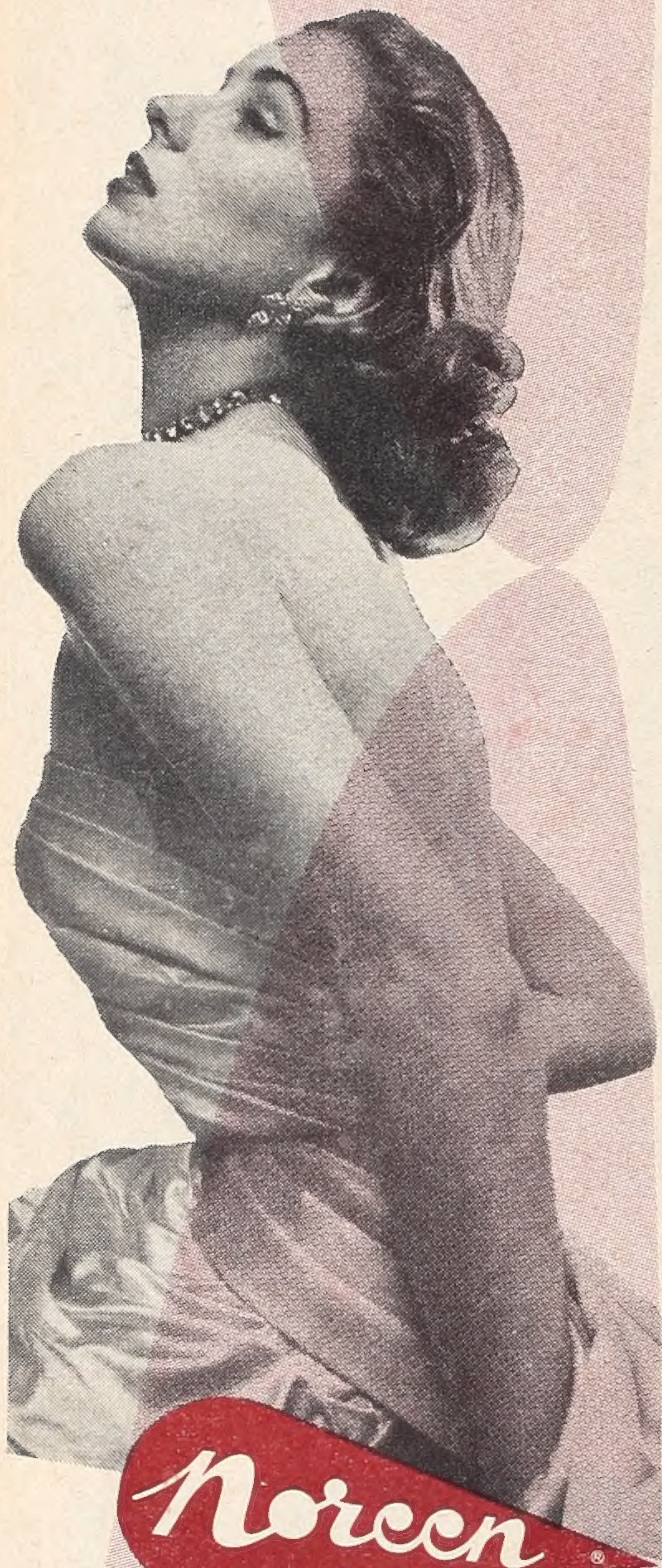
Some friends and I saw "Distant Drums" and I decided to write you for more information about the actor who portrayed the Indian chief. We thought he did a fine job in his small but important role. Has he appeared in other movies?

MAE L. SCHNEIDER
Los Angeles, Calif.

(That was Larry Carpenter, who will be known henceforth as Larry Chance. He is 27 years old, 6'3", 195 lbs., has brown hair, brown eyes, is single. His next picture, "Against All Flags.")



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AN EXPLOSIVE
NEW ROMANTIC
COMBINATION!

They matched
bullet for bullet
... kiss for kiss!

in
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RED MOUNTAIN

Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE**

Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas,
George F. Slavin and George W. George

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what should I do?



Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Star of "Planter's Wife"

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Ours was a war romance and marriage. We knew each other ten months before we married, and we have now been married seven years and have two wonderful children. I thought we were normally happy, but during the last six months my husband has been strange and moody. So finally I asked him outright if he still loved me. He was sincere and thoughtful about his answer; he said he didn't think either of us would be happy or could get along apart. But he added that he felt something was missing in our marriage, yet he didn't know what it was. He said this was probably a phase through which almost every marriage must go.

I was crushed. I began to think back. During the war we had many friends among the other officers and their wives; now we have very few friends, partially because of our financial problems. My husband went to an art school for two years under the G.I. bill, but when our second child was born he had to quit and get a job. His first job was with a commercial art firm and he loved it. Then we had to move out of the state because he was still doing some Army work and his outfit was moved. Now his job has nothing to do with art so he hates it.

I must say that I brood. My husband doesn't bother to flatter or compliment me any more, although I do try to keep myself attractive. He says dancing is a waste of time and energy and that I can't take constructive criticism. He also says we don't have enough interests in common.

I'm all mixed up and it seems to me that I can see our marriage going to pieces before me. It puts me in a panic. I'll appreciate your help.

Florence W.

In a way your husband is probably right, not only about your marriage, but about all marriages. They are susceptible to low and high tides, and the fact must be accepted cheerfully.

Somehow, your letter gave me the impression, however, that your husband was probably more dissatisfied with himself than with you. If one major phase of a man's life goes awry, it is impossible for him to maintain the best possible attitude toward other phases. If your husband hates his present job, he can't give his best effort toward any other portion of his life.

I know that caring for two children and a household is a full-time job, but isn't there some way in which you could borrow from your local library a series of books about art subjects? Since your husband apparently has talent along that line, one of the certain ways of establishing a common interest would be for you to become equally interested.

Another suggestion: the best way to insure your own happiness is to make sure that your husband is contented in his

work. You should make every effort to help him change his job so that he can do work which calls forth his best effort and gives him a sense of accomplishment.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem concerns my sister and me. She is four years older than I, but I am four inches taller. She is five feet, four inches tall and I am five feet eight. Naturally I am much heavier than she is because I have a larger bone structure, but I am not overweight.

Whenever we are out together, usually in my gang, my sister tells everyone how much more I weigh than she does and how much taller I am. I don't think she means to hurt my feelings, but honestly there are times when she makes me feel like a dragon stamping around among ants.

How can I get my sister to stop this? We are the very best of friends except for this annoyance which I have never before put into words.

Joletta C.

In your letter you tell a great deal about yourself without realizing it.

In your position, the average sister would have created a great family fuss over this situation, but you haven't said a word. I admire you for that because, obviously, your happy relationship with your sister was more important to you than your own social comfort. It should continue to be.

However, you will be more at ease if you understand your sister's problem, and I'm reasonably sure that she has a problem. Apparently you are the popular member of the family. This is easy to understand, because your letter is so warm and pleasant. It is my belief that you make friends easily and keep them. Probably you are active in school enterprises and get along as cordially with boys as with girls. Your sister may be envious of you although she may not realize it. She tries to build herself up by indicating that she is dainty and fragile in contrast to your statuesque proportions.

If I were you, I wouldn't pay any attention to her comments. Simply recall to yourself with satisfaction, the celebrated lines from the Aeneid. "Her great height and her swift step revealed the goddess."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I really don't know how to write this because it's so preposterous. Anyway, I have finally been invited to join a club at school. I have wanted to belong for a long time, but because my family is not quite as prosperous as certain other families in the neighborhood I haven't been asked until now. One of my very best friends was invited to join, so she asked to have me initiated too. For initiation, each girl

(Continued on page 8)

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'Dreamer's Cloth' • 'I Fear Nothing'

"The man
sold me some
phony
beans!"

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DO AS BEAUTY
EXPERTS DO!
USE SHAMPOOS
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Helene Curtis

THE FOREMOST
NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

*2%

(Continued from page 6)

has to do something difficult. One girl had to locate two eight-cent airmail stamps. She borrowed them from a stamp collector. Another girl had to have a deck of cards autographed by a minister. Luckily, her uncle is a minister, but the girls didn't know that.

Here is what I have to do: ask you to send me a black wig exactly like Hedy Lamarr's hair. If you can't do this, I can't become a member of the club so I know you won't let me down.

Ellie E.

It would be impossible to find a wig as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr's hair—there isn't such a thing. Even a wig which would attempt to imitate it would cost many hundreds of dollars—rather an exorbitant initiation fee, don't you agree? I am quite sure that when you explain the cost of a wig to the members of your club, they will suggest some less expensive method of proving your worth.

However, I feel that there is something to be said on high school clubs of this sort and I might as well say it. In California, high school clubs are strictly forbidden unless they have a definite and clear-cut purpose, approved by the faculty and supervised by them. They engage in some such worthwhile activity as collecting toys for under-privileged children, raising funds for school activities, decorating for school parties, and in general contributing something constructive to the community.

A club whose initiation is based upon forcing new members to do humiliating and foolish things isn't a club to which I would want a younger sister or a niece of mine to belong. Why don't you form your own club and select as members girls who want to do worthwhile things?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married nine years and we have three little daughters. When we were first married my husband was studying to be a doctor, but our babies came along so fast that he had to quit. He couldn't support us and get to be a doctor, too.

We bought a little place in the country and he got a job with a construction company. We also had to buy a car, a refrigerator, and a washing machine, so the payments have kept us strapped, although we manage everything. The trouble is that we get no recreation at all. I am tied down with children and housework.

Next to our place there was another young couple with whom we made friends. They had two children and were more in debt than we are, but it didn't seem to bother the man. He was always ready for a good time, seeing movies, taking weekend trips and dancing, and this annoyed his wife. I began to think of him, mostly in my dreams, and began to yearn for the good times he could give me. I hated myself and kept my feelings checked so he never knew.

Finally this couple moved away, which was good. I have forgotten to some extent, but I am restless. I want my husband to sell everything we have and move to some other state, starting a fresh life. When I talk to him about it, he sighs but says nothing. How can I explain how important it is to our marriage, unless I tell him about my feelings for this other man?

Mrs. Harvey F.

The one ingredient absolutely necessary in building a successful and a lasting marriage is generosity of spirit. It might be a good idea for you to think over that rule, which is not mine, but a principle outlined by domestic relations clinics.

Your letter's frankness tells much more about yourself than you realize. An stranger, reading it, would—I believe—be inspired to sympathy for your husband. Perhaps you should think of his side of your marriage. He has had to give up the career he wanted in order to support you and the children. He has indebted himself for conveniences to ease your work. He is paying off this indebtedness by doing work which must be dull and discouraging, since it is not the which interests him. I found nothing in your letter to indicate that your husband complains about the situation. It seems to me that he is a fine, self-sacrificing man, and that you are behaving like a spoiled schoolgirl, yearning for the carefree days of the teens.

Unless you grow up and accept the normal responsibilities of marriage and motherhood, you will destroy all those home values which the sensible woman holds precious.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm a G.I. in Korea and, as I had a little time off, I came across a beat-up copy of Photoplay and read your column. I liked a letter signed, "An Ugly Duckling."

This girl said she looked like a moose girl, being a pretty heavy-set type. I would like to tell her not to bring herself down on account of her weight. Take me, for example, I am thin, weigh only about 110 pounds and I'm not good-looking at all. I have a big nose, as everybody seems to tell me, but that doesn't bother me one bit. I'm called "Nose," "Beak," "Buzzard," and all kinds of names. I didn't like the idea at first, but what could I do?

Well, I went into the Army and changed from being shy and ashamed. I started going to dances, bowling, knocking around in my spare time. I stopped paying attention to myself and paid attention to the girls. You don't have to be a Var Johnson to be liked.

I found out by going out with boy friends and their girl friends that you can meet people. If they joke about how you look, you joke back. When people say "Your pop, Jimmy Durante, is making plenty of money with his nose, why can't you be like him?" I answer, "The Army is keeping me overseas because I was giving Durante so much competition. Now he gives me 40 per cent and he keeps 60 so he stays bought off." Things like that.

I would tell this girl: It's a lovely world. Not in Korea, but this is just training for appreciating the States. Go out with friends, and when someone makes a fresh remark, laugh and be gay. Take things in be sharp and throw it back in a friendly way to show people that little things don't bother you. You can get a happy ending out of this world if you believe in it.

Sgt. Nose

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of
CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

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BRIEF REVIEWS

A—For adults

F—For the whole family

See page 24 for this month's reviews

✓ (F) *ACTORS AND SIN*—U.A.: A drama and a comedy about the theatre and the motion picture industry are combined in this rather off-beat two-part film. Edward G. Robinson, Marsha Hunt are in the first episode. Eddie Albert, Jennie Hecht in the second. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (F) *AFRICAN QUEEN, THE*—U.A.: A completely off-the-beaten-path adventure story with spinster Katharine Hepburn and rough mine-worker Humphrey Bogart thrown together on a frail river craft in German East Africa. They set out to destroy an enemy gunboat and find a rare and unexpected kind of love. With Robert Morley. (March)

✓ (A) *ANOTHER MAN'S POISON*—U.A.: A depressing British-made drama in which Bette Davis murders her husband to be free to marry Gary Merrill. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *BAREFOOT MAILMAN, THE*—Columbia: The southern coast of Florida in 1890 is the setting for this odd little picture in which Terry Moore, Robert Cummings and Jerome Courtland make a perilous trip from Palm Springs to Miami. (Feb.)

✓✓½ (F) *BEND OF THE RIVER*—U-I.: Jimmy Stewart guides a party of determined Missourians to Oregon and gets involved in some intense action when former pal Arthur Kennedy tries to hijack the pioneers' food supply. With Julia Adams, Lori Nelson, Rock Hudson. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *BIG TREES, THE*—Warners: Unscrupulous lumberman Kirk Douglas gets reformed by Eva Miller in this trite melodrama concerning the preservation of the giant California redwood trees. With Pat Wymore, John Archer. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *BOOTS MALONE*—Columbia: Behind the scenes story of the race-track stables introducing Johnny Stewart as a rich kid who yearns to be a jockey and Bill Holden as a shady agent who's reformed by the boy's loyalty and affection. (Mar.)

✓ (F) *BUGLES IN THE AFTERNOON*—Warners: Disgraced civil war officer Ray Milland goes west to join the U. S. Cavalry and clashes with villainous Hugh Marlowe and war-minded Sioux in this run-of-the-mill sage-brush drama. With Helena Carter. (Apr.)

½✓ (F) *BUSHWHACKERS, THE*—Realart: John Ireland, a peace-seeking Confederate sergeant, takes a newspaper job and gets involved in killings, arson, and murder charges. A violent Western. With Dorothy Malone, Lawrence Tierney. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY*—M-G-M: A gay satire in which Howard Keel plays a dual role of an alcoholic movie and TV cowboy and the shy cowhand hired by Dorothy McGuire and Fred MacMurray to impersonate the actor. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *CHICAGO CALLING*—U.A.: This unusual human interest story centers around Dan Duryea's effort to keep his phone from being disconnected as he awaits news of his injured daughter's chance of survival. With Mary Anderson, Gordon Gebert. (Feb.)

✓ (F) *CIMARRON KID, THE*—U-I.: Audie Murphy, after being twice railroaded to prison unjustly, joins up with the murderous Dalton gang in this ho-hum Western. With Beverly Tyler, Yvette Dugay, John Hudson. (Mar.)

✓ (A) *CLOUDBURST*—U.A.: Robert Preston takes the law into his own hands when his wife is run down and killed by escaping murderers in this grim but interesting British thriller. (Feb.)

✓✓½ (A) *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*—Columbia: Faithful screen version of the Pulitzer prize-winning play which tells of the mental deterioration of an average man whose false values lead to his downfall and the downfall of his sons. Starring Fredric March. With Kevin McCarthy, Mildred Dunnock, Cameron Mitchell. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *DISTANT DRUMS*—Warners: Gary Cooper, shut off from the main route by Indians, is forced to lead his soldiers and Mari Aldon across 150 miles of dangerous Florida swamplands in this exciting adventure story. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *ELOPEMENT*—20th Century-Fox: When Anne Francis and William Lundigan decide to wed, they lead their parents, Clifton Webb and Margalo Gillmore, Charles Bickford and Evelyn Varden on a mad and merry chase. With Reginald Gardiner. (Feb.)

✓½ (F) *FINDERS KEEPERS*—U-I.: A charming little comedy with Tom Ewell and Julia Adams as parents of two-year-old Dusty Henley, who finds a fortune in a vacant lot and starts off an unusual series of circumstances. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *FIRST TIME, THE*—Columbia: A light-hearted comedy about the trials and anxieties of parents Barbara Hale and Robert Cummings as seen through the eyes of their first offspring. (Mar.)

✓✓ (A) *FIXED BAYONETS!*—20th Century-Fox: A tough, realistic episode in the Korean war in which Richard Basehart is forced into command of a platoon ordered to delay the enemy. With Gene Evans,

Michael O'Shea, Craig Hill, Richard Hylton. (Feb.)

✓ (F) *FLAME OF ARABY*—U-I.: Another Arabian Nights tale revolving around the rivalry of Maureen O'Hara and Jeff Chandler to capture the finest horse in Araby. In Technicolor. (Feb.)

½✓ (F) *FLAMING FEATHER*—Paramount: Blood 'n thunder Western with Sterling Hayden and Forrest Tucker involved in a bet as to who could uncover the identity of and capture a vicious outlaw. With Richard Arlen, Barbara Rush. (Apr.)

✓½ (A) *FOR MEN ONLY*—Lippert: An indictment against hazing in college fraternities in which Paul Henreid plays a defiant professor out to track down the culprit responsible for Robert Sherman's death. With Russ Johnson, Margaret Field. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *GIRL IN EVERY PORT, A*—RKO: Bill Bendix and Groucho Marx, as two oldest sailors in the Navy, are involved in a lot of whacky goings-on with horses. Marie Wilson and Don De Fore are in this nonsense comedy too. (Apr.)

✓½ (A) *GIRL ON THE BRIDGE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: A mature and morbid drama about the tragedy that ensues after middle-aged Hugo Haas saves Beverly Michaels from suicide and makes a home for her and her illegitimate child. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *GOLDEN GIRL*—20th Century-Fox: Mitzi Gaynor and Dale Robertson are delightful in this romantic Technicolor musical about entertainer Lotta Crabtree and her romance with a daring Confederate spy. With Dennis Day, James Barton. (Feb.)

✓✓✓ (F) *GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, THE*—Paramount: A spectacular Technicolor epic in which the acts, atmosphere and excitement of the Big Top are combined with the talents of Charlton Heston, Betty Hutton, James Stewart, Gloria Grahame, Cornel Wilde and Dorothy Lamour to make this one of the most beautiful and dramatic pictures of the year. (Mar.)

(F) *GREEN GLOVE, THE*—U.A.: Former paratrooper Glenn Ford, returning to Europe to retrieve a priceless gauntlet he found during the war, becomes mixed up in a hodgepodge of murder and madness. With Geraldine Brooks, George Macready. (Mar.)

½✓ (F) *HERE COME THE NELSONS*—U-I.: The ingredients for fun and frolic are missing as the well-loved radio stars Ozzie, Harriet, David and Rickey Nelson bring their family life to the screen. With Rock Hudson, Barbara Lawrence. (Mar.)

✓ *HONG KONG*—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: War veteran Ronald Reagan returns to China to pick up a fast dollar, picks up war orphan Danny Chang instead and discovers the boy possesses a rare idol. A routine drama. With Rhonda Fleming. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU*—20th Century-Fox: Modernized remake of classic "Berkeley Square" in which scientist Tyrone Power journeys two hundred years back in time only to find that the old days weren't so good after all. With Ann Blyth as the 18th Century and modern miss Ty learns to love, and Michael Rennie. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS*—Warners: Doris Day and Danny Thomas are a tuneful twosome in a heartwarming musical biography of lyricist Gus Kahn and his wife Grace. With Pat Wymore, Frank Lovejoy, James Gleason. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *INVITATION*—M-G-M: A compassionate drama in which Van Johnson is persuaded by Louis Calhern to marry Dorothy McGuire in order to make happy her last year to live. With Ruth Roman. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *IT'S A BIG COUNTRY*—M-G-M: A somewhat overdone lecture on what America is and why we should love it, illustrated by eight separate episodes of varied merit and enacted by an all-star cast including Van Johnson, Ethel Barrymore, Gene Kelly, Janet Leigh and Gary Cooper. (Mar.)

✓ (F) *JAPANESE WAR BRIDE*—20th Century-Fox: When Don Taylor brings wife Shirley Yamaguchi back to America a lot of high-powered unpleasantness results from the intolerance of family and friends. An indecisive melodrama. With Cameron Mitchell. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *JUST THIS ONCE*—M-G-M: Attorney Janet Leigh is retained by Lewis Stone to prevent Peter Lawford from squandering his fortune in this delightful and diverting comedy. With Richard Anderson, Marilyn Erskine. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *LAS VEGAS STORY, THE*—RKO: Jane Russell, in Las Vegas with husband Vincent Price, meets up with ex-love Vic Mature and all three somehow get involved in a murder, in this corny and stilted story.

✓✓ (F) *LONE STAR*—M-G-M: Clark Gable is for the Unionization of Texas, Brod Crawford is against it and Ava Gardner wavers politically and romantically between them in this lusty outdoor drama. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *LOVE IS BETTER THAN EVER*—M-G-M: A silly little comedy in which dancing teacher Liz Taylor pursues agent Larry Parks all over the place

until she catches him. With Josephine Hutchinson. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (F) *MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, THE*—U-I.: A delightful British-made comedy in which Alec Guinness invents an everlasting cloth—and throws the whole British textile industry into a turmoil. With Joan Greenwood. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Amusing and sentimental comedy revolving around Thelma Ritter's attempts to bring lonely people together and to make a match between reluctant Jeanne Crain and Scott Brady. With Michael O'Shea. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *NAVAJO*—Lippert: A beautiful story of a small Indian boy, showing how he reasons and how he reacts to his natural enemy, the white man. With Francis Kee Teller. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *ON DANGEROUS GROUND*—RKO: Weary and embittered plainclothesman Robert Ryan undergoes a miraculous change when he meets blind girl Ida Lupino, while on a case involving Ida's brother. Moderately interesting drama. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER*—20th Century-Fox: An absorbing and different story with Gary Merrill as the sole survivor of an air crash, who calls on the relatives of Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn and Shelley Winters; each visit provides a drama of its own. Bette Davis has small but effective role. (Apr.)

✓✓½ *QUO VADIS*—M-G-M: The long awaited Technicolor super-epic complete with the pomp, pageantry, and burning of ancient Rome, and the romance of Nero's soldier Robert Taylor and Christian maiden Deborah Kerr. With Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov and a cast of thousands. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *RED MOUNTAIN, THE*—Paramount: Ex-Confederate officer Alan Ladd heads West to re-establish a gold claim and becomes involved with Quantrell's outlaw raiders. A well-plotted Technicolor Western. With Elizabeth Scott, Arthur Kennedy, John Ireland. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *ROOM FOR ONE MORE*—Warners: Cary Grant and Betsy Drake face the problem of winning over foster children Iris Mann and Clifford Tatum Jr. in an absorbing domestic drama. (Feb.)

✓½ (F) *SAILOR BEWARE*—Wallis-Para.: Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are at it again—this time as gobs whose slapstick antics all but sink the U. S. Navy. Corinne Calvet, Marion Marshall and Vince Edwards are part of what passes for a plot. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *SCANDAL SHEET*—Columbia: John Derek tracks down the murder of an unknown woman in order to get a scoop for newspaper editor Brod Crawford—and discovers that Brod is the murderer. An absorbing and suspenseful drama with Donna Reed. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *SHADOW IN THE SKY*—M-G-M: Nancy Davis and James Whitmore take her brother, emotionally shattered war vet Ralph Meeker, into their home and try to help him find himself again. An absorbing drama. With Jean Hagen. (Mar.)

✓ (A) *SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR*—Paramount: A morbid drama in which AA member Ray Milland tries to pull Joan Fontaine together and proceeds to fall in love with her. Teresa Wright is Ray's loyal wife. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS*—Warners: An outdated melodrama in which Joan Crawford, notorious leader of a band of hoodlums, reforms after Dennis Morgan restores her failing sight. With David Brian. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *TREASURE OF LOST CANYON*—U-I.: William Powell and Rosemary DeCamp adopt Tommy Ivo, who was cheated out of his inheritance by Henry Hull, and set out to reclaim it for him. With Julia Adams, Charles Drake. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (A) *VIVA ZAPATA!*—20th Century-Fox: Marlon Brando's excellent as the humble Mexican zealot who fought for nine years in order to regain the land stolen from his people. A baffling but brilliant motion picture. With Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn, Joseph Wiseman, Margo. (Apr.)

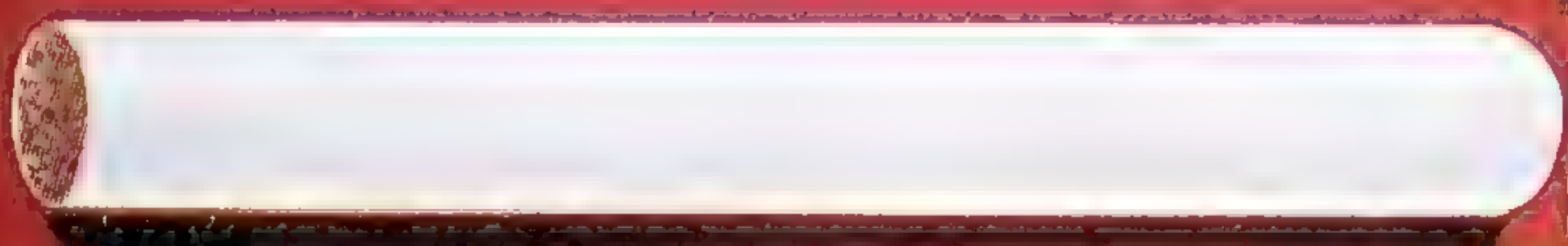
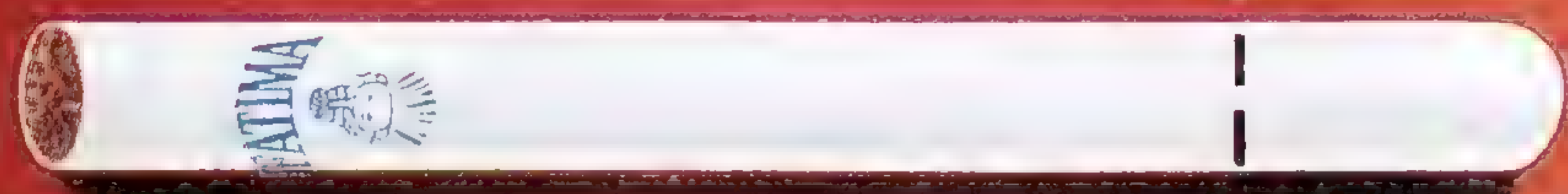
✓ (F) *WEEK-END WITH FATHER*—U-I.: A merry comedy in which widowed Van Heflin and Pat Neal try to find romance together despite the disapproval of her daughters, Gigi and Janine Perreau and his sons, Jimmy Hunt and Tommy Rettig. With Virginia Field. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *WILD NORTH, THE*—M-G-M: Northwest mountie Wendell Corey sets out to bring accused murderer Stewart Granger back to civilization, only to have Granger save his life instead. A rugged adventure yarn. With Cyd Charisse. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *WITH A SONG IN MY HEART*—20th Century-Fox: Heart-warming Technicolor musical based on the true story of Jane Froman (Jane's beautiful voice is on the sound tracks) and the courage that carried her through after a tragic plane crash. With Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, Thelma Ritter. (Apr.)

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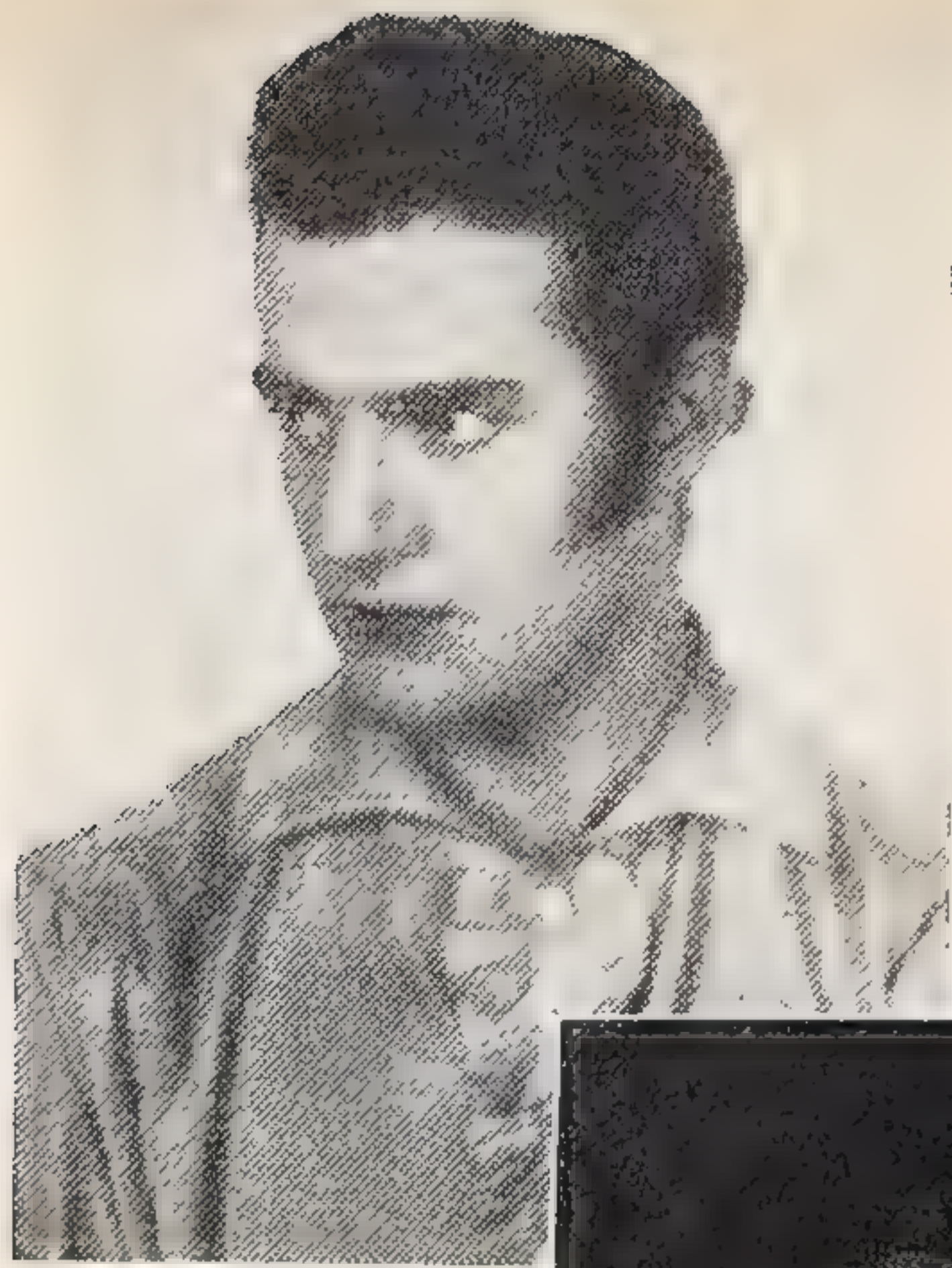
soap abuse...dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water...needs no special after-rinse.

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In 1928, beautiful women fell hard for Gilbert Roland's Mexican charms. Today, twenty-four years later, he's still making romantic headlines—linking him with Rita Hayworth and Doris Duke, shown below

MR. MARVELOUS

by Beverly Linet



FOLLOWING the premiere of "The Bullfighter and the Lady" a group of teenagers, who were there to see Bob Stack, crowded around Gilbert Roland who played the aging bullfighter.

"Wherever did you come from?" shouted an eager little miss.

"Ask your mother," replied Gilbert, with a grin.

In the late 'twenties the name Gilbert Roland made romantic headlines equalled only by those created by Valentino a few years before. And it was whispered that no actor, including Valentino, had been loved by so many beautiful women. Clara Bow once described Roland as "the great love of my life."

Roland, the son of a bullfighter, was born Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso in Chihuahua, Mexico. Educated in El Paso, he came to Hollywood to try his luck in the movies because "I was uncomfortably poor, and movie stars were very, very rich." During one particular impoverished period in his early Hollywood days he worked as a packer in a department store. He began movie work as an extra, was soon playing leads. Then Norma Talmadge cast him opposite her in "Camille," and he was on his way. When his romance with Norma ended and she left the screen, he was considered a "has been." During the 'thirties he appeared in pictures so inferior they wouldn't even be suitable for the late show on television. And in bigger productions, like "Juarez" and "The Sea Hawk," his roles

were insignificant.

In 1933 he began to be seen with Constance Bennett. For eight years neither would admit they were anything but "friends." Then, in 1941, they were married, and three years later they were divorced. This was Roland's only marriage. He's immensely proud of his daughters, Lorinda and Gyl, who attend a Swiss school and spend their vacations with him.

When he was divorced from Connie, romantic rumors started flying again, linking him with Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world. Again Gilbert said, "We're just friends." And recently he's told those who have questioned him about Rita Hayworth, "I have known her since she was a little girl. We are both of Spanish descent and have many mutual interests." Period.

Since "The Bullfighter and the Lady" his career has prospered. He played in "Ten Tall Men," "Glory Alley" and the pivotal role of *Punch Pinero* in Stanley Kramer's "My Six Convicts," may well find him in the running for an Academy Award for '52. Recently, he completed the only starring role in "Our Lady of Fatima."

He doesn't look a day over thirty-five . . . but the records show he'll be fifty-one in December. He has a twenty-nine-inch waist and boasts he hasn't gained a pound since that day he scored in "Camille." He may marry again—he may not. But there's little doubt that women of all ages are still fascinated by him.

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Dale Robertson takes a sporting glance at the news between scenes in "The Clarion Call"

INSIDE

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

Sound off: Taking a tip from Bing Crosby, Doris Day, most popular actress of 1951, also had her Photoplay Gold Medal Award set in the top of an ebony cigarette box. Do-Do doesn't smoke but she does want that coveted medal out where everyone can see it! . . . Van Johnson presented his Evie with a pin featuring five gold and baroque pearl angels to commemorate their fifth year of marriage . . . Bill Holden's wife, while he's wearing that German prison camp crew-cut for his role in "Stalag 17," kiddingly refers to him as—"Otto."

Double-Life: "That *can't* be a movie star!" said a couple of customers in a Beverly Hills smart shop. "They're supposed to be super-sexy Hollywood beauties." The girl they were watching wore old wrinkled dungarees, Indian moccasins, the remains of a studio make-up was still on her face and her hair was reminiscent of a startled pineapple. Several nights later the same girl walked into Photoplay's Gold Medal Award dinner. Her flower-like face was surrounded with a halo of golden curls. She wore a figure-fitting black lace over red taffeta gown, she was poised, charming, she all but stole the show. There's no tag to our story—except, Marilyn Monroe can act too!

Home Folks: Because they believe night clubs are boring and extravagant, the Dale Robertsons and the Cornel Wildes organized a weekly group for cards and canasta . . . The Larry Parks hold open house each Sunday for lonely out-of-town service men on leave . . . The Dana Andrews exchanging greetings with the Bill Lundigans on the steps of the Little Brown Church in San Fernando Valley . . . Ray Milland and Jimmy Stewart planning a picnic for underprivileged kiddies, asked Betty Grable to be guest of honor. Where does a guy go to get "underprivileged"?

Set of the Month: Courage of a lion? It's Carleton Carpenter who has it. All M-G-M had to promise him was stardom and Mr. Tall and Talented was right inside the cage making friends with the king of the beasts. A true story, if you remember your headlines. In "Fearless Fagan" Carp plays the G.I. who takes his pet lion to war with him. "My stomach was in knots," he muses, "but they casually reminded me not to show fear when the old boy leaped up and put his paws on my shoulders. When he licked my cheeks, all I could think of was that story they tell about Danny Kaye!" The story? It seems producer Sam Goldwyn wanted the comedian to make a picture with a lion. Danny was scared stiff, so Goldwyn took him to the lion's cage. "Look," he pointed, "he's so gentle he doesn't even have teeth." Just then the lion yawned and displayed a full set of uppers and lowers. "What's *that*?" inquired Danny cryptically, "Bridgework?"



Wonder if Spencer Tracy and Katie Hepburn are getting some golf tips from visitor Jimmy Thompson? He's famous golfer. Katie and Spence are back together, for the laughs, in comedy "Pat and Mike"

STUFF OF HOLLYWOOD

In the Gold Medal spotlight at Photoplay's Awards dinner. For more party photos see page 52



George Stevens, producer-director of "A Place in the Sun," solemnly accepts citation for picture voted second most popular of the year. Looking on are Photoplay's Fred Sammis, M-G-M vice-president Dore Shary



Eric Johnston, President of Motion Picture Producers' Association, spoke glowingly of Photoplay and Gold Medal Awards. With him on dais is Photoplay's popular emcee George Murphy



Embassy room of the Ambassador looked like a fashion show. Virginia Mayo, with husband Mike Shea, wore draped white chiffon and tiara. She accepted citation for "Captain Horatio Hornblower," one of winning films



George Sidney and Arthur Freed, director and producer of top picture, "Show Boat." Producer Freed accepted Gold Medal for that film, also citation for "An American in Paris"



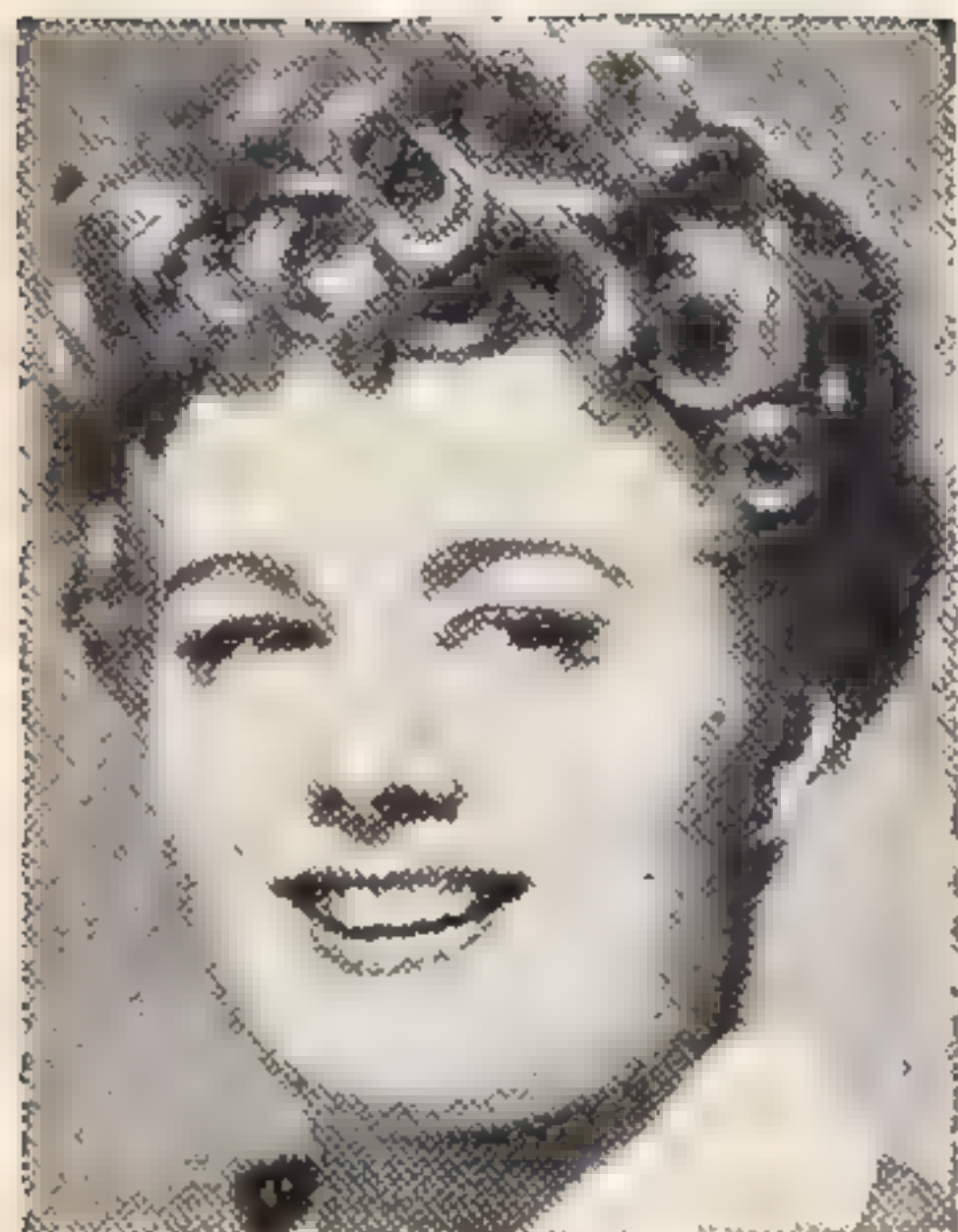
To charming Julie Adams, one of leading lovelies in "Bright Victory," went honor of accepting a Photoplay citation for that picture. It won seventh place in Gold Medal list of ten most popular pictures of year

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

By **SIDNEY SKOLSKY**



Sidney Skolsky



Shelley Winters

I'd say that the right caption for a photo of Bob Waterfield and Jane Russell is "Male and Female." Don't know another couple who fit it better . . . I'm a Jerry Lewis fan but not a fan of Jerry Lewis imitators . . . Charlie Chaplin said that the only thing he learned about himself from the book, "The Littler Feller," is that "Limelight" is his eighty-first movie . . . Performers who bill themselves as "Mr. Showbusiness" annoy me . . . Shelley Winters is the only actress I know who shakes hands with you . . . I don't dig Zsa Zsa Gabor as an actress or as a personality. So sue me! . . . Hollywood is a place where, if you can afford what you have, you should have something better . . . Errol Flynn sleeps in a bed he describes as "medium-sized, about the size of a medium-sized football arena" . . . Alec Guinness is my idea of a great actor. No ballyhoo, no Oscars, just great . . . I believe that most of the girl ushers in movie theatres are girls who wanted to be movie actresses . . . Piper Laurie in the romance department is playing the field. So far, with Piper, it's no hits, no runs, no errors.

Bing Crosby makes bad lyrics sound, well, almost good . . . Television is making progress. Milton Berle no longer leads the popularity polls . . . Mitzi Gaynor is like "for two cents plain" . . . No matter what Betty Hutton says, I have a hunch she'd even give up her career for a happy marriage . . . Since Jean Simmons got married she has taken to wearing a nightgown occasionally . . . Katharine Hepburn said it, I'm only quoting. Katie said, "I don't care what anyone prints about me, so long as it isn't true" . . . Marlon Brando in "Viva Zapata!" proves he's good, too, when you can understand him . . . I consider Irving Berlin one of the best businessmen in show business and he could make deals for me . . . Doris Day is a member of the Van Johnson fan club . . . I didn't think anyone in Hollywood could be as innocent as Debra Paget is . . . Hollywood is a place where you should take along a spare reputation . . . When Marlene Dietrich asked a certain interviewer, "How old do you think I am?" this interviewer replied, "I'd whistle at you first and worry about mathematics later."

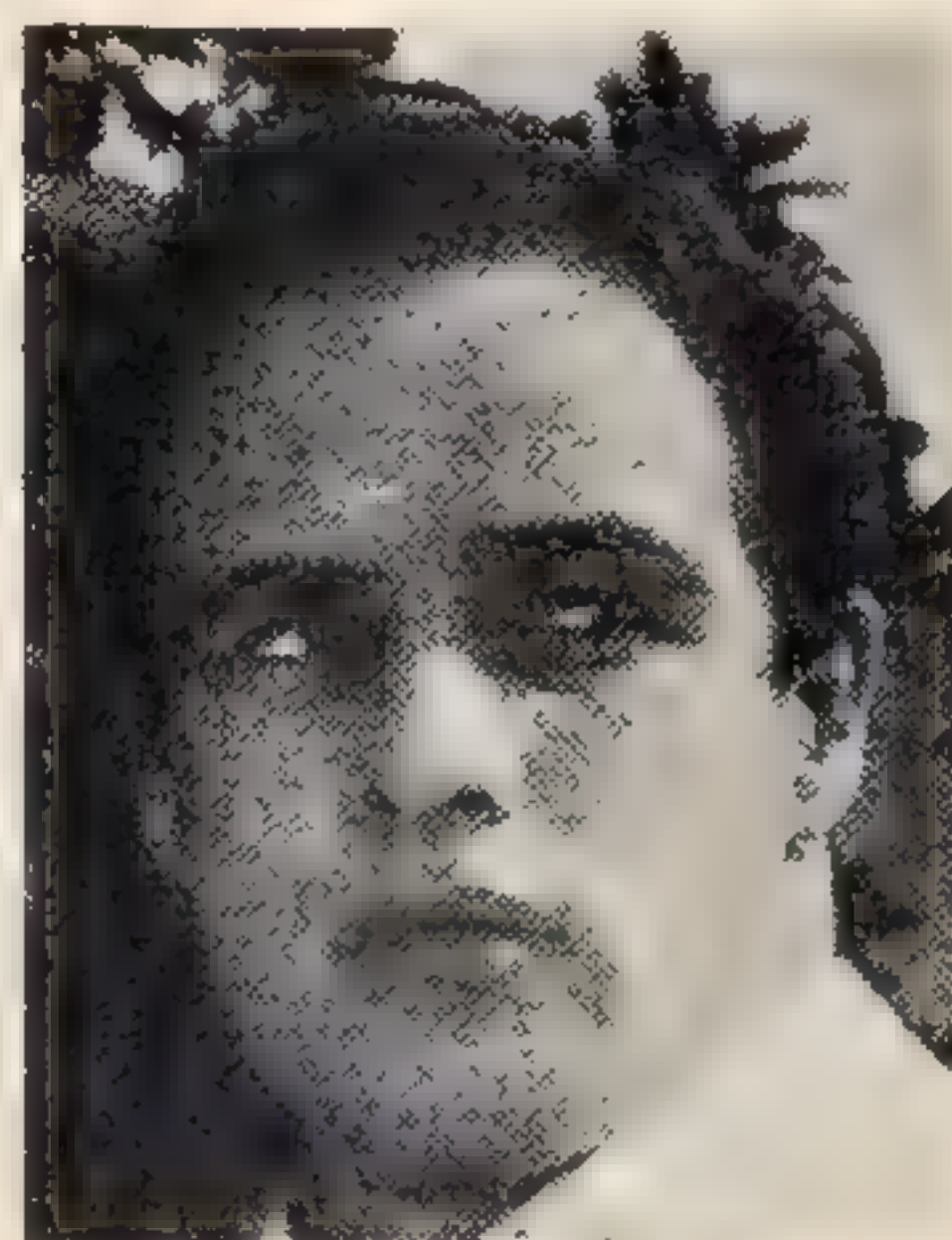
I would rather watch Clark Gable in a bad picture than Guy Madison in a good one . . . I think Rodgers and Hammerstein's best score is "Carousel." I never tire of it . . . George Jessel can't stand anyone chewing gum . . . Marilyn Maxwell is so considerate. She wears low heels for me . . . That hunk of French pastry, Leslie Caron, was startled by her quick success. "When people stare at you, you look around and wonder, 'Who is it? Who are you?'" Leslie is honest enough to admit she loves it . . . Gloria Grahame's sex appeal is in her expressive lips. "I use my lips," explains Gloria, "the way other actresses use their eyes, hands, bosoms" . . . Cary Grant and Betsy Drake are sweet and lovely on the screen and off . . . I'm still campaigning against double features. I think it was an outrage to show "A Place in the Sun" and "An American in Paris" on the same bill. The next program can only be an awful let-down . . . If an exhibitor must give away dishes, it should be dishes like Liz Taylor.

I've been told by Lana Turner that a pretty smile is a woman's best asset. But even when Lana isn't smiling she has assets . . . When a man schlepps an umbrella with him in a movie, it's a signal to the audience that he's a *Mr. Milquetoast* . . .



Shirley Booth

I want to make a prediction and say that Shirley Booth will be a strong contender for many awards for her performance in "Come Back, Little Sheba." I'll take odds right now and bet she wins the Oscar . . . I haven't seen a good Western for years and don't care if I do . . . Richard Widmark is a nice guy period . . . Hollywood is a place where, when you remove the false tinsel, you get the real tinsel . . . I would love to have a tape recording of Bette Davis and Gary Merrill spending an evening at home . . . When John Derek gets in late from work and rushes to the refrigerator, he often finds a check there, which reads: "Pay to the order of John Derek—One Million Kisses." And it is signed by his wife Patti. That's Hollywood for you!



Marlon Brando

... **INSIDE**

Tease for Two: According to Vera-Allen (who should know) she has no intention of marrying Rock Hudson, publicist A. C. Lyles, a Hollywood agent or any of the local lads whose names have been linked with hers . . . Despite those beautiful baubles Monica Lewis received from Edmond O'Brien's brother Bill, no official engagement's forthcoming, 'tis said, until a religious problem is settled . . . Write your own caption on this one! Marilyn Maxwell's Valentine Day present to Rock Hudson was a white sport shirt with a black heart (?) printed pattern . . . Something new under the Hollywood sun—Agnes Moorehead and her handsome new boy friend featuring the same color hair-dos.

Faith, Hope, Charity: Hollywood as usual was there when needed and \$10,000 was raised at the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund Ball. Highlights of Irene's fabulous fashion show in the Ambassador's Embassy Room: Van Johnson charmingly introducing such celebrated models as Arlene Dahl, Ann Rutherford, Mona Freeman. Pat Nerney, Frank Sinatra, Don Budge, Paul Clemens, all stood up holding burning cigarette lighters over their heads when Mona passed their table! Last and loveliest, Ava Gardner modeled black lace over flesh. Carrying a fragile fan, she demonstrated the "language of the fan." Ava actually took lessons from an expert on fan talking and Frank Sinatra obviously got her "message." He grinned from ear to ear as he gazed upon his beautiful bride!

Front and Center: It's gay, witty Natalie Schafer's story and we love it as much as Ann Sheridan and John Lund did, when she told it to them on the set of "Just Across the Street." At one point in her career, it seems, Natalie was called out to M-G-M and signed to play the role of Lana Turner's mother. There was one stipulation, however. In order to be convincing as Miss T.'s mater, Natalie, the



To young stars like Rock Hudson, Lori Nelson, Gold Medal dinner was a preview of such honors as they hope some day to know

studio insisted, would have to build her chest out! A year or so later she was called out again, this time to play Lana's girl friend. And *this* time, said the studio, to be convincing in the role—Natalie would have to flatten down her frontage! Where, oh where *but* in Hollywood.

Junior Gee Man: Doris Day was on the phone, so Cal settled down for one of those hour-long "chats" he has come to cherish. "The nicest thing happened last night," enthused Miss Velvet Voice. "William Warfield (the great negro singer) came up to me to say how much he enjoys *my* singing. Can you *believe* it?" Cal could, but Doris still can't accept herself as a celebrity. "Oh, a very funny thing happened, too," she continued. "You know, I always believe I'm just plain mother to my son, Terry. Well, yesterday he asked me to sign a photograph for a carpenter working down the street. I brought out a new head portrait. 'Gee, Mom,' he grinned, 'not *that* one. Men like to look at *all* of you!' " Looks like, we told Doris, sonny boy's developing wonderful powers of observation. "Looks like sonny boy's growing up," she sighed.

Reformed Redhead: Cal caught up with Susan Hayward in her dressing room. "You've come a long way, Susan," we had to say. "That was a great performance you gave in 'With a Song in My Heart'." She flashed us a fast look to make sure we weren't kidding. "Listen to this guy play," she answered quickly, as she spun a record. "His name is Erroll Garner. I collect his records." It was twelve years ago that the former Edith Marriner and her Brooklyn accent arrived in Hollywood. Cal reminded her of those dear dead disgruntled days. "I was so scared then," Susan recalls. "Dietrich, Colbert and Lombard were the great Paramount stars. No one spoke to me and I was full of defenses. I think established stars should always take on newcomers and make them feel welcome. A studio lot



Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount Vice President, receives citation from George Murphy for a winning film, "Here Comes the Groom"



Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN

You'll see all the details of Photoplay's annual Gold Medal Awards dinner on page 52, but we do want to add a few personal sidelights on the affair which surely was the biggest and most glamorous to date. And oh, the gorgeous gowns! Don't know when I've seen more beautifully (un)clad femmes under one roof. Ava Gardner was breathtaking in a short white lace, full-skirted gown made extra graceful by a long-waisted, skin-tight basque top, the entire bodice mounted over a nude-colored lining. Katie Grayson and Ann Blyth were visions in white. Ruth Roman wore a long flowing white chiffon dress with a "see-all" bodice that was criss-crossed with silver sequins. Lovely features of her gown were the two hem-length chiffon panels (one from each shoulder) that breezed out behind her as she walked. Then there was Betty Hutton's gorgeous gown of heavy white satin with pearl and bead embroidery. Bettina told us its tremendous skirt is detachable at the waist so she can whip it off any time she wants to go into a "dance act" on a stage, etc. It has matching satin shorts beneath it. Greer Garson, in black lace over white. Sue Ladd in a charming halter-necked dress of oceans of periwinkle blue net that shaded into deeper hues; Doris Day, among all the belles wearing necklines as low as the law allows, was in a long-sleeved turtle-necked gown of white cotton lace—as demure as all git-out! I giggled at Bill Holden's half-inch haircut that he had to have for his role in "Stalag 17"—but on him even that looks good.



Bill Holden, Brenda Marshall

In contrast to the elegance that prevailed at Photoplay's dinner was the hectic, mad, wild and woolly twenty-four-hour whoop-de-do that Howard Hughes staged for stars and press to premiere "The Las Vegas Story." Two Constellations flew more than a hundred to the Nevada resort town and planted them in various hotels for the night. But not before handing each guest a leather pouch containing fifty silver dollars! That was for gambling. But before people got to the gaming tables, such as Jane Russell, Bob Waterfield, Vincent Price, Mala Powers, Keith Andes, Ursula Thiess, Margaret Sheridan, Jack Buetel, Lex Barker and others "took over the town," heading a big parade to the two theatres holding the joint preem. Police had to hold back bobby-soxers screaming for autographs, bits of hair or clothing. Later came the round of night clubs and that "episode" when Bob Waterfield almost socked Ben Blue for "blue" remarks he was making about Jane Russell during his act. It was only an overnight "ball"—but it was real crazy while it lasted!

Saw Cyd Charisse the other day wearing one of the new hats from Keneth Hopkins' latest collection. A large-brimmed, honey-beige Milan straw, covered with double circles of maline edged in narrow horsehair braid to make them stand out and ripple just beyond the brim's edge. For trimming—just one large rose close to the shallow brim in front. Sally Forrest went for another of Keneth's lids—a little bonnet-type reminiscent of the gay nineties, with flowers and ribbons sitting atop it and ribbon streamers down the back. Speaking of collections, Don Loper's summer duds are divine. Lots of sheer wools, new linens and gauze fabrics. His new silhouette is a skirt that is very slim all down one side, but with varied "jutting out" effects on the other. Something else new—the stunning coats now emerging made of Orlon. That's the wonderful new material that looks like wool but is much lighter. Lately it has come forth in lovely light pastel shades. Though as warm as wool, this "zephyr fleece" weighs almost nothing, is wrinkle-proof and supposed to be moth-proof. What's more, these coats can take rough wear and when you wash them, they need no pressing. Peggy Dow has one of pale lilac.



Ronald Reagan, Greer Garson

Odds and ends: Although Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are divorced—at this writing her favorite piece of jewelry still seems to be that diamond heart-shaped pin clip he sent her shortly after they separated last year . . . Dingle-dangles are still popular—and those ankle- bracelets of old are coming back. Lana Turner wears one—a thin gold chain with a tiny gold heart on it, and Viveca Lindfors has one that sports a little bell that tinkles when she walks.

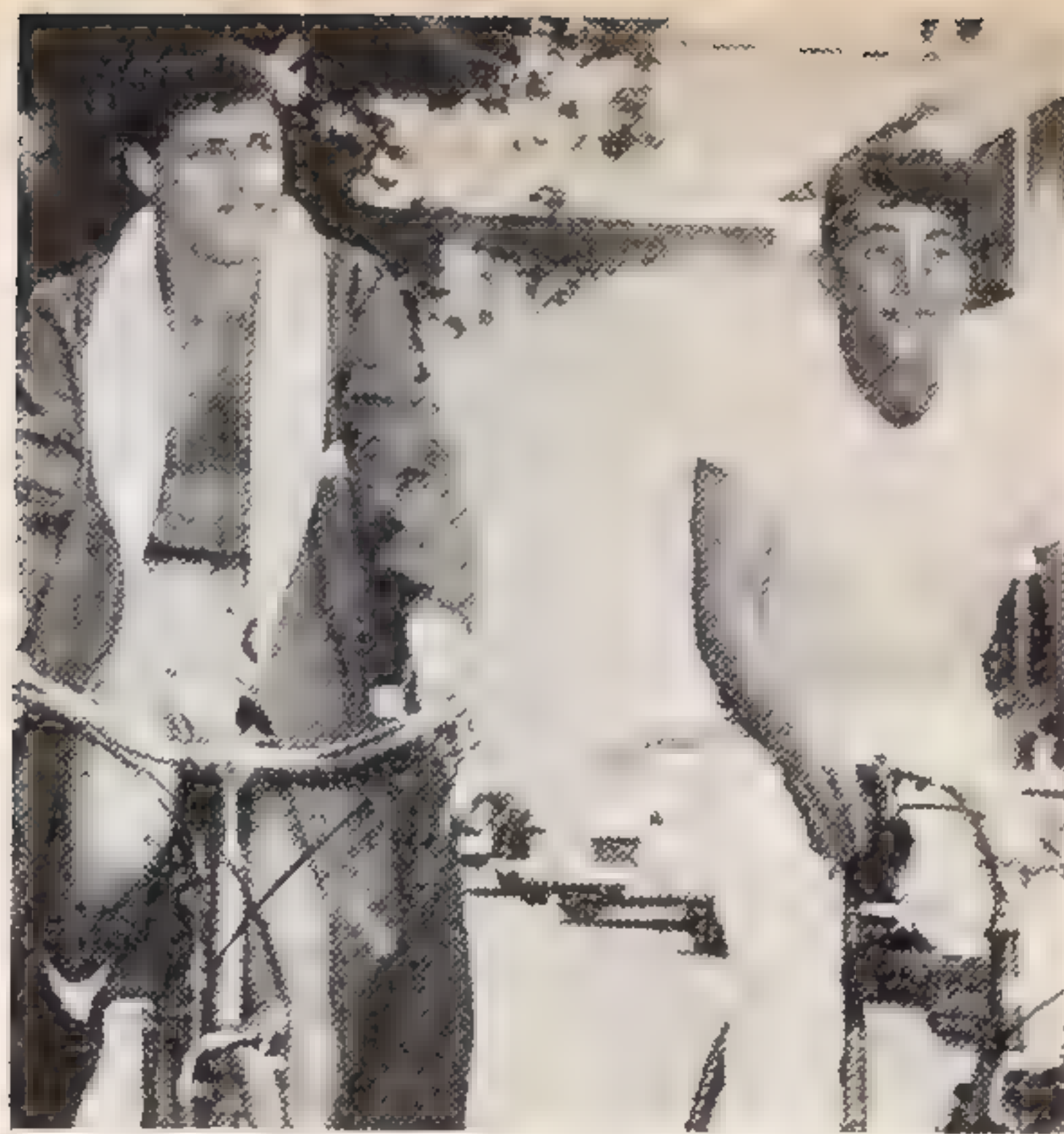
What Hollywood's **WHISPERING**

About

By P. S. LOWE

The quarrel that Ava and Frank Sinatra had at Palm Springs recently. Ava finally stormed out of the Racquet Club, found her agent and had him drive her back to Hollywood in the wee hours of the morning. Once again, however, Ava and Frank kissed and made up . . . The effect that getting sixty-one per cent of the profits of all their pictures, starting with "Jumping Jacks," has had on Martin and Lewis. Previously they'd ruin takes by their not-in-the-script kind of clowning. But now the boys are models of good deportment—even got their latest picture in a week ahead of schedule.

Farley Granger's wanderlust and his outspoken statement that he prefers New York, London, Paris or any place where people are interested in something else besides themselves . . . Peggy Dow's reluctance to leave Tulsa and groom Walter when the studio requested her return to Hollywood, preferring to take a suspension instead . . . Bill Dozier's refusal to let ex Joan Fontaine take daughter Deborah to Europe for two years . . . The boner pulled by a Hollywood restaurant's press agent who asked Jeff Chandler if he could tell the columnists that Jeff was in with Ann Sheridan—only to learn that the lady Jeff was out with that night was his wife Marjorie.



Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin

Jimmy Stewart's supreme happiness and contentment which makes some of the younger and much married males wonder if perhaps it's not better and wiser to wait till one is out of the "wild oats" stage before settling down . . . Janet Leigh's and Tony Curtis's original good public relations idea when abroad. They handed out autographed chocolate bars . . . Annie Sheridan's putting on some much needed weight via a patent vitamin treatment—but she won't give out the secret. Says it should be recommended by a personal physician.

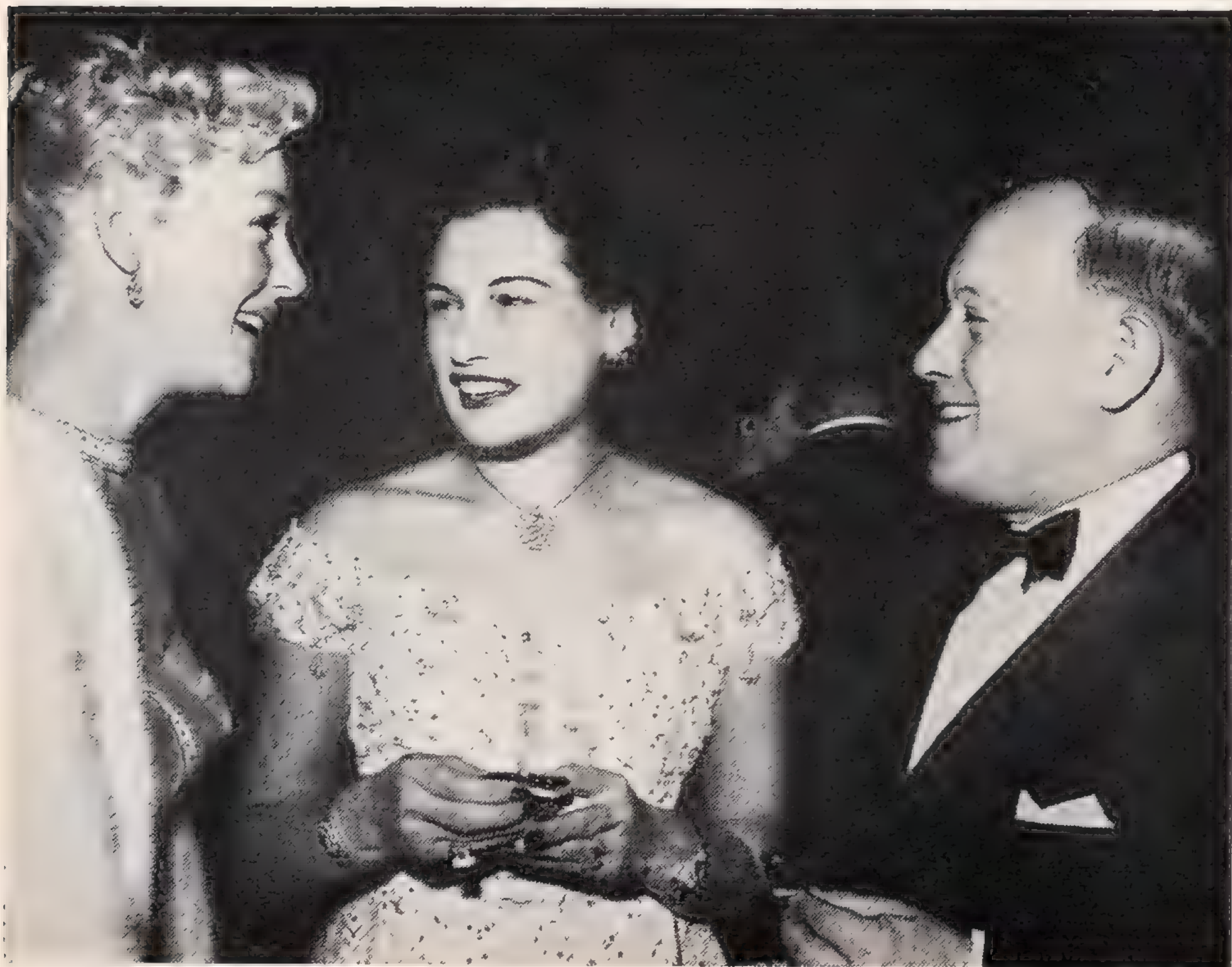
The bright red fence that Scott Brady built and painted to surround his hill-top home so his dogs would be safe from roaming deer hunters . . . The romance between Ann Blyth and Charles Fitzsimons, Maureen O'Hara's brother. Everyone wonders if the lovely Ann has lost her heart at last . . . The separation rumors that suddenly started about Dale Robertson and his bride Jackie, which were vehemently denied by Dale, who said he couldn't be happier—especially now that the stork is winging its way to his San Fernando Valley home . . . Humphrey Bogart's unconcealed disappointment when Warners' wouldn't lend him to Hal Wallis for the lead in "Come Back, Little Sheba." The part went to Burt Lancaster.

... **INSIDE**

can be very lonely when you're nobody." Susan, who is somebody, practices what she preaches. Bob Wagner, who is so good in her new picture, is living proof.

Studio Stuff: To Republic where Joan Crawford is renting space for her independent production of "Sudden Fear." John Wayne dropping by for a chat with Joan whom he hasn't seen since they played opposite each other in "Reunion in Vienna." It's reunion for the John Waynes, too, who recently reconciled. This news, together with that great movie he made in Ireland, gave the big fellow something to grin about . . . To Twentieth Century-Fox where Anne Baxter as a frontierswoman in "Outcasts of Poker Flat" was about to go into a love scene on the hearth of a roaring fireplace with Cameron Mitchell. What does a woman think about at a moment like this? "Isn't it wonderful that John (Hodiak) is going to do a New York play?" Anne exclaimed the second the scene was over. "I just hope he can find a good hotel where they serve food at all hours. John has a big appetite, you know." We were interrupted by director Joe Newman. "Repair yourself, Anne, and we'll move in for a close-up," he said. They combed her hair and as we left the set Anne was about to go into the love scene all over again!

Hollywood Reds: They look like bedroom slippers but with Van Johnson's red sox, those monogrammed black suede numbers are currently correct for men's evening wear . . . With red-headed (temporarily) Marilyn Erskine on his arm, on Hugh O'Brian that red-plaid sweater is very becoming . . . Lana Turner wearing a corsage of blood-red carnations to match the boutonniere worn by Fernando Lamas . . . Gary Cooper wearing a stoplight red flannel vest, which was given to him by Patricia Neal, which the beautiful lady, believe it or not, bought at an Indian trading post!



It was fun at first sight when vivacious Betty Hutton stopped to talk to Irving Manheimer and his attractive wife Ruth, at Gold Medal Awards dinner. Mr. Manheimer is Chairman of the Executive Committee of Macfadden Publications



Beauty judges would have had a hard time choosing the loveliest woman at the dinner. Charming example—Joan Caulfield, with husband Frank Ross

Impertinent INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY
Hollywood Reporter Columnist



Bob Mitchum

Personal Oscars to: Michael Rennie, for never being so self-engrossed that he forgets he's met you before. Incidentally, did you know that Mike was once Bob Young's stand-in when he made a picture in England? . . . Dean Jagger, for the modest way he's accepting those paens of praise over his performance as Helen Hayes' husband in "My Son John" . . . George Murphy, for being a sincere, serious-thinking fellow who brightens anyone's day anywhere with a kind word and an amusing story . . . Hugh Marlowe, for never squawking over those thankless roles they give him at Twentieth, and always making them worthy . . . Arthur Kennedy, for not believing his own publicity, which is all true, incidentally, and thereby becoming a great actor off the screen as well as on.

Inside Hollywood: Paul Douglas had no complaint but Jan Sterling hated her nose. Now she has a new one that makes her look less sullen and more glamorous. Paul just bought her a Utrillo, their first painting in what promises to be a fabulous collection . . . Jane Wyman has never felt "right" in their home since the robbery. Now she's planning to auction off everything she owns but her books and paintings, and take a new lease on life with a new background . . . Lung congestion following a virus attack put Roy Rogers in the hospital. Pneumonia was averted, relieving the fears of endless admirers.

See No Evil: According to Dan Dailey, "Television was invented for bachelors." Danny boy, who gets around a bit, thus sums up the situation. "A bachelor goes home because he needs a good night's rest. Then he turns on his television set and what does he get? An old movie. He's probably seen it and it's so old he wouldn't want to anyway. So he's bound to get a good night's sleep!"

Bob Mitchum hates making movies. He thinks they're child's play. He wants to "make an honest living" like drilling for oil, keeping a store or driving a truck.

"But you're working hard here in Hollywood," I argued, "and those back-breaking locationing jaunts aren't kid stuff. Isn't that an honest living?"

He lifted a lazy eyebrow. "Sure, and the money's good—or at least the little I get to keep is good. Most of it goes to Uncle Sam for taxes, you know. But Dorothy and I just don't like picture-making."

Bob is usually the most talkative star in Hollywood (next to Zsa Zsa Gabor!) but there was a long silence now while we both pondered the importance of what he was telling me. "You mean you're quitting?" I asked finally.

"Soon as my RKO contract is up," he said. "It has about three more years to go. I'd leave quicker if they'd let me out of it."

"It's as simple as this," he added, thoughtfully, "Dorothy and I have decided we don't care for the social life a movie star and his wife lead. Neither of us was cut out for it. Besides, I'd like to be my own boss and if an oil deal I've got cooking pans out I will be. We're still young, Dorothy and I. We'll make a go of it elsewhere and we'll have more fun doing it than we have in the picture business."

Bob is likely to mean what he says, too. Take the time when he served warning on

that lad who heckled him in a bar in Colorado while he was making "The Korean Story." In the newspaper story Bob was painted as the villain. But here's an eyewitness account of what really happened and it's about time the truth was told. Bob's adversary once had been a boxing pro. He thought he could lick Bob, whom he spotted standing at the bar in a saloon. An Army colonel interfered and the obstreperous one back-handed him. Bob, grabbing the quarrelsome character, got socked. "This boy's getting out of hand," Bob said, "and I may have to hurt him in order to keep him quiet."

Whereupon he grabbed his heckler around the middle, spread him out on a table and, holding his thumb under the lad's right eye, said, "I'll give your eye right back to you on the palm of my hand if you don't keep quiet." The fighter broke free. The fray continued and after his opponent was knocked out, Bob took the rap in order to keep the youth out of jail and to avoid court-martial for some of the officers who were present through the blow-up.

He's a tough guy, this Mitchum, even though he walks away from trouble, as he does whenever possible. But personally, I'd hate to get into a fight with him.

The point I'm trying to make? Well, I wouldn't want to stand in Bob's way when he decides to walk out on his movie bosses once and for all.



John Lee Mahin proudly displays his Photoplay Gold Medal, presented to him by editor-in-chief Fred Sammis for screen play of "Show Boat"



Guests at John Hodiak's and Anne Baxter's table hear the latest news—that John is deserting Hollywood temporarily to do New York play. Anne will join him later with their baby—right now she's busy making "Outcasts of Poker Flat"



The face is familiar—but that pointed beard is not! It's Clifton Webb, all dressed up for "Three Musketeers" sequence in new comedy "Dream Boat." He and Ginger Rogers play silent-day screen lovers



Roman rehearsal: Van Johnson aims to please—the director, that is—in "When in Rome," filmed in Italy. Leading with his chin is Paul Douglas, who plays role of criminal

For Men Only: Ann Sothorn said it to Jack Carson: "A woman's dress is like a picket fence. It's supposed to protect the property but not obstruct the view!" Thank you, Miss Plunging Neckline.

Odds and Ends: Bette Davis and Gary Merrill, who recently leased a big house in the early-day movie star section of Hollywood, adopted a four-weeks-old son. They already have an adopted daughter over a year old and Bette's five-year-old Barbara, whose father is William Grant Sherry . . . In style or not, it's a no poodle cut edict for Rita Hayworth in her new movie . . . Evidently Eleanor Parker meant it when she said she wanted six children. She's expecting number three in October and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Friedlob hope it will be a son this time . . . Fireworks are out but so is that rumored reconciliation between Clark Gable and Sylvia Ashley. They got together while she was in a New York hospital with a broken foot and discussed the situation like adults . . . Red Skelton received two "Emmys" (television's "Oscar") for having the best comedy show on TV, and for being the best comedian. Endearing himself to Hollywood forever, when he received his second award, Red choked up at the mike and said: "This one should go to Lucille Ball for her 'I Love Lucy' show. She deserves it." Lucy, who was in the audience, cried all over the big guy!

Personality of the Month: For many a magical moment her radio voice in Cal's living room thrilled him with its touching talent. Then the dream came true—Shirley Booth was there in person, thanks to the kindness of our mutual friend, actor Frank Milan. Together with Burt Lancaster, you'll be seeing Shirley recreate her all-time great stage performance in

INSIDE STUFF

"Come Back, Little Sheba." "Don't mind me, I'm a percher," she said. And perch she did on the edge of a sofa—alive, warm, her eyes filled with tenderness and humor. Shirley not only could name every Hollywood personality from Agar to Zanuck, but this wonderful woman amazed Cal by recalling excerpts from his columns. "I read all the movie magazines," she confided, "and see pictures between shows. Now I'm making my first movie and it's very thrilling." Last time she visited our town, Shirley stayed at a hotel which has since been converted into a home for the aged. "I thought I'd better make this picture first," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "before I check in there!" Cal, not too subtly, suggested she check into a home for the *ageless*.

It Happened in Hollywood: Local girl makes good in the person of Alyce Canfield, who you readers know as a favorite movie magazine writer. Her first screen original was produced recently by Hal Chester. "Models, Inc." was written by Alyce for her good friend, Dan Duryea. When he was unavailable, Howard Duff thought enough of the story to select it for his first as a free lance player. Together with Coleen Gray's good acting and Alyce's good writing, Howard proves (in the movie, that is) that a heel can be just as interesting as a hero! Good luck to everyone.

Predictions: It may take one picture, or many. The entire town still believes that Marilyn Erskine is so versatile she can't miss great stardom. Currently in "Eagle on His Cap," opposite Robert Taylor, Marilyn has been made a red-head because Eleanor Parker is blonde—

which we suppose is as good a reason as any! . . . Suddenly Cyd Charisse comes of age in the movies. In "Singin' in the Rain," she's a sultry, sensational new screen personality, who will electrify movie audiences . . . You fans are mostly responsible. Let those enthusiastic letters continue and his studio can't miss giving Jeffrey Hunter a romantic build-up to end all build-ups.

Today's Target: Can one ask too much in the name of charity? Cal says no and thinks Loretta Young should be lauded for her tireless efforts. Hollywood, however (in certain quarters), took the beautiful star to task recently when she took up a collection for a destitute family at a party she gave for friends. "If Loretta wants to give, it's very kind," some said, "but we give to many places, too, and wouldn't dream of soliciting help from friends we invite to our house." Cal says: Someone was in need and Loretta came to their rescue. More power to her!

News and Views: Seven months and ten days of marriage to Mexico nightclub operator Ted Stauffer, proved to Hedy Lamarr that "Our marriage was all a mistake." Grievous mental and physical suffering without cause was the basis of the beauty's suit to divorce her fourth husband . . . When their second child is born next June, the Roberto Rossellinis (Ingrid Bergman) hope, "Our marriage will now be taken for the sacred, serious thing it is" . . . A broken ankle in a fight scene produced *two* injuries for Errol Flynn. He has a percentage of the picture which was held up by his accident! . . . It's "Henriettas" for Alan Ladd and Esther Williams, proving them to be the most popular movie stars in the world, (Continued on page 23)



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SPRING BEAUTIES

*...and how they grow
at Woolworth's cosmetic counters*

as told by *Susan Smart* †

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†Woolworth's Shopping Reporter

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► TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and Photoplay cannot fill request for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing. Clip out this list and save it for future reference.

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Barbara Hale, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Anthony Dexter, Jody Lawrence, Jack Mahoney, Beverly Michaels, Terry Moore, Pat O'Brien, Donna Reed, Carl Benton Reid, Mickey Rooney, Dolores Sidener, Charles Starrett, Johnny Stewart, Pat Williams, Aldo Ray.

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Dana Andrews, Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: Dawn Addams, June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Keefe Brasselle, Kay Brown, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Eileen Christy, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, Bruce Cowling, James Craig, Vic Damone, Nancy Davis, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Sally Forrest, Dan Foster, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greta Garson, Stewart Granger, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, John Hodiak, Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, John Lupton, Marjorie Main, Maria Elena Marques, Ann Miller, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, Henry Nakamura, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Ezio Pinza, Jane Powell, William Powell, Paula Raymond, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Red Skelton, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn.

Monogram Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Whip Wilson.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Jean Arthur, Peter D. Baldwin, William Bendix, Lyle Bettger, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Mona Freeman, Nancy Gates, Paulette Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Dick Keene, Alan Ladd, Irene Martin, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Nancy Olson, Eleanor Parker, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Franca Faldini, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott, Richard Stapley.

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Carla Balenda, Jack Buettel, Janice Carter, the Charivels, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carole Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talmann, Mary Jo Tarola, Ursula Thies, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Esperanza Baur, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, William Ching, Penny Edwards, Mary Ellen Kay, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Adele Mara, Vaughn Monroe, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, Forrest Tucker, John Wayne, Grant Withers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Richard Allen, Merry Anders, Dana Andrews (with Goldwyn), Ray Andrews, Charlotte Austin, Richard Basehart, Lauren Bacall, Barbara Bates, Anne Baxter, Richard Boone, Cornell Borchers, Scott Brady, Marlon Brando, Jill Clifford, Valentina Cortesa, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Danielle Darrieux, Bette Davis, Joanne Dru, Gloria DeHaven, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Cary Grant, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, June Haver, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Richard Hylton, Louis Jourdan, Patricia Knox, William Lundigan, Myrna Loy, Joyce Mackenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Pat Neal, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Tyrone Power, Micheline Prele, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Helene Stanley, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Orson Welles, Oskar Werner, Helen Westcott, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

Universal-International, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Ann Blyth, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Jeff Chandler, Anthony Curtis, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Yvette Dugay, Richard Garland, Cindy Garner, Nancy Guild, Joyce Holden, John Hudson, Rock Hudson, Alice Kelly, Piper Laurie, Palmer Lee, Richard Long, Stephen McNally, Bodil Miller, Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Gigi Perreau, William Regnolds, Beverly Tyler, Shelley Winters.

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Mari Aldon, Charles Bickford, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, Marlon Brando, David Brian, James Cagney, Philip Carey, Helena Carter, Steve Cochran, Gary Cooper, Horace Cooper, Joan Crawford, Ginger Crowley, Doris Day, Kirk Douglas, Betsy Drake, Errol Flynn, Virginia Gibson, Farley Granger, Cary Grant, Ron Hagerthy, William Holden, Kim Hunter, Phyllis Kirk, Burt Lancaster, Vivian Leigh, Frank Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Ray Millard, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Lucille Norman, Nancy Olson, Gregory Peck, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Ruth Roman, Janice Rule, S. Z. Sakall, Randolph Scott, Aileen Stanley Jr., Ray Teal, Phyllis Thaxter, Gene Tierney, Danny Thomas, Lurene Tuttle, John Wayne, Richard Webb, Dick Wesson, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore, Gig Young.

SUSAN HAYWARD is now starring in "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART,"
a 20th Century-Fox production; color by Technicolor

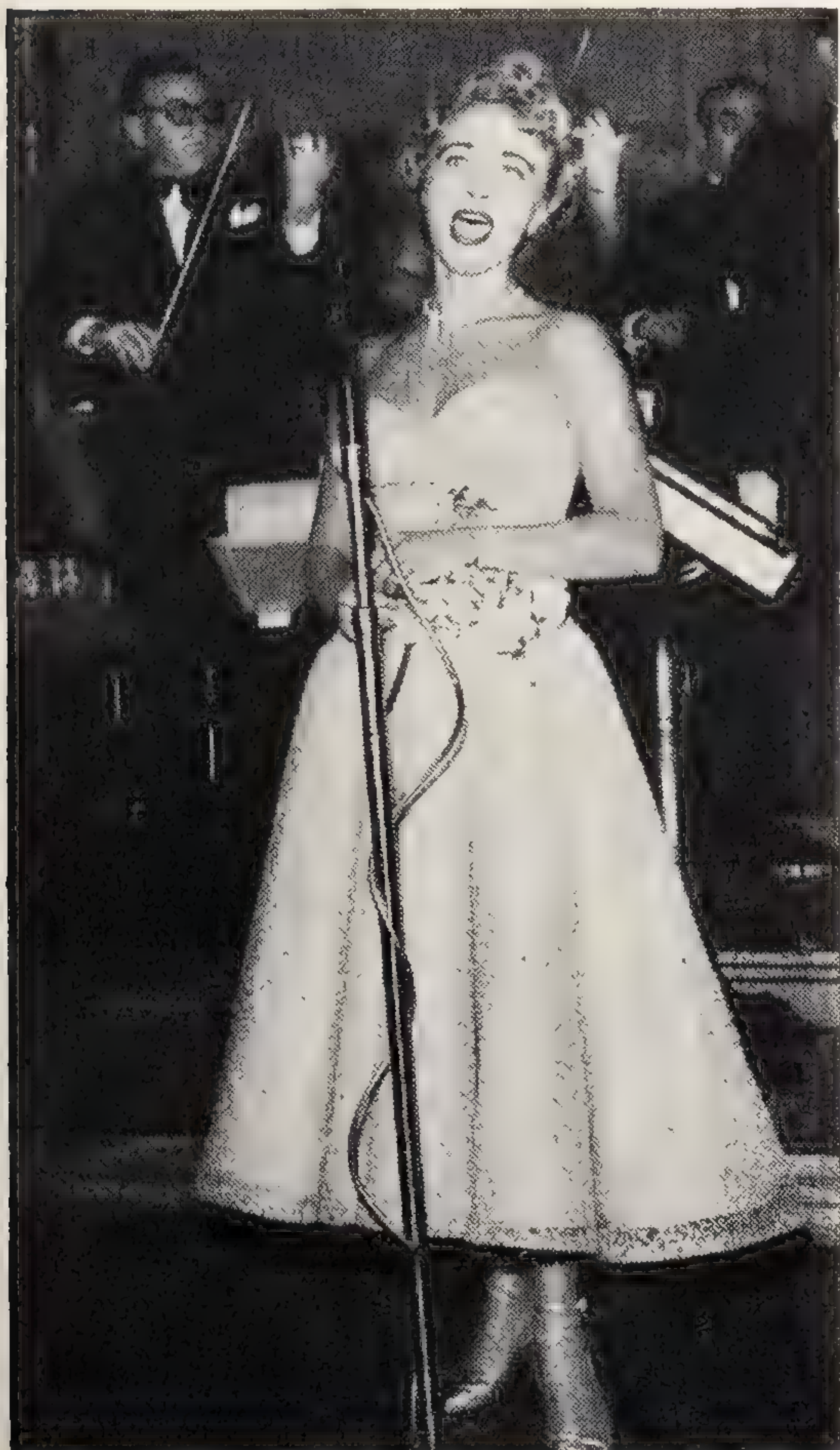
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 20)

according to the Foreign Press Association . . . The long lost will of Maria Montez was found in papers stored over the garage, so her \$200,000 estate will be quietly settled by the still disconsolate Jean Pierre Aumont . . . Dick Contino, who now admits he made a "terrible mistake" and served his sentence for draft evasion (he suffered panic claustrophobia) has been drafted again. The accordionist, his public feels, has learned a lesson and earned a second chance.

Behind the Camera: Those great fencing scenes in "Scaramouche" were more dangerous than the public realizes. Stewart Granger, by refusing to use a tip on his blade, came perilously close to gouging an opponent's eye . . . Jane Wyman making the "Story of Will Rogers," while Ronald Reagan makes "The Winning Team," met in Warners' make-up department every morning for the first time since their divorce . . . Anything but high hat, Alan Ladd passed Helen Winston recently and didn't speak to her. She's the gal who sacrificed her treasured tresses in that head-shaving scene in "Botany Bay." Alan just didn't recognize "Baldie" with a full grown wig on!

For Your Information: Instead of going to night clubs, lovely Leslie Caron prefers to remain home with her groom and-bake a cake. Incidentally, the fascinating French girl first fell in love with Geordie Hormel III because "he has one fascinating eyebrow!" . . . Chris Randall has been drafted, which is disturbing news to Joan Evans and comforting news to Lee Kirby . . . Richard Anderson, who is Cary Grant's favorite tennis partner, met Piper Laurie when they locked bumpers in a drive-in. They exchanged insurance company names, phone numbers—and now they're dating.



Jane Powell didn't exactly sing for her supper but she rated plenty of applause at the recent Screen Directors Guild dinner dance

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Best Pictures of the Month

My Six Convicts
5 Fingers
The Marrying Kind
Anything Can Happen

Best Performances of the Month

Millard Mitchell, John Beal, Gilbert Roland
in "My Six Convicts."

Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray
in "The Marrying Kind."

Dan Dailey in "The Pride of St. Louis."
James Mason in "5 Fingers."

Let Photoplay be your guide

SHADOW

BY SARA



Home, sweet home: Realistic picture of married life with Aldo Ray and Judy Holliday as married couple who can't keep out of trouble



Bases loaded: Romance scores a home run as Richard Crenna, Dan Dailey, Joanne Dru re-enact story of the mound's fabulous "character"

✓✓ ½ (F) The Marrying Kind (Columbia)

ONE long siege of marriage with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray reciting sequence after sequence to Judge Madge Kennedy. Humor, tragedy and a lot of everyday plain living are unfolded in a marriage story that could be any average couple's story of working and living together. Judy, albeit miscast to a degree, is delightful and Aldo Ray, of the husky voice, is a find, with a sense of down-right drollery that's infectious. Sheila Bond, John Alexander, Rex Williams, Phyllis Povah and Peggy Cass round out a cast that contributes to some mighty fine entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: The kind of a movie everyone will enjoy.

Program Notes: Aldo Ray, former football player and Navy Frogman during the war, leaped into prominence in Photoplay's Readers' Poll after his role in "Saturday's Hero." Audiences liked Aldo and his fog-horn voice . . . This makes the fourth time George Cukor has directed Judy Holliday. George claims he's constantly amazed at the versatility of Miss Holliday . . . The cast traveled to New York for sequences in Central Park, Times Square, the bus terminal and the main post office. Interior scenes were made back in Hollywood . . . Silent screen star Madge Kennedy makes her first appearance before a camera in twenty-eight years. Miss Kennedy says the role of judge was just too good to pass up.

✓✓ (F) The Pride of St. Louis (20th Century-Fox)

BASEBALL'S "Dizzy" Dean comes jauntily to life on the screen in the person of Dan Dailey—a happy choice, indeed. And right happy is the movie, too, that emerges from the story of the Ozark mountain boy who could pitch a man right off the field. And did. Keeping the character firmly in the foreground, Dan gives an authentic portrayal of the man whose screwy antics in the baseball world provided amusement for thousands of fans; of a man who, when his good right arm went bad, floundered hopelessly before his present radio baseball broadcasting job. Joanne Dru plays his wife and Richard Crenna, his brother "Daffy," who also pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals. Richard Hylton and James Brown bat the ball around.

Your Reviewer Says: Take your peanuts along and enjoy it.

Program Notes: Dan Dailey's height, six feet four, and his weight, 189 pounds, correspond exactly to the height and weight of "Dizzy" in his prime. Even the facial expressions of the two are similar and after Dan had listened for weeks to tape recordings of Dizzy's voice, his Ozark drawl was so like Dizzy's, you couldn't tell one from t'other. Dan's prowess at baseball was something else again but after watching the antics of "Diz" on seven kinescoped TV films and weeks of hard work with the "Hollywood Stars," Dan had the part down pat. "The best actor ever to play baseball for a movie," the manager of the "Stars" proclaimed and the players agreed . . . Richard Crenna had to juggle his role around several radio serials, among them "A Date with Judy" . . . Joanne Dru, required to knit through several sequences, ended up with seven pairs of socks which she presented to her husband, John Ireland.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 34.

to the best current movies

STAGE

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F—For the whole family
A—For adults



Behind iron bars: Marshall Thompson, Jay Adler, Gilbert Roland, Alf Kjellin, Millard Mitchell are unusual aids in a plan for prison reform



Melting pot: Kim Hunter learns some old foreign customs from Jose Ferrer, Kurt Kasznar, in film about an immigrant's Americanization

✓✓½ (F) My Six Convicts (Columbia)

A GAINST the grimness of prison background there emerges this whimsical, delightful movie, entertaining from start to finish. Taken from the Donald Wilson novel of the same name, the story tells of the attempts of young psychologist John Beal to establish the first way station on the road to prison reform. It is up to him to make good or such work may die a-borning. After a disastrous beginning, six convicts finally volunteer as assistants and the work gets rolling, at times dramatically, at times comically. The convicts are Millard Mitchell, safecracker; Gilbert Roland, mobster and killer; Jay Adler, embezzler; Marshall Thompson, alcoholic; Henry Morgan, murderer and Alf Kjellin, hold-up man. Regis Toomey plays the prison doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: Humor, drama, human interest all rolled into one.

Program Notes: Because "progressiveness" has been the key-word at San Quentin for many years, producer Stanley Kramer chose that prison for location sequences. The "yard," the mess-hall, the cell blocks were photographed at length, with the cast and crew working within the prison yard for several weeks. . . . Because convicts' faces cannot be photographed, as many as 150 guards dressed as convicts for background shots. As a result the guards took a fearful ribbing from the "cons" . . . The cast's identity cards were the same as those of the prisoners except for one line; opposite the word "Offense" was written the word "Actor" . . . Gilbert Roland shaved off his mustache for the first time in twenty years for his role and Millard Mitchell received his first kiss after twenty-three years in show business. Then, Millard complains, it was only a smack on the forehead.

✓✓½ (F) Anything Can Happen (Paramount)

THE "anything" that can happen does happen in this charm-laden story of immigrants in America. Tenderly appealing, the story bounces from laughter, the rollicking kind, to tears, the deep-within kind. Never dull, its simple childlike characters—Jose Ferrer as *Giorgi*, Kurt Kasznar as *Nuri Bey*, Eugenie Leontovich as *Anna*—linger in memory long after the final reel. The story begins with the landing in America of Jose and Kurt, goes on to Jose's search for his uncle, Oscar Beregi, bounces across country to an orange ranch in California and, wonder of wonders, Jose's proposal to the lovely young American, Kim Hunter. Oscar Karlweiss plays *Besso*, the miser. Makhail Rasumny is *Tariel*, the former ship's captain.

Your Reviewer Says: It will capture your heart.

Program Notes: About one quarter of the movie was filmed against its natural background in New York City. The opening shots were actually made aboard an incoming Italian line ship, the S. S. *Saturnia*. The courtroom scene was filmed in Magistrates Court on East 57th Street and the flower-picking scene took place in Central Park . . . Jose Ferrer sings for the first time on the screen doing several Georgian folk numbers . . . The movie was adapted from the book "Anything Can Happen," purported to be the true story of its authors, George and Helen Papashvily.

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*PLUS TAX

✓ (A) Saturday Island (U.A.)

STRANGE and wonderful are the events that take place on a lone Pacific Island. Lone, that is, until shipwrecked Linda Darnell, a Canadian lieutenant in the last war, and Tab Hunter, a teen-age Marine, are washed ashore. Every invention known to Crusoe and his *Man Friday* come to life under Tab's ingenious talents. And love, too, if you please. When aviator Donald Gray cracks up in his plane on the island, Linda, a doctor, amputates his shattered arm and his heart, too, as it turns out. Then the happy, ill-assorted duo of Linda and Tab becomes a jealous, hostile trio and from then on, things on Saturday Island are never the same.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, really . . . Hide my blushes.

Program Notes: The cast of three, Linda, Tab and Donald, along with director Stuart Heisler and camera crew, flew to the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies for all except the ship scenes . . . With tornados, heat and lizards to plague them, the cast, especially Linda, fared none too well . . . Keeping tourists out of camera range proved one of the biggest problems . . . Tab Hunter is not quite the youngster the story had him, as he has already reached his twenties.

½✓ (F) Mutiny (U.A.)

IN THE year 1812 Mark Stevens, as skipper of the U.S.S. *Concord*, sets sail for France. With Mark, whose purpose was to pick up gold for the United States from France, goes Patric Knowles as first officer. In France, Mark picks up the gold and Patric picks up Angela Lansbury, who sails along with them. Under her instigation Patric plans to steal the gold, persuading the crew to mutiny. Mark is therefore tossed overboard and only makes shore by the very wet skin of his teeth. Apprehended in the West Indies, Pat redeems himself in a homemade submarine that really takes the cake.

Your Reviewer Says: Seasick? Thought I'd die.

Program Notes: Picture was adapted from a Hollister Nobel story about blockade running during the War of 1812 . . . Both Mark Stevens and Angela Lansbury were expecting heirs during production. But the period costuming enabled Angela to finish her assignment before settling down to await the birth. Mark's baby daughter Aurelle, born November 1, preceded Angela's son, Anthony Peter Shaw, by a couple of months. Dimitri Tiomkin's score is sure to please music lovers.

✓✓ (F) Retreat, Hell! (Warners)

KOREA and the grueling, devastating horrors endured by our own Marines. Outnumbered by the invading Chinese hordes, brought low by the desolate wastes and sub-freezing temperatures, our men, among them Major Frank Lovejoy, Capt. Richard Carlson and Corp. Rusty Tamblyn (Jimmy McDermid) march on, fight on, endure long. There is solid foundation for factual entertainment here if horror can be entertainment. The story begins with the training of recruits and reserves at Camp Pendleton, continues with their hazardous landing on Korea and ends with their march back from the ill-fated attack by hordes of Chinese Communists at Chosin Reservoir in North Korea. It's a film to think about, to talk about and to respect. Ned Young is Sergeant Novak and Lamont Johnson is Captain "Tink" O'Grady.

Your Reviewer Says: A forceful right-now close-up of our boys in Korea.

Program Notes: In addition to the regular cast, 400 Marines took part in the military clashes between Leathernecks and Communists . . . About 300 peace-loving Chinese from Los Angeles' Chinatown were engaged to play Chinese Communists . . . Some of the Marine extras were veterans of the Chosin withdrawal (Retreat, Hell!) or other Korean actions . . . Young Rusty Tamblyn was sixteen during the filming and expressed some embarrassment at having to leave a rugged battle to take up his schoolbooks for four hours a day. His teacher conducted school in a tent erected near the set.

½✓ (F) California Conquest (Columbia)

ALL by his little self, with some small aid from Teresa Wright, Cornel Wilde brings California into the Union. A real don of old Mexico, Cornel plays at being a peon, a bandit, a lover, a husband and everything but a jumping bean. He foils the Russians, who have sneaky territorial ambitions, and confounds powerful Mexican politicians by droves. He does everything, in fact, but keep rude audiences from laughing in the wrong places. Teresa Wright as an American tomboy is so miscast it bewilders John Dehner, who plots with the Russians, and bandit Alfonso Bedoya, who plots with Dehner. George Eldridge is explorer John Fremont and Lisa Ferraday and Ivan Lebedeff the Russian nobles.

Your Reviewer Says: Unpopped corn, folks.

Program Notes: After all his hazardous trapeze work in "The Greatest Show on Earth," Cornel escaped without an injury. But during his very first scene in this one, the actor tumbled from his horse when a cinch on the horse's gear worked loose. There was little need of practice for the dueling scenes, as Cornel was a champion swordsman in Europe . . . Most of the outdoor scenes were filmed in Sonora, California. Many of her scenes called for trousers, which made Teresa Wright happy. The terrain can be mighty rugged with silk stockings.

✓½ (F) Rancho Notorious (Fidelity-RKO)

THEY'RE kidding! They have to be! Outstanding performers such as Arthur Kennedy, Mel Ferrer and Marlene Dietrich would never lend their talents to such cliché-ish malarky if they meant it. And as such we accept it, enjoy it and have a heck of a good time all the way. Out west in locale, Kennedy plays a young rancher seeking revenge for the murder of his sweetheart. Mel Ferrer is the handsome scalawag who leads Kennedy to Chuck-a-luck, the villain's hideout. Miss Dietrich is the ex-saloon entertainer who now operates the robber's hideout. All this, of course, transpires in the early days of a Technicolor west with singing captions, yet.

Your Reviewer Says: "Ten Nights in a Barroom" all over again.

Program Notes: Dietrich in pants proved nothing new. She started the slacks fad in Hollywood many years ago. This time, however, the pants became snug-fitting blue jeans . . . Arthur Kennedy was so sure of the film's success, he accepted a percentage of the gross rather than a straight salary . . . Mel Ferrer enjoyed the riding scenes, being an expert horseman.

✓ (F) The Battle at Apache Pass (U-I)

DON'T look now, buddy, but we're surrounded by Injuns again. And again (Continued on page 28)

Hollywood stars acclaim elsa maxwell's etiquette book



Elsa Maxwell

Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, is being showered with praise by Hollywood stars for her splendid etiquette book. In Hollywood they are calling it the most useful and entertaining book on the subject ever written. Once you get your copy of this remarkable book you, too, will join the stars of Hollywood in your praise of this fascinating guide to good manners.

A Social Education

Elsa Maxwell's new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chock-full of the type of information that you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

Here are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. By following the advice contained in this book you know *exactly* how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

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need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

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Table Manners

Correct table manners are a *must* for every person. You just can't afford to offend your host or hostess by an ignorance of proper table manners. Be sure of yourself at all times by following the latest rules of good manners as contained in this truly helpful book.

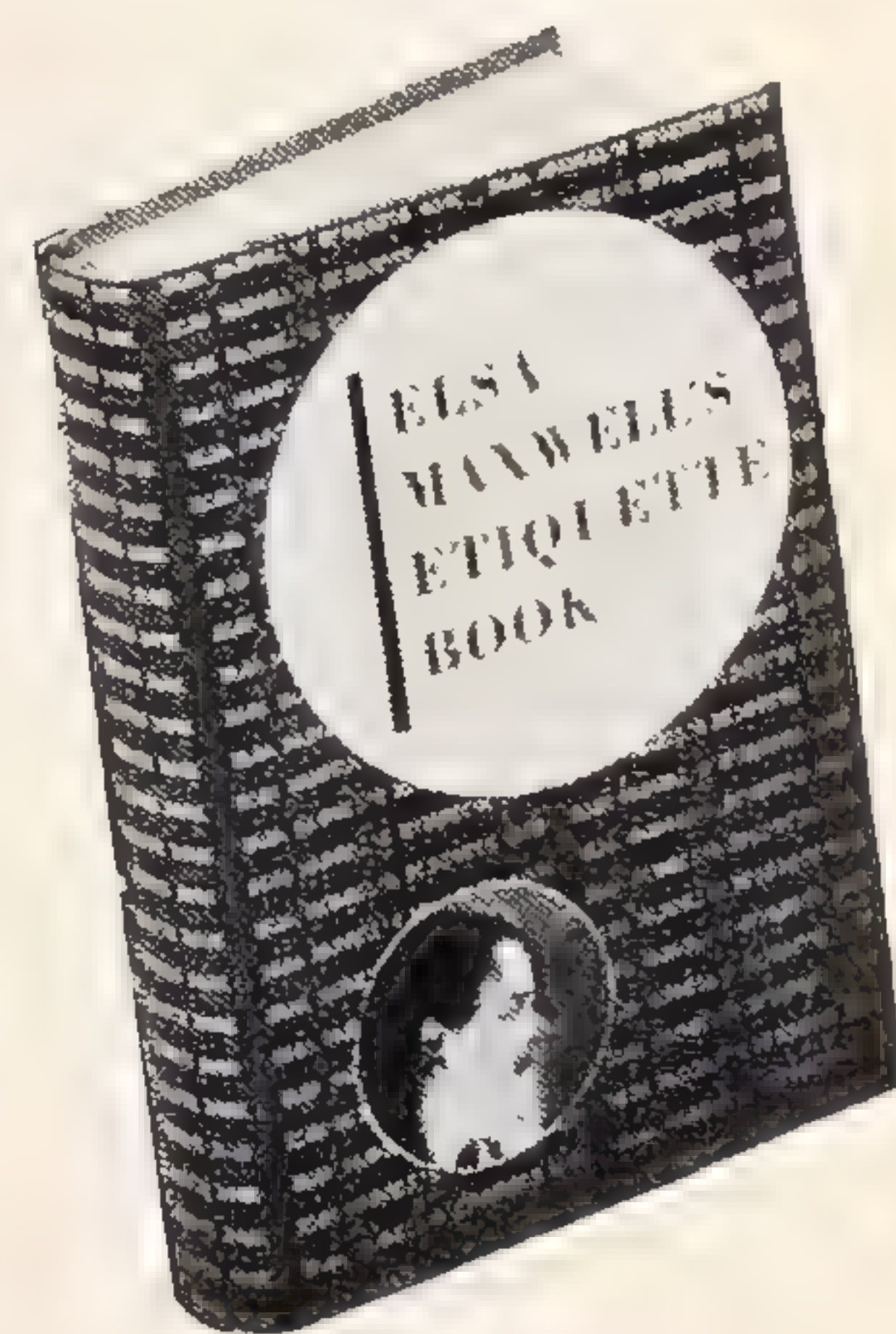
Good manners are important—they open doors to successful achievements—and the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them. Glance at the partial table of contents listed below and note how thoroughly Elsa Maxwell covers this subject in her marvelous new book. You owe it to yourself to have the helpful information contained in *Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book*. Get your copy—at once.



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Dan Dailey

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ding Breakfast, Cocktail or Tea Party, Buffet Supper, Dinner, The Toast, The Home Wedding. INTRODUCTIONS—Introducing Relatives, When You Introduce Yourself, Group Introductions, Proper Responses to Introductions, Hand-Shaking, Who Stands—and When, Gloves, Doffing the Hat, Saying Goodbye, MANNERS IN PUBLIC PLACES—Greetings on the Street, Doors, In Transit, Taxis, The Theatre, In Church, Restaurants. VISITING CARDS AND THEIR USE—Size, Names and Titles, The Mr. and Mrs. Card, The Fold-over Card, The Message Card, Leaving a Visiting Card. INVITATIONS—Formal Invitations, Telephone Invitations

Informal Notes of Invitations and Answers, Withdrawing an Invitation. PARTIES—The Tea Party, Cocktail Parties, Buffets, Breakfast, Brunch, Luncheon, Table Settings, Dinner, Bridge and Canasta, Children's Parties. TABLE MANNERS—Eating Certain Foods, Which Fork to Use, The Napkin. LETTERS—The Bread and Butter Letter, Thank You Letters, Letters of Condolence. WHEN DEATH OCCURS—Arrangements, Flowers, A Church Funeral, The Funeral at Home, Burial, Mourning. TRAVELLING—Trains, Airplanes. Ships, Passports, Hotels, Tips. WHAT SHALL I WEAR—Clothes for Men and Women. Gifts—Children's Manners.

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(Continued from page 26)

because the greedy, conniving white man breaks his word to the gentle, peace-loving red man. Jeff Chandler, in appropriate trappings and tinted a gorgeous Technicolor copper, plays friendly Cochise, Apache chief. John Lund plays Major Jim Colton of Fort Buchanan. Together they abide in peace until white agent Bruce Cowling begins the dirty work that ends in as big a dust-biting shooting match as you've seen in a long, long time. John Hudson, Beverly Tyler, Susan Cabot and Regis Toomey keep dodging those nasty flying arrows. Jay Silverheels does still another take-off on Geronimo.

Your Reviewer Says: The Old West just can't seem to get settled somehow.

Program Notes: The film's climactic battle in the pass is, it is claimed, an authentic recreation of Apache experience with American artillery; the battle being fought exactly as historians have described it... A leg injury caused Jeff Chandler considerable pain during the rougher scenes but he refused to give in until all location shots were completed... Susan Cabot feels she's run the gamut of nations, having played a Samoan, a Sioux, a Gypsy and an Apache squaw... Jay Silverheels is a full-blooded Mohawk and is famed as Tonto, the friend of the Lone Ranger in the radio series.

✓ (F) Return of the Texan (20th Century-Fox)

THAT different Western you've waited for, without whooping Indians, cattle rustlers or stage coach hold-ups. Here, instead, we have the story of a young widower, Dale Robertson, who with his two small sons and grandpa Walter Brennan, returns to his broken-down ranch in Texas. Discouraged over his failure to make good in the city, Dale sets about to make a living on the ranch. The problems, misgivings, hopes and heartaches that surround the little family constitute an appealing and warm-hearted movie. Joanne Dru is the pretty and understanding girl who eventually helps Dale to find happiness. Dennis Ross and Lonnie Thomas play the boys. Tom Tully, Robert Horton and Richard Boone round out the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Satisfying.

Program Notes: The studio felt that Dale Robertson, a native westerner, was ideally suited for his role. For Dale's drawl, riding ability and approach to life are tinged with his rugged Oklahoma ranch life upbringing. He's friendly too—made fast friends of the two youngsters who play his sons in the picture. While in production Dale acquired his fifth horse, "Diamond Star"... Joanne Dru made a conquest during the shooting. Dale's five-year-old German shepherd "Chief" became so enamored with her that he followed her about between every scene... Due to his work in this picture, Robert Horton (Dr. Harris), signed by M-G-M, was borrowed back by 20th for "Pony Soldier."

✓½ (F) Paula (Columbia)

WEARY and at times dreary, "Paula" was designed solely to wring hearts and arouse sympathy. Briefly, it tells of a woman, Loretta Young, denied motherhood, who accidentally hits orphan boy Tommy Rettig with her car. He is taken to a hospital by a passing rancher, and his case is listed as "hit and run." Fearful of injuring the career of her husband, Kent Smith, Miss Young keeps silent. Her conscience, however, leads her to take the lad into her home. There, under the guidance of specialist Alexander Knox, she helps him regain his powers of speech. Naturally her secret is discovered. And

before the God-bless-everyone-Tiny-Tim ending, it looks gloomy for poor Loretta.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy drammer.

Program Notes: Eight-year-old Tommy Rettig toured the country with Mary Martin in "Annie Get Your Gun" and starred in television in New York before coming to Hollywood. So good was the little actor he made five pictures in a row... Alexander Knox flew to Rome after his work was completed to appear opposite Ingrid Bergman in Rossellini's new film... Kent Smith took off for New York and more television work... Miss Young's wardrobe, designed for the film character's financial position, looked so elegant on the svelte actress it proved very frustrating to designer Jean Louis.

✓ (F) Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick (Paramount)

ALMOST as ridiculous as its name and twice as corny, this little movie is not as funny as it was meant to be. For its tuneful airs we grant it something. But it's sadly lacking in suitable songs for the rich, melodic voice of opera star Robert Merrill. A sort of Rubes versus City Slickers theme... Dinah Shore and Alan Young play the rubes. And Merrill and Adele Jergens play the whoop-de-do-ers from Chicago. The story has Merrill and Adele, a pair of crooks, buying Dinah's farm under the impression it's polluted with oil. Merrill discovers his mistake too late and the whole thing ends in a merry chase through a Chicago hotel. Martha Stewart plays a night-club singer.

Your Reviewer Says: Cracker barrel malarkey.

Program Notes: Amateurs have been playing "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick" for many years, we're told. The movies added the tunes to their version with a dash of Technicolor to smarten it up... Robert Merrill incurred the wrath of Rudolph Bing, head of New York's Metropolitan Opera Company, by taking a flier into movies. Suspended for a year, Mr. Merrill has now rejoined the company... Canadian Alan Young has won all sorts of honors for his clean humor on both radio and TV shows... Dinah Shore had her dark hair made blonde for her role. Husband George Montgomery wasn't too crazy about it.

✓ (F) Steel Town (U-I)

STEP right up, folks, and learn how steel is made. View the hot molten metal and the hot molten Annie Sheridan. Take a peek at the blast furnaces and the kisses between Annie and the blond John Lund. John, you see, is the boss's nephew trying to learn the steel business the passionate way. Fact is, when John goes to board at Annie's home, her former suitor Howard Duff just naturally turns into a hot molten clinker and burns quietly to pieces. Chick Chandler, William Harrigan and James Best just love and adore the steel business. Eileen Crowe plays Ann's mother.

Your Reviewer Says: Awfully hot business to get into.

Program Notes: The Kaiser Steel mill in Fontana, California, provided the locale for this story with the principals working in and around the plant for two weeks. Because the demands for steel are so urgent, director George Sherman had to shoot his scenes with the mill going full blast twenty-four hours a day. The actors created considerable interest but no time was lost. Fact is, the open hearth crew tapped 111,503 tons of steel the first week the cast worked... William Harrigan left the role of the cap-
(Continued on page 30)



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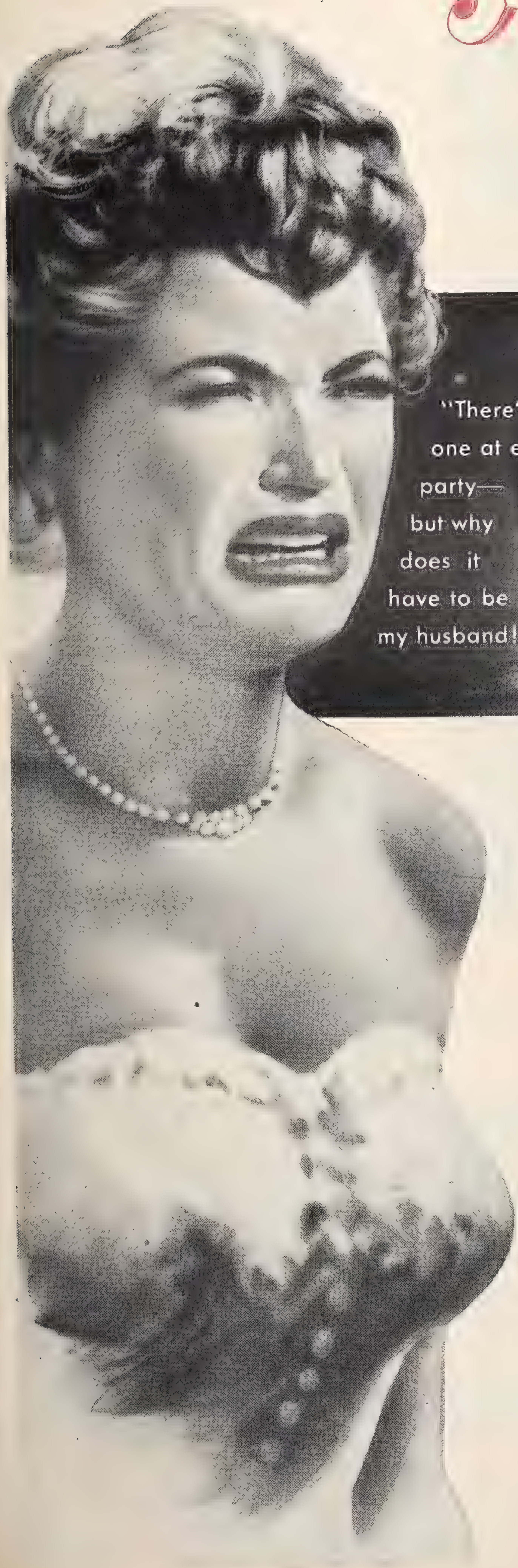
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tain in "Mr. Roberts" on Broadway to take the part of Ann's father . . . Worst break occurred when Ann's sacroiliac slipped a cog in the middle of a kiss with John Lund . . . Howard Duff took a day off during shooting to fly to Las Vegas and marry Ida Lupino. Director Sherman gave him an extra twenty-four hours for a honeymoon.

✓½ (F) Young Man with Ideas (M-G-M)

A WARM, light, amusing story of family man Glenn Ford who believes his wife Ruth Roman considers him a failure. At her instigation, the couple, with their three children, pull up stakes and journey to Los Angeles for a new start. Ford, seeking to pass the California bar exams, gets all involved with pretty student Nina Foch and night-club singer Denise Darcel. And that's not all. Believing Ford to be a bookie, Sheldon Leonard and his gangster mob get into the act and the whole kit and kaboodle of them, Ford included, end up in court. Donna Corcoran plays Ford's oldest child, Mary Wickes the neighbor.

Your Reviewer Says: A goody.

Program Notes: After several weeks of shooting, the producers and director Mitchell Leisen decided that Russell Nye, the young actor recruited from Broadway's "Call Me Madam," was not the family-man type required for this. Nye agreed and Glenn Ford was rushed into the role . . . Ruth Roman makes her first M-G-M picture in this one and hopes it isn't her last . . . For the first time on the screen French beauty Denise Darcel is allowed to look her chic and glamorous self. But only in one snug-fitting black gown, which is enough . . . Eight-year-old Donna Corcoran, who made her screen debut in "Angels in the Outfield" scores again in this one.

✓✓½ (F) 5 Fingers (20th Century-Fox)

THE best spy story in years. Authentic, based on actual events in Turkey during World War II, this movie is brilliant in both acting and direction. James Mason, valet to British Ambassador Walter Hampden, plays the cool-as-a-cucumber spy, labeled Cicero, who sells photographic copies of top war secrets to the Nazis. His reasons are twofold: to acquire coveted wealth and the affections of his former employee, the adventurous Countess Staviski. Mason is superb, Danielle Darrieux just right as the Countess. Michael Rennie, Oscar Karlweis and Herbert Berg-hof are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A rare treat.

Program Notes: When producer Otto Lang and Director Joseph Mankiewicz took their company to Turkey for seven weeks shooting, Cicero, the actual spy of this story, sought them out. But on their own initiative and at the request of the Turkish government they refused to have any dealings with him. However, they did meet and talk with the man whose exploits were first told in the book "Operations Cicero" and report him a crafty, shabby fellow intent on the possibility of profiting from the Americans. Modern Ankara and Istanbul with the real German embassy, the Grand Bazaar, the Oriental Express and the Mosques were filmed at length. The interior scenes were shot in Hollywood . . . During the shooting Miss Darrieux became a fast friend of the Masons.

✓ (F) Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair (U-I)

HERE they are again, folks, Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride as Ma and Pa Kettle. Midst moss-grown puns and ivy-

covered clichés, the pair, so comfortably at home in their roles, glide from one disastrous situation to another, complacent and undaunted. *Ma* loses the jam-making contest at the fair, they land in jail on a serious charge and *Ma* deliberately causes *Pa* to lose the sulky race; and still they come up smiling in their simple, trusting goodness. Lori Nelson plays their pretty daughter, James Best her good-looking beau and Esther Dale is *Ma*'s rival.

Your Reviewer Says: Real homespun fare.

Program Notes: *Everything happened to Percy Kilbride during production. On his way to work the first day, he was struck down by an automobile on Hollywood Boulevard. His bruises attended to, the actor continued on to the studio. At the Devonshire Downs racetrack, Percy, who has never driven a horse and buggy, let alone a racer and sulky, found himself behind a runaway horse. Holding on for dear life and scared white, he escaped injury. Next came a shock from an electric-blanket scene that knocked him flat . . . Pretty Lori Nelson, who makes her screen debut in this one, was seen in a little theatre in The Valley and promptly signed.*

✓½ (F) The Belle of New York (M-G-M)

PRETTY as a picture and as colorful as the Currier and Ives prints it emulates, "Belle of New York" is a musical in the quaint style. Fred Astaire and Vera-Ellen dance and sing against a New York background of the gay 'nineties; of horse-drawn trolley cars, of carriages and singing waiters. Vera is a mission worker and Fred the playboy nephew of wealthy Marjorie Main. Keenan Wynn, with too little to do, plays Fred's attorney. Alice Pearce is amusing as Vera's co-worker at the mission. The dancing, of course, is superb, the Technicolor enchanting and the music tuneful, but none of it adds up to more than a fairly pleasant evening.

Your Reviewer Says: Light and feathery—nothing more.

Program Notes: *After their successful co-starring roles in "Three Little Words," it was obvious that Vera-Ellen and Fred Astaire would be reunited. Fred originated the novel choreography of dancing on air . . . Alice Pearce left "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" on Broadway to appear in this.*

✓✓ (A) The Sniper (Columbia)

UGLY in theme, excellent in execution, sums up this story of a young psychiatric killer, freely roaming the streets of San Francisco. Arthur Franz plays "the sniper" whose tortured mind compels him to shoot from ambush young women who accidentally come to his notice. Adolphe Menjou, Gerald Mohr and Frank Faylen of the police finally track down the wretched boy through the aid of police psychiatrist, Richard Kiley. Grim and dire as it is, it does sound a constructive note as to what should be done with sex offenders who eventually become murderers. Marie Windsor and Marlo Dwyer, victims one and two, and Mabel Paige as the landlady, add strength to the proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: More frightening than entertaining.

Program Notes: *The un-mustaching of Adolphe Menjou for the role of Police Lieut. Kafka seemed unnecessary except for ballyhoo purposes. Adolphe would have been just as believable with the hirsute adornment . . . The cast, en masse, moved to the city of San Francisco where all exterior scenes were filmed. The city's famous steeplejack, Ralph Clark, agreed to plunge 250 feet down a smoke stack, attached by ropes, as a victim of the sniper.*



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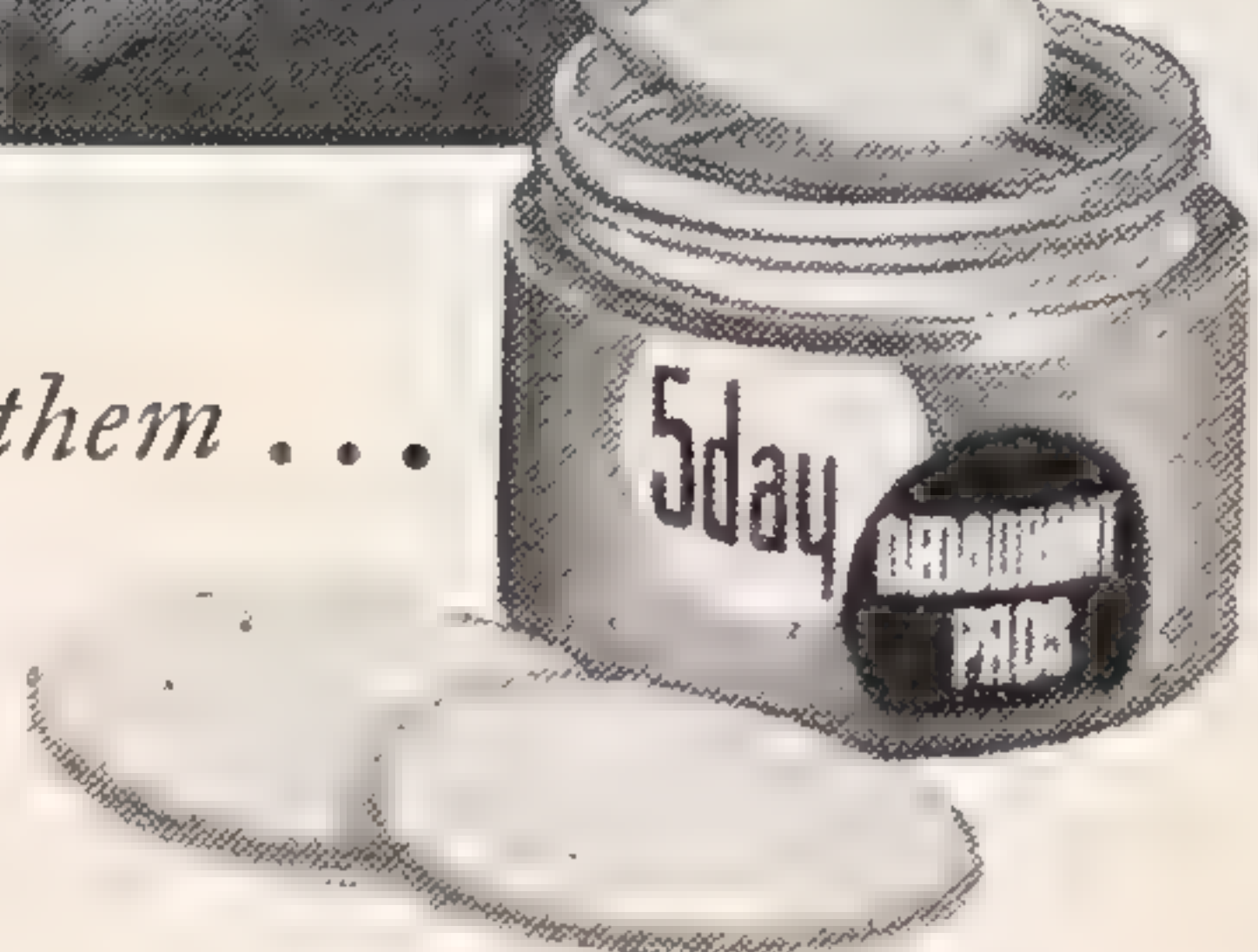
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BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

GARY COOPER, shopping for a cigarette lighter, tested half a dozen, then winked at the tobacco store clerk and said: "On the screen, I just scratch a match on my pants."

Marquee sign: "Katie Did It—Along the Great Divide—With Kirk Douglas."

Taffy, the movie dress designer, is still dazed. A much-married glamour star rushed into her Beverly Hills salon and said: "I'm divorcing my fifth husband and re-marrying my first. Does that entitle me to wear a white wedding gown again?"

Definition of a child: A thing that stands halfway between an adult and a television set.

A female *Rhubarb* purred it, as a star noted for her slovenly clothes passed with her small son: "Look, Howdy Doody and his mother, Howdy DOWDY."

Harry Ritz got the check in a swank Hollywood cafe, turned to his wife and gasped: "You know, it would have been cheaper to eat money."

Barry Sullivan overheard his daughter, Jenny, tell a friend: "If I'm noisy, I get spanked. If I'm quiet, they take my temperature and put me to bed."

A Hollywood cutie told Red Skelton she didn't intend to get married until she was twenty-five. "And you probably don't intend to be twenty-five," came back Red, "until you get married."

Thelma Ritter spent a day at the lavish home Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas rent in Bel-Air. Most of the time was spent with Jan beside the 100-foot-long swimming pool, in which Douglas keeps a row-boat. Next day Jan received a note from Thelma which read: "Thanks for the day by the edge of Lake Erie."

Someone asked Zsa Zsa Gabor where she had ever acted before crashing TV and then the screen. She replied: "I've never acted on stage or screen but, believe me, I've acted in a lot of living rooms."

A starlet smiled icily at the waiting line as she stepped into a drug store telephone booth.

"Don't worry," she snapped, "I won't be long. I just want to hang up on him."

Overheard: "The trouble with diet is that you get fed up with not being fed."

"She's sending her dog to a psychoanalyst. It's a cocker spaniel with happy eyes."

"She took the bounce out of his walk and put it in his checks."

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Casts of Current Pictures

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK—Paramount: *Aaron Slick*, Alan Young; *Josie Berry*, Dinah Shore; *Bill Merridew*, Robert Merrill; *Gladys*, Adele Jergens; *Mrs. Peabody*, Minerva Urecal; *Soubrette*, Martha Stewart; *Headwaiter*, Fritz Feld; *Girl in Red*, Veda Ann Borg; *Pitchman*, Chick Chandler.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN—Paramount: *Giorgi*, Jose Ferrer; *Helen Watson*, Kim Hunter; *Nuri Bey*, Kurt Kasznar; *Anna Godiedze*, Eugenie Leontovich; *Uncle Besso*, Oscar Karlweiss; *Uncle John*, Oscar Beregi; *Taricl Godiedze*, Makhail Rasumny; *Chanchi*, Nick Dennis; *Luba Godiedze*, Gloria Marlowe; *Sandro*, Otto Waldis; *Pavli*, George Voskovec; *Elika*, Alex Danaroff; *Madame Greshkin*, Natasha Lytess.

BATTLE AT APACHE PASS, THE—U. I.: *Jim Colton*, John Lund; *Cochise*, Jeff Chandler; *Mary Kearny*, Beverly Tyler; *Neil Baylor*, Bruce Cowling; *Nona*, Susan Cabot; *Lt. George Bascom*, John Hudson; *Corp. Hassett*, Jimmy Best; *Dr. Carter*, Regis Toomey; *Sgt. Bernard*, Richard Egan; *Lt. Harley*, Hugh O'Brian; *Joe Bent*, Palmer Lee; *Lem Bent*, William Reynolds; *Geronimo*, Jay Silverheels; *Little Elk*, Tommy Cook; *Mescal Jack*, Jack Elam; *Culver*, Richard Garland; *Johnny Ward*, Jack Ingraham; *Pvt. Bolin*, John Baer; *Ross*, Paul Smith.

BELLE OF NEW YORK, THE—M-G-M: *Charlie Hill*, Fred Astaire; *Angela Bonfils*, Vera-Ellen; *Mrs. Phineas Hill*, Marjorie Main; *Max Ferris*, Keenan Wynn; *Elsie Wilkins*, Alice Pearce; *Gilfred Spivak*, Clinton Sundberg; *Dixie McCoy*, Gale Robbins; *"Frenchie"*, Lisa Ferraday; *Clancy*, Henry Slate; *"Frenchie's" Girls*, Carol Brewster, Meredith Leeds, Lyn Wilde; *Judkins*, Roger Davis; *Cab Driver*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Bowery Bums*, Dick Wessel, Percy Helton, Tom Dugan.

CALIFORNIA CONQUEST—Columbia: *Don Arturo Bordega*, Cornel Wilde; *Julia Lawrence*, Teresa Wright; *Jose Martinez*, Alfonso Bedoya; *Helena de Gagarine*, Lisa Ferraday; *Ernesto Brios*, Eugene Iglesias; *Fredo Brios*, John Dehner; *Alexander Rotcheff*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Don Bernardo Mirana*, Tito Renaldo; *Fray Lindos*, Renzo Cesana; *Ignacio*, Baynes Barron; *Pedro*, Rico Alaniz; *Fernando*, William P. Wilkerson; *Junipero*, Edward Colmans; *Juan*, Alex Montoya; *Sam Lawrence*, Hank Patterson; *Capt. John C. Fremont*, George Eldredge.

5 FINGERS—20th Century-Fox: *Cicero*, James Mason; *Anna*, Danielle Darrieux; *George Travers*, Michael Rennie; *Sir Frederic*, Walter Hampden; *Moyzisch*, Oscar Karlweiss; *Col. von Richter*, Herbert Berghof; *Von Papen*, John Wengraf; *Siebert*, A. Ben Astar; *MacFadden*, Roger Plowden; *Morrison*, Michael Pate; *Steuben*, Ivan Triesault; *Von Papen's Secretary*, Hannelore Axman; *Da Costa*, David Wolfe; *Santos*, Larry Dobkin; *Turkish Ambassador*, Nestor Paiva; *Italian Ambassador*, Antonio Filauri; *Japanese Ambassador*, Richard Loo.

MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR—U-I: *Ma Kettle*, Marjorie Main; *Pa Kettle*, Percy Kilbride; *Marvin Johnson*, James Best; *Rosie Kettle*, Lori Nelson; *Birdie Hicks*, Esther Dale; *Billy Reed*, Emory Parnell; *Geoduck*, Oliver Blake; *Crowbar*, Zachary Charles; *Clem Johnson*, Russell Simpson; *Sheriff*, Rex Lease.

MARRYING KIND, THE—Columbia: *Florence Keefer*, Judy Holliday; *Chet Keefer*, Aldo Ray; *Judge Carroll*, Madge Kennedy; *Joan Shipley*, Sheila Bond; *Howard Shipley*, John Alexander; *George Bastian*, Rex Williams; *Mrs. Derringer*, Phyllis Povah; *Emily Bundy*, Peggy Cass; *Pat Bundy*, Mickey Shaughnessy; *Charley*, Griff Barnett; *Ellen*, Susan Hallaran; *Joey*, Christie Olsen; *Barry Curtis*, Newhouse; *Wallace Acton*, Marian, Elsie Holmes.

MUTINY—U.A.: *James Marshall*, Mark Stevens; *Leslie*, Angela Lansbury; *Ben Waldrige*, Patric Knowles; *Hook*, Gene Evans; *Redlegs*, Rhys Williams; *Robert Osterloh*, Peter Brocco; *Emerson Treacy*, Morris Ankrum; *Todd Karnes*.

MY SIX CONVICTS—Columbia: *James Connie*, Millard Mitchell; *Punch Pinero*, Gilbert Roland; *Doc*, John Beal; *Blivens*, Scott, Marshall Thompson; *Clem Randall*, Alf Kjellin; *Dawson*, Henry Morgan; *Steve Kopac*, Jay Adler; *Doctor Gordon*, Regis Toomey; *Warden Potter*, Ray Roope; *Captain Haggerty*, Carleton Young; *Knotty Johnson*, John Marley; *Doctor Hughes*, Russ Conway; *Doc Brint*, Byron Foulger; *Convict*, Charles Buchinsky; *Higgins*, Jack Carr; *Mrs. Randall*, Carol Savage.

PAULA—Columbia: *Paula Rogers*, Loretta Young; *John Rogers*, Kent Smith; *Dr. Clifford Frazer*, Alexander Knox; *David Larson*, Tommy Rettig; *Lieutenant Dargen*, Otto Hulett; *Raymond Bascom*, Will Wright; *President Russell*, Raymond Greenleaf; *Cora*, Eula Guy; *Dean Cornwall*, William Vedder; *Welfare Worker*, Ann Doran; *Gussie*, Kathryn Card; *Dr. Morris Cull*, Sidney Mason.

PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Dizzy Dean*, Dan Dailey; *Patricia Nash Dean*, Joanne Dru; *Johnny Kendall*, Richard Hylton; *Paul Dean*, Richard Crenna; *Horst*, Hugh Sanders; *Moose*, James Brown; *Manager Ed Monroe*, Leo T. Cleary; *Castleman*, Kenny Williams; *Delaney*, John McKee; *Frankie Frisch*, Stuart Randall; *Herbie*, William Frambes; *Johnnie Bishop*, Damian O'Flynn; *Pittsburgh Coach*, Cliff Clark; *Alexander*, Fred Graham; *Chicago Manager*, Billy Nelson; *Ella*, Pattee Chapman; *Connelly*, Richard Reeves; *Eddie*, Bob Nichols; *Western Union Boy*, John Duncan; *Mike*, Clyde

Trumbull; Waiter, John Butler; Doctor, Freeman Lusk; Voorhees, Jack Rice; Joe, Al Green; Louis, Phil Van Zandt; Kendall, Sr., Victor Sutherland; Mrs. Martin, Kathryn Card; Roscoe, George MacDonald; Miss Johnson, Joan Sudlow; Chicago—3rd Base Coach, Fred Scannell; Announcers, Larry Thor, John Wald, Hank Weaver, William Forman, Jack Sherman, Tom Hanlon; Tom Weaver, Chet Huntley; Benny, John Doucette; Hotel Clerk, Harris Brown.

RANCHO NOTORIOUS—Fidelity-RKO: Altar Keane, Marlene Dietrich; Vern Haskell, Arthur Kennedy; Frenchy Fairmont, Mel Ferrer; Beth, Gloria Henry; Baldy Gunder, William Frawley; Maxine, Lisa Ferraday; Chuck-a-Luck Dealer, John Raven; Geary, Jack Elam; Wilson, George Reeves; Preacher, Frank Ferguson; Harbin, Francis McDonald; Comanche Paul, Dan Seymour; Factor, John Kellogg; Rio, Rodric Redwing; Starr, Stuart Randall; Red, Roger Anderson; Hevia, Charles Gonzales; Sanchez, Felipe Turich; Gonzales, Jose Dominguez; Deputy Warren, Stan Jolley; Whitey, John Doucette.

RETREAT, HELL!—Warners: Steve Corbett, Frank Lovejoy; Paul Hansen, Richard Carlson; Jimmy McDermid, Rusty Tamblyn; Ruth Hansen, Anita Louise; Sgt. Novak, Ned Young; Capt. "Tink" O'Grady, Lamont Johnson; "Shorty" Devine, Robert Ellis; Andy Smith, Paul Smith; Major Knox, Peter Ortiz; Eve O'Grady, Dorothy Patrick; Capt. Kyser, Mort Thompson; Lt. Ortiz, Joseph Keane.

RETURN OF THE TEXAN—20th Century-Fox: Sam Crockett, Dale Robertson; Ann Marshall, Joanne Dru; Firth Crockett, Walter Brennan; Rod, Richard Boone; Stud Spiller, Tom Tully; Dr. Harris, Robert Horton; Averill, Helen Westcott; Yo-Yo, Lonnie Thomas; Steve, Dennis Ross; Foreman, Robert Adler; Housekeeper, Kathryn Sheldon; Cordy Spiller, Aileen Carlyle; Spiller Girl, Linda Green; Spiller Boy, Brad Mora.

SATURDAY ISLAND—U.A.: Elizabeth Smythe, Linda Darnell; Michael J. "Chicken" Dugan, Tab Hunter; William Peck, Donald Gray; Grimshaw, John Laurie; Tukua, Sheila Chong; Dr. Snyder, Russell Waters; Ollie, Hilda Fenemore; Jane, Brenda Hogan; Mike, Diana Decker; Maggie, Peggy Harsard; Eddie, Michael Newell.

SNIPER, THE—Columbia: Lieutenant Kafka, Adolphe Menjou; Eddie Miller, Arthur Franz; Sergeant Ferris, Gerald Mohr; Jean Darr, Marie Windsor; Inspector Anderson, Frank Faylen; Dr. James G. Kent, Richard Kiley; Landlady, Mabel Paige; May Nelson, Marlo Dwyer; Checker, Geraldine Carr; Pete, Jay Novello; Police Interlocutor, Ralph Peters; Chadwick, Max Palmer; Intern, Sidney Miller; Sam, Hurb Latimer; Sandy, Dani Sue Nolan; Mayor, Harry Cheshire; Chief of Police, Cliff Clark.

STEEL TOWN—U-I; Red McNamara, Ann Sheridan; Steve Kostane, John Lund; Jim Denko, Howard Duff; Joe, James Best; Millie, Eileen Crowe; Mac, William Harrigan; Ernie, Chick Chandler; Delores, Nancy Kulp.

YOUNG MAN WITH IDEAS—M-G-M: Maxwell Webster, Glenn Ford; Julie Webster, Ruth Roman; Dorianne Gray, Denise Darcel; Joyce Laramie, Nina Foch; Caroline Webster, Donna Corcoran; Edmund Jethrow, Ray Collins; Mrs. Gilpin, Mary Wickes; Willis Gilpin, Bobby Diamond; Brick Davis, Sheldon Leonard; Eddie Tasling, Dick Wessel; Tux Culinary, Carl Millette; Judge Jennings, Curtis Cooksey; Punchy, Karl Davis; Kyle Thornhill, Fay Roope; Bushy-Haired Man, John Call; Susan Webster, Nadene Ashdown; Max, Jr., Barry Rado; Norman Rado; Mr. Cardy, Wilton Graff; Mrs. Hammetty, Martha Wentworth.

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... Soon you'll ...

SMILE WITH "SPEEDY" RELIEF



It's hard to smile . . . to be charming when a headache comes along. Next time you want fast, effective relief from a nagging headache, try ALKA-SELTZER. It's fast because it's in solution when you drink it—it's effective because it contains one of the world's best pain-relievers. You'll like the relief ALKA-SELTZER brings from a headache . . . and you'll like the way it soothes your stomach.

Alka-Seltzer

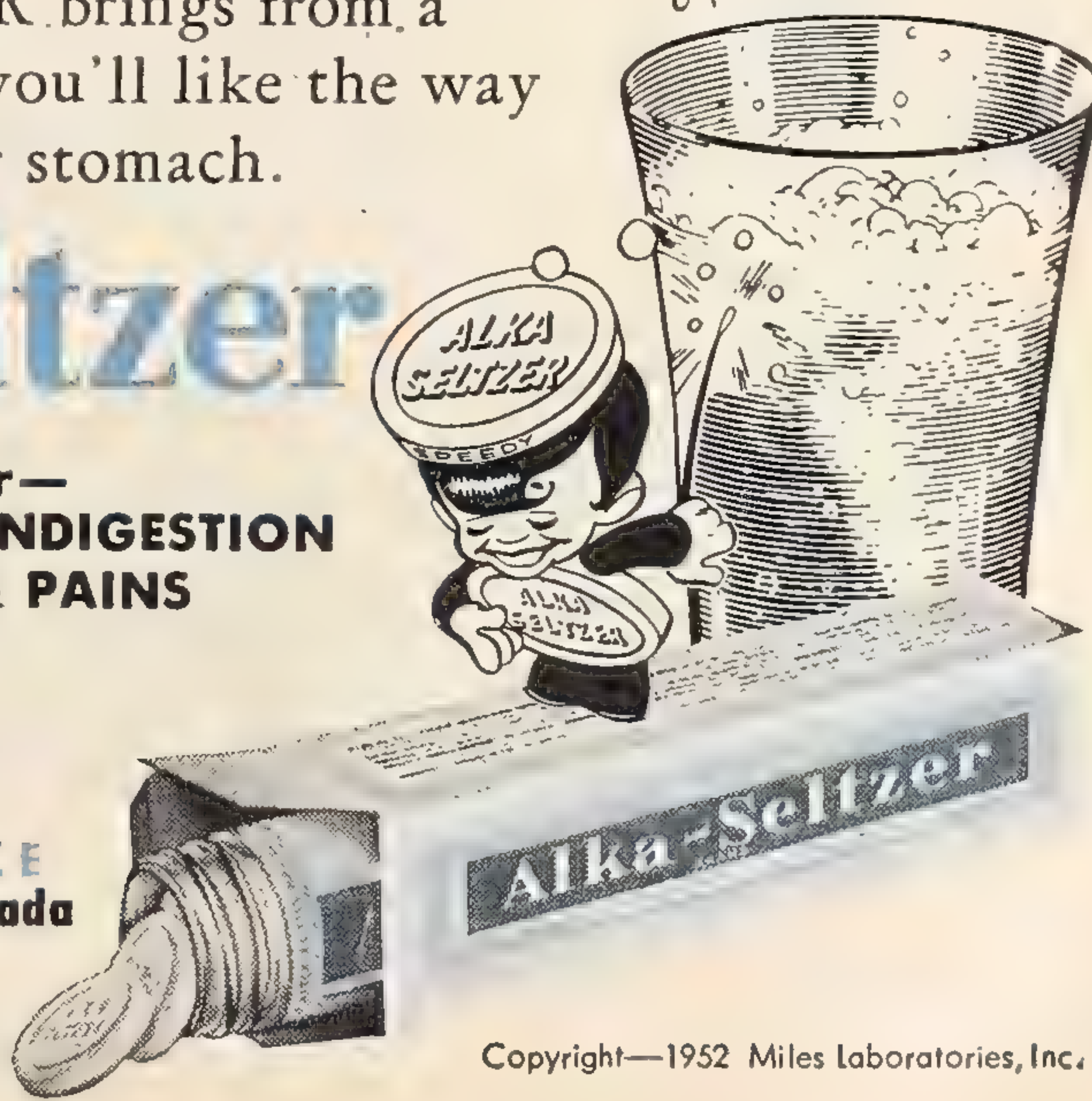
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**Also FIRST AID for—
COLD DISCOMFORT—ACID INDIGESTION
—MUSCULAR ACHES & PAINS**

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**BUY THE LARGE SIZE
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**MILES LABORATORIES, INC.,
ELKHART, INDIANA**



Copyright—1952 Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Virginia McGuire, 1951
Scholarship winner, rehearses
emotional scene under
watchful eyes of Warren
Robinson and Don Keck



the Race is on

BY KATHERINE PEDELL



Virginia is interested first in dramatic roles—but she knows ballet will give her the grace, sureness of movement she needs. Above, with partner David Dyer

THE entrance ballots for the Photoplay Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship Contest are pouring in.

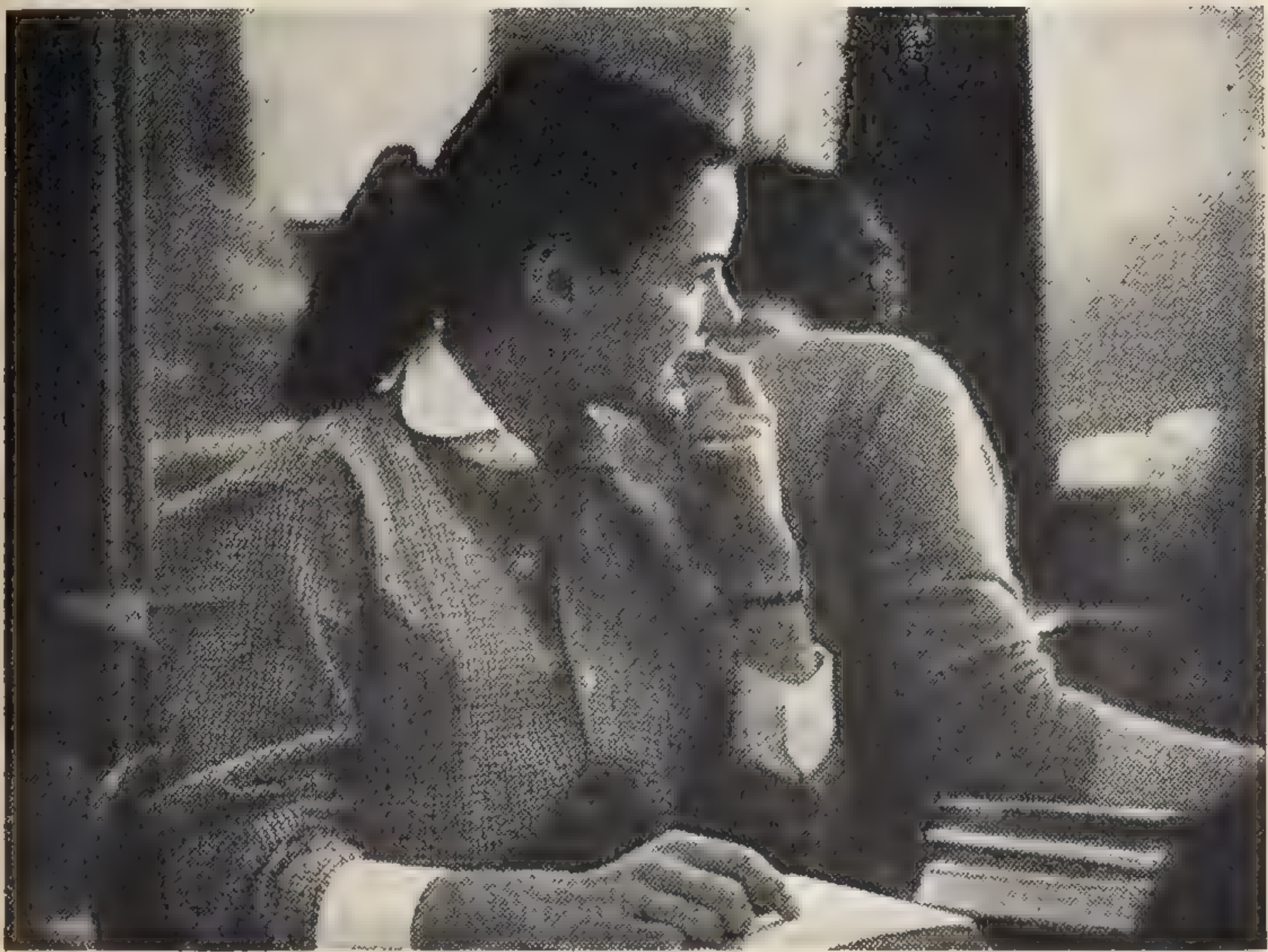
The winner of this contest will lead the life of a girl destined to fame. On campus, at the famous college-workshop-theatre, she will attend classes studying under some of the best dramatic teachers of our time. Off campus, she will be known as Photoplay's promising young dramatic discovery. She will meet the stars, filmdom's younger set, date the boys who belong to it—and all the while she will be fulfilling herself as an actress.

At Photoplay, preparations go on for reading and judging the entries of all contenders for the Photoplay crown—and no hopeful will be overlooked; preparations also are being made for the voice recording stage that follows and the national auditions that are to take place in important cities throughout the country this summer.

By May 15th, those eligible to continue in this competition will be notified by mail and will record either two of the short passages from the



Dates with Virginia: At Pierre's restaurant in San Marino, Virginia and Bob Wagner of "With a Song in My Heart" watch host Pierre prepare his famous Crepes Suzette. Below, left, daydreaming in class. Immediately below, a record session in girls' dorm with Lonie Blackman, Jackie Mincemoyer



popular motion pictures printed on page 82 or one of these selected passages and another one of their own choosing. The voice recording you send may be a deciding factor in your life. For, even if your town is too small to offer you opportunity, through these recordings, you can be given the chance of a lifetime. And you will be heard and judged by professional judges anxious to discover talent where they find it.

The recordings, which must be postmarked no later than June 15th, can be made on disc, wire or tape at any professional recording studio or on a home-recording machine. The passages for these recordings have been chosen for both variety and their revealing qualities. If you choose the two printed in this issue, be sure they are suited to your personality and that you feel easy performing them. Read the introductory notes, remember the movies, if you saw them, recall the mood, read the part aloud.

Think of yourself as the leading lady, but do not give an imitation (*Continued on page 82*)

THE ENTRIES ARE STILL POUR-

ING IN—FROM BIG CITIES, TOWNS

AND VILLAGES. ONE OF

THEM WILL COME FROM THE

GIRL WHO WILL WIN PHOTOPLAY'S

SCHOLARSHIP TO

PASADENA PLAYHOUSE

20th
CENTURY-FOX

PRESENTS 119 DRAMATIC-ROMANTIC
MINUTES OF SHEER CINEMATIC DELIGHT!

THE
JANE
FROMAN
STORY

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

in color by
Technicolor

26 never-to-be-
forgotten songs
as only Jane Froman
can sing them!

The fabulous cavalcade of
Miss Show Business herself, who
fought her way up the ladder of
musical triumph, song by song, show
by show, thrill by thrill. A trail-blazing
musical that bewitches the eye and
captures the heart!

starring

SUSAN HAYWARD · RORY CALHOUN · DAVID WAYNE · THELMA RITTER

Written for the Screen
and Produced by

LAMAR TROTTI

Directed
by

WALTER LANG

CLOWN

with wings

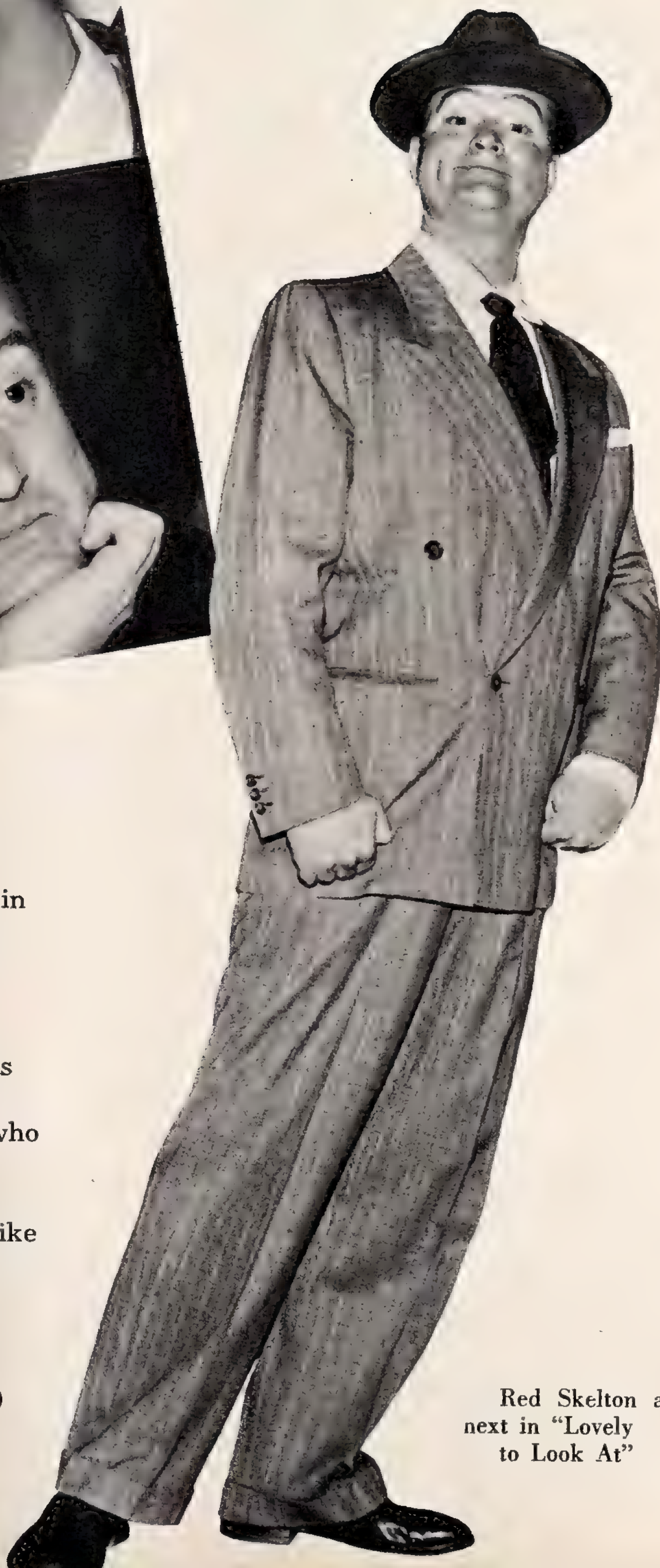
“Two motors out . . .
the third . . .
going . . .” And
Red Skelton
began to warm up
—for the greatest
act of his life

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

THE CHILD watched the funny man in the seat across from her. He kept blowing something up in the air and watching it come down, then blowing it up again. There wasn't anything there. It was just a game. But he was pretending—so she was pretending too, her brown eyes wide and excited. He was blowing harder now—his cheeks puffed out as big as balloons.

She was a little Hindu girl, a victim of polio, who still wore a brace on one small wasted leg. He was an American star named Red Skelton, alias *Clem Kaddidlehopper*—and he was making like a half-wit playing with a feather now.

The imaginary feather landed on his nose. It tickled, and he sneezed. The child laughed. Back of her, eleven other pairs of eyes—some Indian-brown and others (Continued on page 94)



Red Skelton appears
next in “Lovely
to Look At”





"Liz is affectionate and kind and people forget she has been through a very trying time. She wants to be married to someone who will love and protect her," says Michael Wilding. He's next in "The Lady with a Lamp"

LIZ AND MIKE

Has Liz Taylor found the right man at last? We'll let you judge

from this cabled story from England, with Mike Wilding

giving his version of their sudden romance **By JEANNE SAKOL**



THERE was a wide difference of opinion in Hollywood about the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding wedding. Until Liz actually took off for England, on February 17th, many of the citizens of her home town did not believe this wedding ever would take place. And when day after day her departure was postponed, even those who had been convinced Liz had found love again and would become Mrs. Michael Wilding of Mayfair, London, began to have some doubts. At first, it seemed her wedding suit—gray wool with rolled collar and cuffs of white organdy—was not ready. Then (Continued on page 92)

"We hope to establish a home in California and still maintain my flat in Mayfair," says Michael. Liz is next in "Ivanhoe"

COLOR PHOTO BY ENGSTEAD

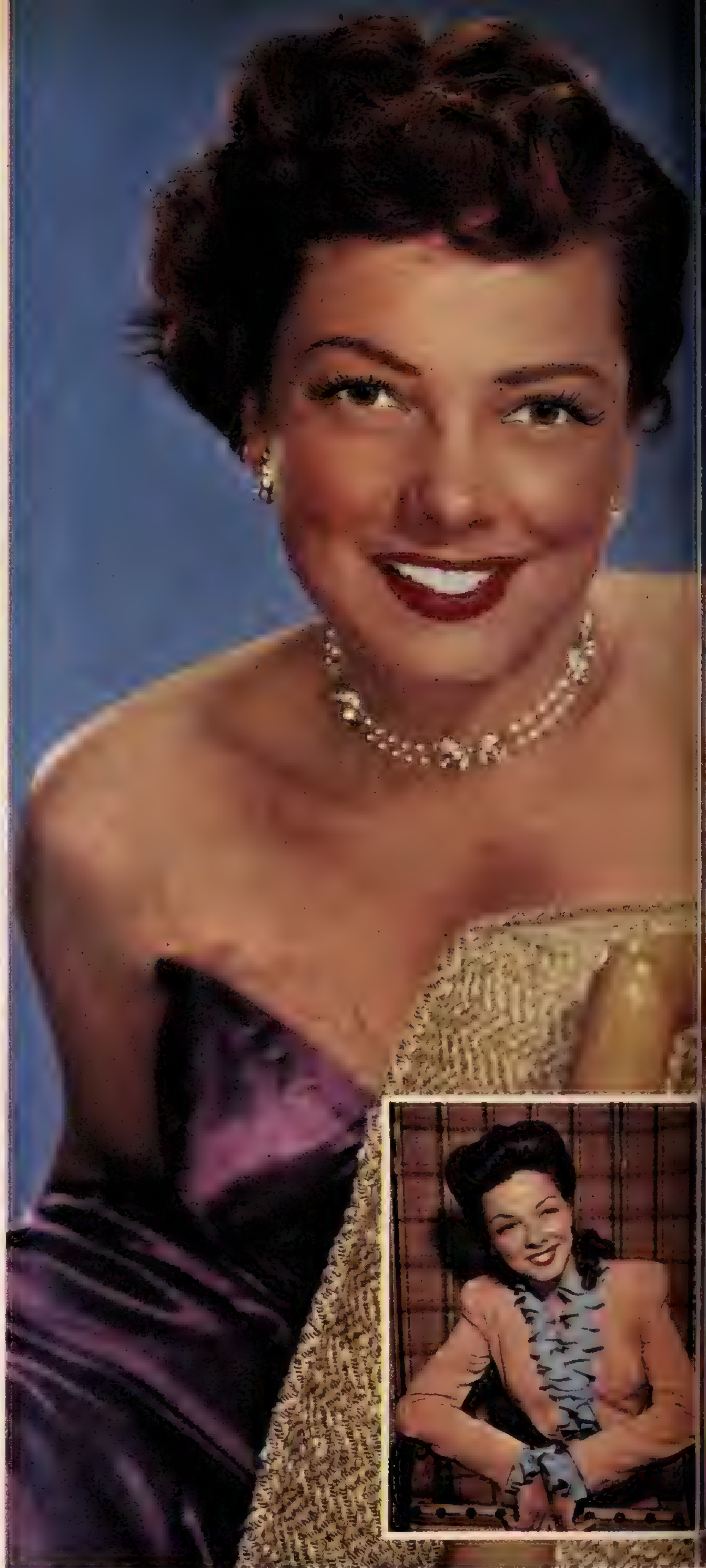


COVER GIRL



June Haver used to think that the highest heels, the sheerest hose, the longest bob and the most bows were the height of sophistication. Until she took a tip from her dates and learned what to do about her Dresden doll type of beauty. She's in "The Girl Next Door"

COLOR PHOTOS BY POWOLNY AND SMITH



Katie Grayson was a girl who loved life and music—and had no time to worry about clothes. Until she took a trip to New Orleans—and saw herself as others did. Now something new has been added to Katie—beside that shortie haircut. She's in "Lovely to Look At"

COLOR PHOTOS BY APGER AND FINK

FOUR SMART

Are you a beauty in hiding? These girls were until they learned how to make the most of



Doris Day didn't have enough money for hairdressers or fancy clothes when she started her singing career. But she learned from her audiences and her beauty scrapbook how to dramatize her "casual" blond beauty. Doris appears next in "Alexander, the Big Leaguer"

COLOR PHOTOS BY BLACKWELL, FINK AND SMITH

GIRLS

BY
VICKY
RILEY

their individual attractions



Piper Laurie wanted to look glamorous, did all the wrong things with her hair, used so much make-up and mascara you couldn't see Piper for paint. Until a word from a director sent her home—on a new beauty course. Piper will next be seen in "Almost Married"

COLOR PHOTOS BY ORNITZ AND ANDERSON

Do you often have the wish that you had been born just flawlessly beautiful? Do you think it would be heaven if you could just shake your curls into place, pat the thinnest film of powder on your cute nose, barely kiss your lips with lipstick and then stand—perfect? Perfect like Doris Day, or June Haver, or Kathryn Grayson or (Continued on page 88)





the

FANTH

of Dale Robertson

DALE ROBERTSON says, "I don't get excited and I don't get despondent. When something good happens, it comes as no surprise. And I don't consider anything that happens bad."

Dale's gray-green eyes look smoke-colored through the heavy lashes. His manner's as easy as his Oklahoma drawl. He says what he has to say and stops, obviously under no compulsion to embroider. And at Twentieth Century-Fox there's been nothing to match him since the year of the young Ty Power.

As he talks, you feel in him the same kind of balance and sanity that you felt in *Joe Blake*, blazing his quiet way through "Take Care of My Little Girl." His ideas are definite without being rigid. Curiously enough, he broke with a girl on the sorority question. It happened at Oklahoma Military College.

"Are you joining a frat?" asked the girl.

"No, I can't (Continued on page 77)

A big guy, Dale never
had to knock anyone down
to get what he wanted.
He uses a different
approach. But the punch is
there, just the same

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Photograph by Six: Gene's in "She's Working Her Way Through College"

Gene Nelson

Rain on the rooftops . . . a frank flirtation . . .

boy next door, home from college . . .

doughnuts and apple cider . . . Mercury in blue jeans

Peggy Dow

*White roses in a crystal vase . . . frat pin on a cashmere
sweater . . . a pitcher of lemonade on an awninged porch . . .
sports coat over a chiffon gown . . . level-eyed sentimentalist*

Photograph by Bachrach: Peggy's next is "I Want You"





Bernie Schwartz, 1½, with his mother, who made their home a refuge when tenement life became too tough



Tony, 18, had two reasons for volunteering for submarine duty. One was idealistic; the other, "I liked that fifty per cent more pay you got for sub duty!"



Tony had his crushes, including a girl named Jean. But he insists he never really fell in love until he saw Janet Leigh

COLOR PORTRAIT BY PESKIN

THERE WAS NOTHING whatsoever about the baby born on June 3, 1926, in New York's teeming Flower Hospital, to indicate that twenty-five years later he would belong to Hollywood royalty and be called Anthony Curtis, crown prince of Universal-International.

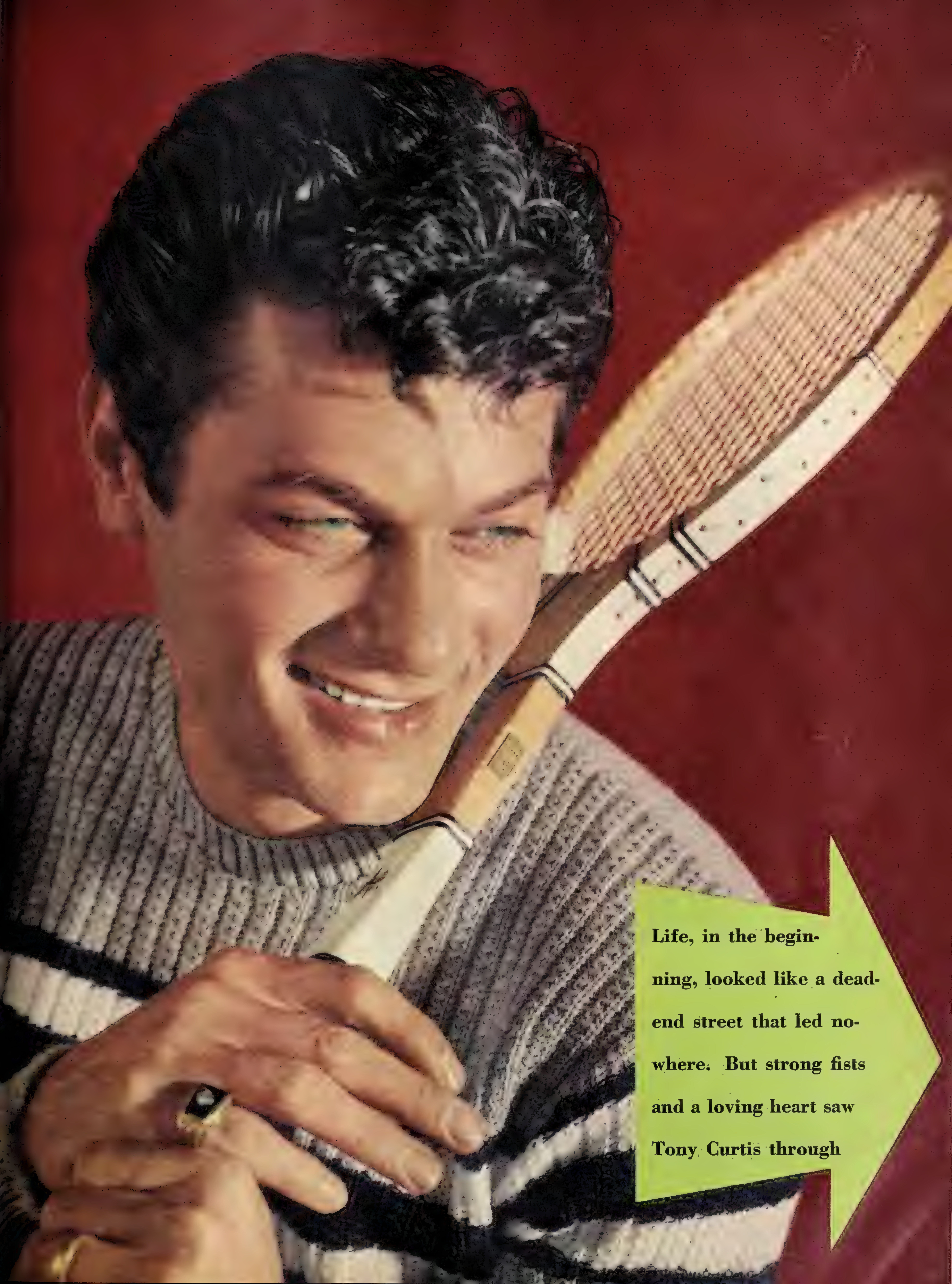
He was neither a long nor a short baby, nor beautiful in any outstanding way. He weighed seven pounds and on his small head there was a fuzz of black hair. His eyes were incredibly blue, but that meant nothing then. All newborn babies have blue eyes. Pinned to the foot of the sterile little basket in which he lay was his name. "Baby Schwartz," it said.

He lay among a score of other babies born at Flower Hospital that day, while outside, their noses pressed against the glass that separated them from the children, a score of eager fathers stared rapturously.

There was nothing distinctive, either, about Mono Schwartz, Baby Schwartz's father. To the outer eye he looked like just what he was, an obscure little Jewish tailor, one of New York's typical East Siders, an alien,

the LOVE you give

BY RUTH WATERBURY



**Life, in the begin-
ning, looked like a dead-
end street that led no-
where. But strong fists
and a loving heart saw
Tony Curtis through**



As a boy, Tony, walking with his father, would pretend Central Park was his estate and he was Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. Above, with his little brother Robert and his parents



"This son of ours will make all our dreams come true—he will be a great actor," Mono Schwartz had exclaimed when Tony was born

struggling for a decent living among the millions in the world's largest city.

But at that moment Mono Schwartz revived a part of his personality which he had all but forgotten in his struggle in America. This first-born, this son of his, had brought back his dreams, and Mono had become again what he had been when he had originally married Helen, his wife, in the old country, Hungary. Once more he was a handsome young actor, back in colorful Budapest, where thirty-odd theatres thrived and where to be any sort of stage performer was to be a looked-up-to person. The dream of acting on Broadway had brought Mono to

America. Being a dreamer, he hadn't considered what it would mean to arrive, knowing no word of English, to have not a single friend in New York, no money in reserve, and no trade.

Breaking in upon his father's meditation, Baby Schwartz gave a prodigious yawn, and this so delighted Mono he decided to hurry back to the maternity ward and tell Helen about it. Because it was the charity ward, there were rows upon rows of women, but as always, Mono as he entered saw only Helen's eyes, and as always, they were shining with devotion for him.

He knelt down and whispered to her in Hungarian. "This son of ours

Tony, shown with Gregg Martell James Best, wasn't even listed on "Winchester 73" cast, but audiences reacted to the Curtis charm



A few bit parts and Tony was in—as co-star with Piper Laurie in "The Prince Who Was a Thief"

the LOVE you give

will make all our dreams come true. He will be a great actor and conquer this country. Just you wait and see."

"Yes, my love, yes, yes." Mono didn't realize that Helen always said yes to him. She barely realized it herself. She adored Mono—yet even as she lay there, she was wondering what they would do when they took the baby home. She and her husband had had such a bad time, trying to feed just themselves. Now they were three. They had no permanent home, no permanent income, and the future seemed dark and frightening. Mono always dreamed, brave and fine. But...

But twelve years later, Mono was proved to be partly right. Twelve years later, after the terrible depression, after (Continued on page 85)



In his latest, "Flesh and Fury," Tony plays a deaf-mute boxer, with Mona Freeman. As a boy he taught gym to crippled kids—still does, with great success

When he first dated Janet, Tony made up in imagination what he lacked in cash—gifted her daily with earrings from the dime store, candy in penny bags! Tony's next, "Almost Married," Janet's, "Jet Pilot"

ORNITZ



"Sing, Mario, sing," shouted the guests. But top winner Lanza, thinner and very handsome, raised his hand. "Tonight I do not sing," he said emotionally. "I speak of those who helped me—Hedda Hopper (below with Mrs. Lanza), my manager Sam Weiler, Frank Sinatra and producer Joe Pasternak"



The men were handsome, the women beautiful, the clothes—
out of this world. And so, everyone agreed, was the party!

Ann Blyth, Photoplay citation winner for role in "The Great Caruso," with Maureen O'Hara's brother, Charles Fitzsimmons



Howard Keel, with Katie Grayson, won citation for one of most popular performances of year in "Show Boat"





IT WAS Photoplay Gold Medal night. Outside the Ambassador, crowds watched as the stars made their glittering way to the Embassy Room. Over 500 top Hollywood executives, stars, producers, directors, writers were Photoplay's guests. In the cocktail lounge, the hum of voices rose above the music from the string orchestra. And once again, as the guests filed into the dining room, all eyes turned, in silent tribute, to the huge Gold Medal that hung over the dais—symbol of the oldest and most valued award in the industry.

"There's No Business Like Show Business," sang Betty Hutton and Doris Day. Betty, who couldn't attend last year's dinner to receive Gold Medal for "Annie Get Your Gun"—she was on location for "Greatest Show on Earth"—presented Doris with Gold Medal for top performance of year in "Lullaby of Broadway"

Photoplay's Gold Medal Party



A hushed audience listened—and wildly applauded when William Warfield sang his unforgettable "Ol' Man River" from hit "Show Boat"



Frank Sinatra, with popular emcee George Murphy, had had penicillin shots—but wouldn't let wife Ava go to the dinner without him!



An impulsive tribute from Betty Hutton to Cecil B. DeMille. Betty adores the great producer, can't thank him enough for giving her role in "Greatest Show on Earth" for which Mr. DeMille received special Photoplay Achievement Award



Debbie Reynolds, who polled high in popularity, with new romance, Robert Wagner



Those charming Champions, Marge and Gower, whose dancing highlighted "Show Boat," with Photoplay editor Adele Whitely Fletcher



No wonder Janet Leigh's smiling! Her Tony Curtis was voted actor who gained most in popularity



Dick Widmark, one of winning five for role in "Frogmen"...



Julie and Magnolia (Ava Gardner, Katie Grayson), as distractingly beautiful as they were in "Show Boat," came directly from Lux broadcast of film. Ava won Photoplay citation for one of five most popular performances as *Julie*



A past winner looks on at the night's festivities. Alan Ladd, whose popularity goes on and on, with wife Sue. Home-loving Ladds rarely go to parties



Mona Freeman, with husband Pat Nerney, was an excited little figure at the dinner. She's all agog about plans for making her television debut



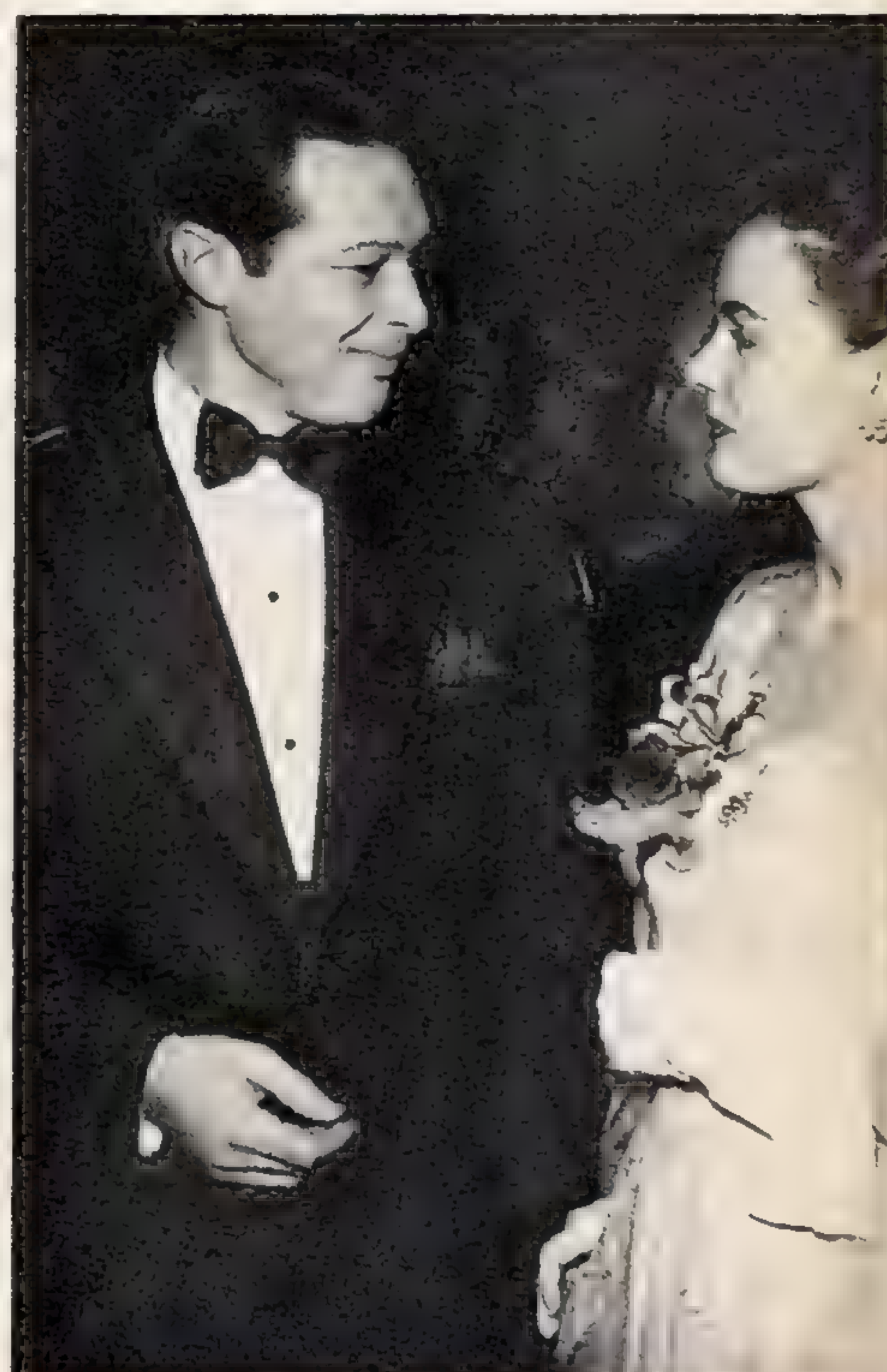
... chats with Marilyn Monroe of hit "All About Eve"



Adding their own special glow to the evening are pretty Sally Forrest and new husband, Milo Frank



Ronnie Reagan, president of Screen Actors Guild, took his place on dais with Hollywood editor Lyle Rooks



Who's the girl with Tony Dexter? Virginia McGuire, Photoplay's scholarship winner!



do people like

Don't answer until you've tried this quiz game. Then chart your



Joan Caulfield couldn't wait to write the letter that surprised Photoplay's editors. Above, Joan with talented dress designer Mary Kay Dodson



Joan Crawford, with Christina, Cathy, Cynthia, believes children should be seen—at their best!

THE RICHEST people in the world, I think, are those who have likable qualities, those who "have a way with them." For even if personal charm did not benefit our lives in both romance and business—which it most certainly does—it makes us rich in human relationships. Some people are born with personal charm. Other people live and learn and so in time, acquire charm.

It lies in the littlest things. . . .

Do you know what they are? If you do you can, by applying your knowledge, increase your personal charm—and be happier for it.

Indicate in the blank space following every paragraph whether you think the star's trait described therein is likable. And tally your score according to the count provided at the end of this feature:

1. Betty Hutton is utterly and completely frank about money matters, explains that she cannot afford to give big parties or indulge in the other extravagances that are thought to be part of a star's estate. "I'd love to give lush parties," Betty says. "But I can't do it and pay my taxes. And if I owe any money—to the government or to anybody—I can't sleep. For too many years I had to lie awake and worry. If I don't get anything else out of my success I'm going to have peace of mind!"——

A. Once upon a time it was considered bad taste to talk about money. But today, taxes being as high as they are, money is a favorite conversational piece. All of us, I suppose, feel better when we hear how taxes are curtailing others' spending too. Betty, you'll notice, makes her position clear. But she does not moan or pull a long face about giving Uncle Sam the major portion of her



Pat Wymore isn't the only woman who feels more glamorous when Errol Flynn's around



YOU?

course by the stars who shine brightest for you

BY ELSA MAXWELL

earnings. Betty would scorn to be dreary about anything—just as she would scorn, too, bless her, to put on airs or live beyond her means in any attempt to live down the bitter poverty of her youth. All of which makes her very likable. Yes.

2. Doris Day was asked to be the guest conductor of a magazine's shopping column. But upon seeing the items to be featured in this column, she asked to be excused.——

A. Doris was being neither elegant nor superior. Rather, she was being human. She thought many of the items that were to be in the column lacked real worth. So she would not lend her name to recommend them. Yes.

3. Jimmy Stewart was playing ball with his two sons. The ball landed on the roof. "I'll get it," Jimmy said. Gloria, his wife, protested. But, flaunting his agility, Jimmy smiled at her and kept climbing. He retrieved the ball without any trouble. But he could not get down again. "Let me call the fire department, have them come with a ladder," Gloria suggested. "No, don't do that!" protested Jimmy, horrified. "I'll make it somehow." He knew if he'd gotten up so easily, that he could get down; that he simply had a case of nerves. He tried one way down, then another—and remained on the roof. For two hours he stayed there—while Gloria pleaded that the fire department's help was the only solution. At last, gingerly, he made his way down via ivy and shutters and a stout trellised vine that grew near one corner of the house.——

A. It is by being human (as Jimmy (Continued on page 96)



* Farley Granger has a way of reminding people where they have met before



* Hostesses know what to expect when they invite teen-age Joan Evans to a party! Above, Joan at a premiere with Richard Anderson



* A game with Gloria's sons Ronald, Michael, put Jim Stewart on a spot!

more

DRESSING

please!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Nature intended Lana Turner to be plump. And Nature usually gets its way when Lana's between picture assignments

If it weren't for Jane Russell's studio, this happy-go-lucky star really wouldn't have a thing to wear when she's making those glamorous public appearances!



Everything has to be perfect when Betty Grable's being dressed for a part. But any old scarf and blouse will do with the same old suits she wears when she isn't working

It's all right to be comfortable, says Sheilah, but how far should a movie star go—casual!

MY IDEA of a well-dressed woman is one who wears the right clothes for the occasion. With this on the record, I'll go ahead and tell you which movie stars, in my opinion, are the *worst* dressed in Hollywood—all ten of 'em. And in this order—Rita Hayworth, Shelley Winters, Bette Davis, Jane Russell, Betty Grable, Susan Hayward, Pier Angeli, Esther Williams, Lana Turner and Janet Leigh.

Rita Hayworth will go down in dress designing history as the most un-chic Princess of our time. Her sartorial coat of arms is a pair of levis rampant. Her slogan—"Comfort and Convenience." Every woman who has suffered to look beautiful knows the comfort of that something she saves for the days and nights when she is alone at home. For to look fashionable—and a movie star should—you have to suffer in varying degrees, depending on your decade. Just as it was a chic necessity to compress a bosom in the 'twenties, now in the 'fifties you must pinch in the waistline.

But Rita, half Spanish, all languid, reserves her glamour for her pictures. And she hasn't made one for three years. A few days ago I saw Rita walking into a conference with Harry (Continued on page 98)



Susan Hayward has her own ideas about what a movie star should wear—and it usually means everything in her wardrobe!



A shapeless coat and slacks are all right—occasionally. But on Shelley Winters, they've become a trademark

SHE'S MY



GIRL

Dates with Ann mean hamburgers at a drive-in, picnics at the beach, horseback riding, ice skating and even church on Sunday. Dick Clayton is in "Sailor Beware"



She has a voice like
honey on velvet. She chews
gum like a fiend. And
though she'll never
be the life of the party,
she's the party this guy—
who haunts her dating hours
—would like to go home to

BY DICK CLAYTON

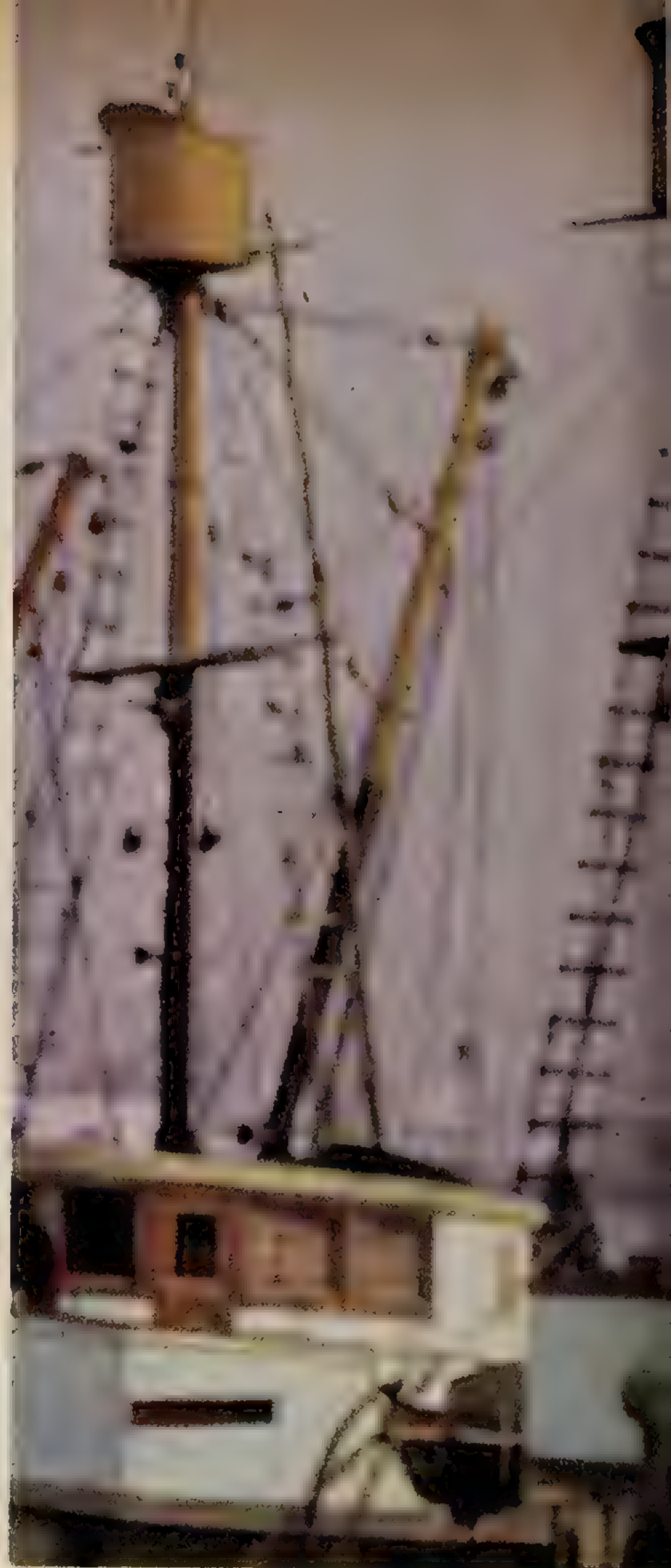
I'M THE lucky hombre who often gets all dressed up and escorts Ann Blyth to glamorous Hollywood premieres and parties. I'm still looking over that four-leaf clover when we have picnics at the beach, go horseback riding in Griffith Park, ice skating at the Polar Palace, and to church together on Sunday.

A guy doesn't need a key to the U. S. mint to date Ann. When she knows I'm low on funds she's happy to go some place that is simple and inexpensive. I've been thrilled—you can't blame me—when she's turned down some plush evenings at Ciro's or Mocambo to keep a dinner date with me at Hamburger Hamlet.

Ann and I became friends about twelve years ago, when we acted together on children's radio programs called "Coast to Coast on a Bus" and "Our Barn." Everyone has a first impression of someone who plays an important part in his life. Let me tell you my first impression of Ann. The first time I worked with her we were called for rehearsal at the NBC Studios in New York's Rockefeller Center. I didn't appear in the opening scene and seated next to me on the sidelines was a group of typically ambitious stage mothers. Their precocious offspring were at the "mike" with Ann and the mothers' conversation went something like this: "What do they see in that mousy (Continued on page 100)

Ann Blyth appears next in
"The World in His Arms"

PESKIN



Bonus feature:

▲ Sightseeing? Then don't miss colorful Olvera Street where, like Aldo Ray, you can be fitted with handwoven huaraches or shop for charms, linens, other Mexican wares. ▼ In Farmers Market, where Joyce Holden shops at one of the mouth-watering fruit stands, you'll find something from every corner of the world. ➤ And, like Macdonald and Lynn Carey, you'll catch a breathtaking view of Los Angeles at Griffith Park Planetarium.

The shrimp boats are coming! Only, at San Pedro Fishing Harbor, it's tuna, sardine and herring that

Vacation in Hollywood





make this one of the busiest, most colorful harbors in the world. Here John Derek paints the tall-masted ships, catches the exciting life around the docks



Hungry for Smorgasbord? Adore English roast beef? Love enchiladas, blintzes, Indian curries? You'll find you're in a gourmet's paradise in Hollywood, where restaurants cater to every food taste. And while you're enjoying the Cantonese food at Sugie's Tropics, glance around! You're likely to see Lex Barker, Arlene Dahl, who dine there often

this year

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

If you want what you want—when you want it—California is the vacation land for you. In California you can ski in snowy mountains and, a few hours later, swim in a tropical sea.

You can hear symphonies under the stars at the Hollywood Bowl or dance to Dixieland jazz at the Palladium. If you are a star-gazer you can get a close-up of the heavenly stars from the Mt. Palomar Observatory and of Hollywood stars at any one of the flood-lighted premieres. There's a Chinatown and an old Mexican village at Olvera Street.

And always there are shining highways. Wherever you go as a tourist in California you will notice the abundance of California cars parked at what would be considered, normally,

Over the Rim of the World Drive, one hundred miles from Los Angeles, is year-round sports resort, lovely Lake Arrowhead. Here Dan Duryea lives and sails with sons Pete and Dick

At Portuguese Bend, high above the sea, in Palos Verdes Hills, Sally Forrest views modern marvel—the all-glass Wayfarers' Church



Glossary

While touring the Los Angeles area, you will blink over a rare assortment of strange place names. Some have been borrowed from Indian tribes, but Californians were originally Spanish so there is a pleasant flourish of fringed

shawls and castanets in our nomenclature too. Add to these influences the spice of Yankee impatience with pronunciation and spelling and you have as confused a group of labels as ever failed an eager scholar in a spelling test. However, to aid you as much as possible in finding your way around with a smile, this list of place names is submitted.

Altadena (Al ta deen' ah): Combination of the Spanish for high (alta) with the tail end of the Chippewa Indian word for hill (dena).

Alvarado (Al va rah' do): In honor of Juan Bautista Alvarado, Governor of California 1836-1842.

Arroyo Seco (Ah roy' yo Say' ko): Dry stream, but don't take this too literally if you visit California in January, February or March.

Azusa (Ah zoo' sah): Said to mean "From A to Z, everything in the USA." The name was actually derived from the Gabrielino Indian word meaning . . . er . . . "skunk hill."

Cahuenga (Kah weng' gah): Derived from a Gabrielino Indian word meaning landslide, an old habit of many of California's canyons. (This interpretation is not accepted by all authorities, as Gabrielino is now like Latin: something to give trouble to innocent freshmen.)

Cajon Pass (Ka hoan'): Box pass.

El Camino Real (El Ka mean' oh Ray' ahl): The King's Highway, so named because it marks the trail used by Father Junipero Serra when founding the Missions in the name of The King of Kings.

Encino (En see' no): Oak. The evergreen oak is one of the few trees native to California.

Figueroa St. (Fig ya row' ah): Originally named Calle de las Chapules or Grasshopper Street, in 1849 by Lieut. E. O. C. Ord (Fort Ord was named in his honor). In 1897 the Los Angeles City Council established the name as Figueroa Street in honor of Don Jose Figueroa, Mexican Governor of California 1833-35.

La Brea St. (La Bray' ya): Brea in Spanish means tar or pitch. The tar pits from which tons of dinosaur bones were removed (and set up in Los Angeles County Museum in Exposition Park for your amazement) are located near this street.

La Cienega (La See en' i ga): Here is a fine example of lazy California spelling. The Spanish for swamp is Cienaga, but who cares. The swamps have long since become a fine residential section.

La Jolla (La Hoy' ya): Nobody knows where this word came from unless it is another example of *manana* spelling for *jolito* which means serene.

Las Vegas (Lahss Vay' gess): "The lowlands"—and well named, considering what their gaming tables can do to a once high pocketbook.

Loma Verde (Low' ma Vair' dy): Loma for hill; verde for green; green hill.

Los Alamitos (Lowss Ah lah mee' tohs): The little poplars, in memory of the trees which no longer frequent this Naval Air Station.

Los Feliz (Lowss Feel' iss): The happy ones. Undoubtedly this refers to those who live near this beautiful, curving highway.

Malibu (Mall' i boo): An Indian word meaning unknown, although there was once an Indian village named Maliwu which was situated at the mouth of Malibu-Creek.

Paisano (Pie san' oh): Countryman, native. Anyone who has lived in Los Angeles six years and doesn't know what "smog" is, is a paisano.

Pasadena (Pass ah dee' nah): Name coined by Dr. T. B. Elliott from two Chippewa Indian words, pass-ka-mi-gra, meaning valley, and pig-wa-dena, meaning hill: or a valley between hills.

Playa del Rey (Ply' ah del ray'): King's Beach, and no wonder. The views from this section of the Los Angeles area are breathtaking.

Puente (Poo' en ty): Spanish for bridge.

Palos Verdes (Pah' lowss Vair' dess): Green trees.

Sepulveda (Seh pull' veh deh): Honoring Francisco Sepulveda who was mayor of Los Angeles in 1825.

Sierra Madre (See air' ah Mahd' ray): Mother mountains.

Sierra Nevada (See air' ah Neh vah' da): Snow-capped mountains.

Vallejo (Val lay' ho): Little valley.

Vaquero (Va kay' ro): Cowboy.

El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, pronounced L.A.

Bonus feature:

Vacation in

points of interest only to a newcomer. Residents seldom call one another over the weekend because it is assumed that no one will be at home. Leisure in California means four wheels and a full tank of gasoline. This explains the traffic, which can be horrible, and it explains why everyone can give you a different suggestion for the perfect motor trip, the perfect weekend, or the perfect manner in which an eager visitor should spend his time in this vacation-treasure house.

For instance: Presuming that you arrive in Los Angeles on a Sunday night, herewith is a get-acquainted series of tours starting the first thing on a sunny Monday morning.

No matter how practiced a motorist you are, it is a little easier for a stranger to get his bearings if someone else does the driving for at least one day. For that reason, Photo-play recommends that on Monday the Tanner Gray Line serve as your transportation.

Tour No. 5 leaves the Tanner Terminal at 1207 West Third Street at 8:45 A.M. (You can be picked up at any of the downtown hotels fifteen minutes earlier, or at any of the major Hollywood hotels thirty minutes earlier.)

This tour takes you past Angelus Temple, Griffith Park, into San Fernando Valley and past the Walt Disney studio; you drive through the Warner Brothers studio, past Toluca Lake homes of such stars as Bob Hope, Ann Blyth, Dana Andrews, and alongside the Lakeside Golf Course. You see Columbia Studio's ranch, where its Westerns are made, and Universal City, the home of Universal Pictures. Returning to Hollywood, via the Cahuenga Freeway,

Duplicates of the patio bells used by the old rancheros intrigue Pier



Hollywood this year



Foreign shops in Farmers Market have enthusiastic customer in Pier Angeli!

you tour Hollywood Bowl.

This tour takes three hours and costs \$4.00 per person. There are some legends with which you should be familiar in order to enjoy this trip to the fullest. For instance: Griffith Park is haunted. The story is this: in 1776, an expedition from the east headed by Juan Bautista de Anza reached Los Angeles. Among the exhausted, halt and ailing immigrants was Jose Vicente Feliz, and his four motherless children.

Senora Feliz had died in childbirth after two days on the trail from Mexico. One of these children, Jose Vicente Feliz, II, who grew up to enlist in the forces of Spain, was rewarded with a land grant which took in the present area of Griffith Park and the Los Feliz district. Both the district and the modern boulevard were named for him. Jose Vicente was a power. When he ordered a *mozo* put to death, the man's widow placed a curse upon the rancho. First to suffer from the curse was a direct descendant of Jose Vicente, Domingo Feliz, who was murdered by his wife and her lover.

Action was prompt in those days, so the outraged townspeople took Senora Feliz and Gervasio Alispaz, the lover, lined them up against an adobe wall and shot them at dawn.

The last of the line of Feliz, Don Antonio, died of smallpox in 1863 in the family adobe house which was then where the Municipal Golf Course Clubhouse is now. He made a deathbed will under the auspices of a lawyer and the latter's friend, separating his (Continued on page 74)

FOR A FAVORITE GIRL FRIEND:

Joseff's Jewelry, Bullock's Downtown, 7th St. at Hill (TRinity 1911). The firm of Joseff supplies all costume and much of the real jewelry used in motion pictures. The line of retail costume jewelry is handsome and imaginative and—happy to relate—reasonably priced.

FOR SOMEONE WHOSE HOUSE IS HER CASTLE:

Allan Adler, 8626 Sunset Blvd. (CRestview 1-9723). His silver designs are personalized; he is entirely a California artist. For something magnificently unique, here is your shop, which specializes in both table silver and hollow ware.

Sunset Strip Pottery Shop, 8265 Sunset Blvd. (CRestview 8255). For a bride who needs a breakfast set, or for a retired couple building their own barbecue, you can find exactly the right set of pottery at this shop. The stock is enormous.

Paper Unlimited, 315 South La Cienega Blvd. (BRadshaw 3-4276). Ever see disposable baking dishes? You can get them at this store. Planning a party when you return to your home? Get your place cards, napkins, favors here. Plan to browse, because this shop is forever coming up with something you've never seen before—but always wanted. Mahrie's, 3160 Wilshire Blvd. (DUNKirk 7-6040). For linens and bone china cups, this is the place to shop. They import exceptional items from England. If you're lucky to arrive immediately after one of these treasure trove shipments, you'll go broke—and be glad.

Artificial Flower Studio, 678½ S. Vermont Ave. (DUNKirk 8-2653). Now you can take home branches of oleander, boughs of hibiscus, sprays of orange blossoms, spires of Hawaiian Bird of Paradise and anthurium and keep them forever. Not until you have seen the fake flowers displayed in this shop do you have any idea how deceptive paper, wax and linen can be. Don't miss this spot.

FOR THE MEN IN YOUR FAMILY:

Gifts For Men, 438 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills (CRestview 1454). Everything from ties to shoelaces; the scarves are gorgeous, the bar equipment as sleek as a movie set for a bachelor apartment.

A. Clubb & Sons, 430 W. 6 St., Downtown Los Angeles (MAdison 9-9673). The best stocked pipe and tobacco shop you've seen in ages.

FOR CHILDREN:

Gail Patrick's Enchanted Cottage, 363 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills (CRestview 5-8788). Probably the prettiest, most lush kiddie shop in the country.

TO BUY STARS' CAST-OFF CLOTHING:

Patsy Brogan, 444 N. Camden Dr., Beverly Hills (CRestview 5-7126). Miss Brogan's stock consists entirely of cast-off motion picture stars' clothing. The prices are slight and the merchandise breath-taking.

ANYTHING UNDER THE SUN:

Farmers Market, Third St. at Fairfax Ave. in the Miracle Mile Area. In addition to the food stores, the Farmers Market boasts some of the most fascinating stores in the U.S.A. For instance, you can buy llama slippers, warm woolly affairs, in the Argentina Shop; you can buy baskets of every size, kind, color or degree of usefulness in either the Oriental or the Mexican shop; you can buy Scotch toffee and Toby mugs at the Scottish shop; there are hand-loomed shirts and matching jackets at the Guatemala shop. If you are shopping for a wedding gift, the Crystal shop has exactly what you want. Want a hand-tooled leather bag with shoes to match? Want a sequined peasant skirt? Need artists' supplies? Have a friend who reads a great deal and would appreciate a book about Los Angeles or anywhere else in the world? Need sports equipment, yarn, or buttons? All available here.

MEXICO IN LOS ANGELES:

Olvera Street, opposite the Plaza, near the Union Station. Here you can buy scented candles, after you have watched them being made. You can buy the woven Mexican sandals called huaraches (smell before you buy because sometimes the curing has not been forgotten quite long enough), pottery, Ramona charm strings for the patio, Mexican hand-drawn linens

Gifts



photoplay

Fun-loving, gay, colorful and budget-minded, these clothes will add zest to your wardrobe and help brighten up the scenery at home or abroad

VACATION fashions

← Virginia Gibson of Warners' "About Face" models the perfect travel suit—light-weight, pretty and practical. Tailored to fit in Celanese fabric, it has a mandarin-type collar, arched hipline over an easy six-gore skirt. By Merritt Taylor—Warner in blue, pink, aqua, rose, yellow, 10-20. \$22.95 at Franklin Simon, N. Y., N. Y. For a perky touch, cotton candy-striped gloves and ascot by Crescendoe in light or dark pink, navy or chartreuse with white. \$3.50 each at De Pinna, New York, N. Y.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENGSTEAD

For play in the sun, Janet Leigh of M-G-M's "Scaramouche" stars in striped seersucker separates. Chalk-white pique piping trims camisole blouse, dirndl skirt. A Galey & Lord fabric in white with colors. By Korday, 10-18. Skirt about \$6.50, blouse about \$4.50. At Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECTLY TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 73



photoplay **pattern** of the month

Loretta Young in the original dress designed by Jean Louis for her role in Columbia's "Paula."

Cool enchantment for summer. Add this to your wardrobe and you'll look smart even in the middle of a heat wave! New puffed sleeves with dropped shoulder seams give it an intriguingly different air. Fitted bodice is topped by a dainty double-organdy collar that can be removed for easy laundering. Unpressed pleats are featured all around the skirt with darts, front and back, to control the fullness. Easy to follow, the pattern is a perfect foil for some of this year's frosty summer fabrics.

ENGSTEAD

Photoplay Patterns
Box 229, Madison Square Station
New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Loretta Young "Paula" pattern #9 in size 11, 13, 15, 17, 19.

Name. Size

Street

City..... State..... Age

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling

For detailed pattern drawings see page 73

Girls!

Win One Of 6 Universal-International Studios Screen Contracts!

... your opportunity for fame
and fortune! THRILL to an all-
expense-paid trip to California
and the world's greatest
beauty pageant!

ENTER the only
world-wide beauty contest!

Catalina Swim Suits

"MISS UNIVERSE" BEAUTY PAGEANT

co-sponsored by

*Catalina Swim Suits
Pan American World Airways
Universal-International Studios
and the City of Long Beach, California*

As your state representative—you'll fly to California
via luxurious Pan American World Airways, stay at the
finest hotels overlooking the blue Pacific at colorful
Long Beach, California.

You'll enjoy breathtaking pageantry and thrills before
millions of spectators during the week of June 23, 1952.

You'll compete for the "Miss United States" title—
the winner then to compete against beauty winners from 40
foreign countries for the "Miss Universe" crown.

You may win the world's foremost beauty crown
"MISS UNIVERSE" and one of six Universal-International
Studios contracts or other valuable prizes.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER! Merely send in a photograph of
yourself wearing your new Catalina Swim Suit. Contest
now open; closes June 7, 1952. Ask for a contest entry
blank at your nearest Catalina dealer—or write:
Catalina, Inc., Dept. 313, 443 So. San Pedro St.,
Los Angeles 13, California.

Catalina's "Official
Miss Universe" Suit
— worn by
Piper Laurie,
co-starred in "Has
Anybody Seen My
Gal"—a Universal-
International
Picture in color
by Technicolor.

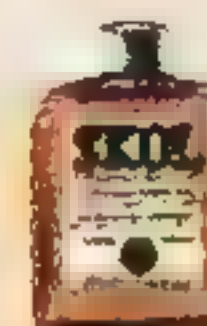
Don Johnston

around the world...it's
Catalina

LOOK FOR THE

FLYING FISH

Suntan by Skol

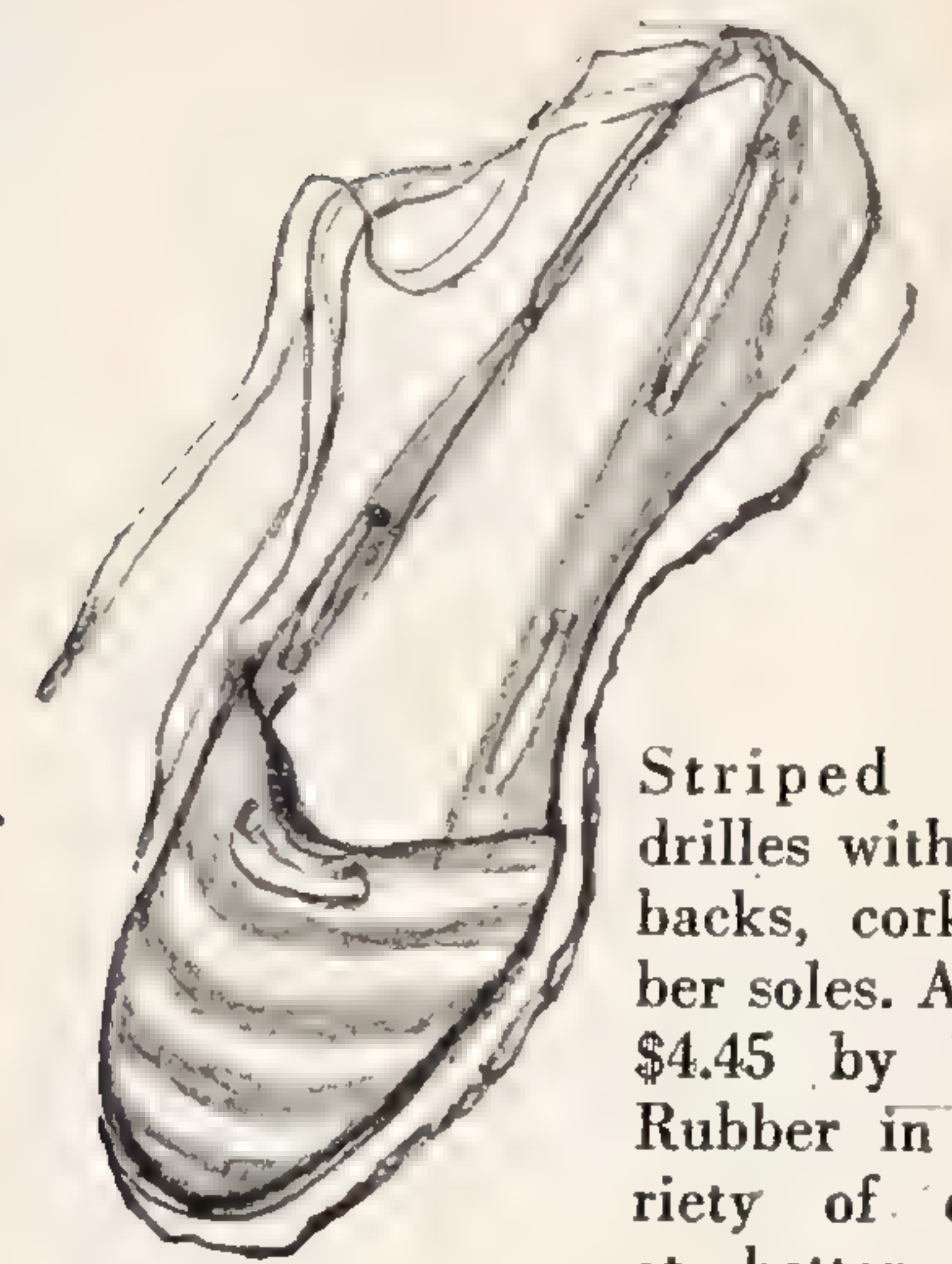


Sleek and shimmering satin lastex is ➤ molded and shirred to make this sophisticated bathing suit worn by Joycé MacKenzie of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." The empire bra is boned, can be worn with or without straps. A panty style, it has shirred panel front. About \$8.00 by Shepherd, 32-38, white, aqua, maize, blue, at B. Altman, New York, N. Y. Waterproof terry cloth beach bag made by Kleinert's



◀ Marion Marshall of Paramount's "The Stooge," a Hal Wallis production, wears a cotton swim suit with matching jacket in an Egyptian print, stunning in any language. The one-piece suit has appealing little boy shorts, side boning. Pockets adorn the casual cabana jacket. Black ground with orange, gold, pink, blue, chartreuse. By Brilliant, 32-38. Only \$8.95. At Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y. and Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C. Beach hat by Dani

photoplay fashions, — in the swim —



Striped espadrilles with plain backs, cork rubber soles. Around \$4.45 by U. S. Rubber in a variety of colors, at better stores throughout U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENGSTEAD



Joyce MacKenzie reveals the slimming lines of a Form Control swim suit that does wonders for the figure. The secret is a medically approved "Phan-tum" girdle built into the suit. Diagonal slash of shirring, ruffles at the bra top add feminine interest to this bathing beauty in faille-lastex. \$14.98, in Kelly, violet, lime, coral rose, 32-38, at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y.



Marion Marshall is an exotic figure in a Par-Form Javanese print cotton suit with fully shirred front. Elasticized back assures perfect fit. Floating-action molded bra has rippled cuff effect. \$11.00, 30-38, in exciting colors at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y. Solarex sunglasses

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 73

PHOTOPLAY



BY JOAN CRAWFORD

Star of "Sudden Fear"

If you want to be charming

I WONDER if we'll ever get this through our heads: a woman can't hope for beauty, or charm, or even for any real chic until she has achieved individuality—until she really knows what she looks like, and is like—what suits her, what is becoming.

I am repeatedly horrified at American women—from fifteen to fifty—rushing to take up each and every new style, be it a new skirt length, a new hair-do, or make-up trick just because some expert or other pronounces it the "latest fashion."

Remember the "witch's eyes" last season. Horrors!

And now it gives the poodle haircut.

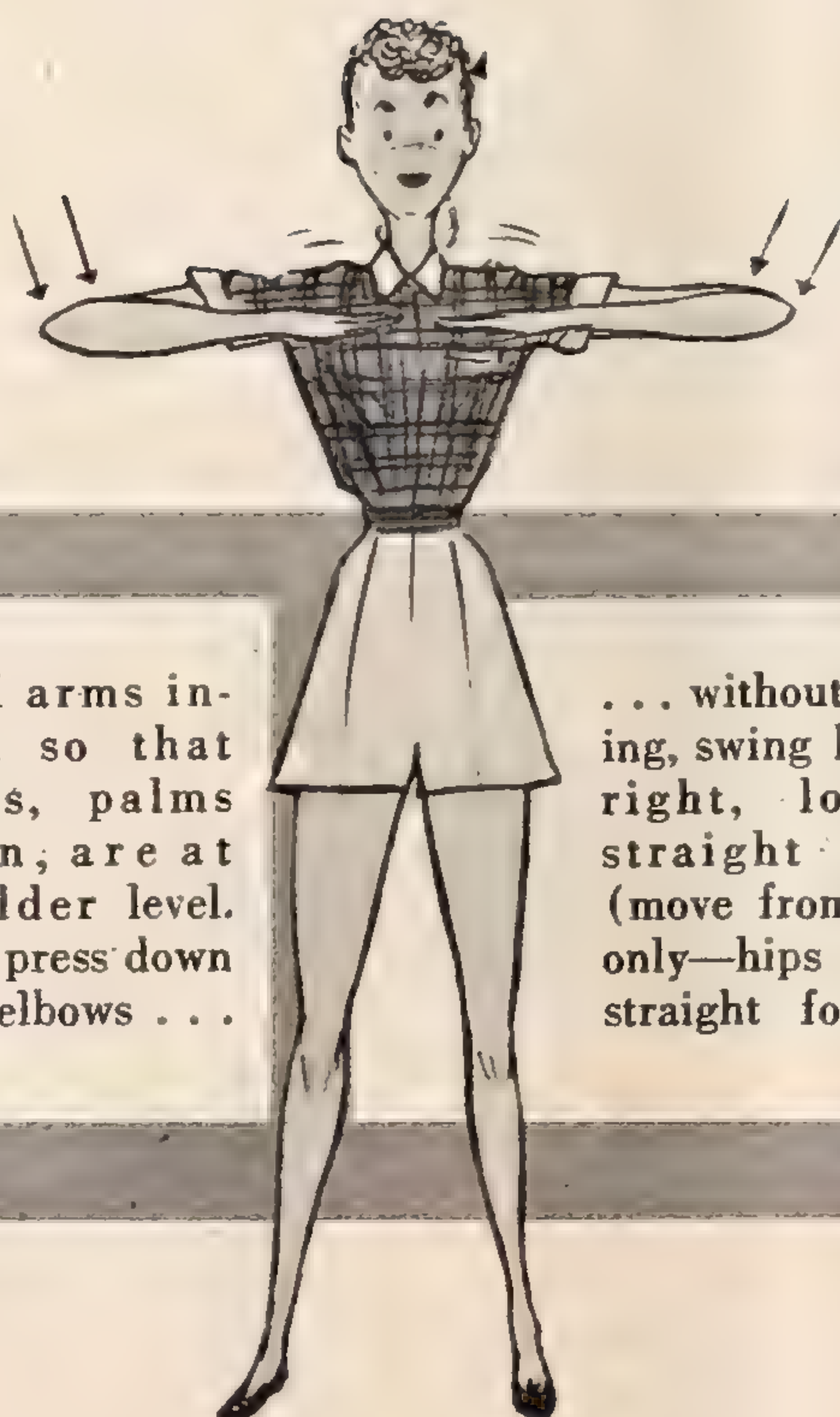
Somebody suggested that I should try it.

"Compete with my poodle, Cliquot?" I gasped. "You're crazy. She's too pretty!"

To tell you the truth I have seen only one woman with a poodle haircut who didn't look like a poodle. That was Linda Christian. She unveiled her new short locks at the big (Continued on page 91)

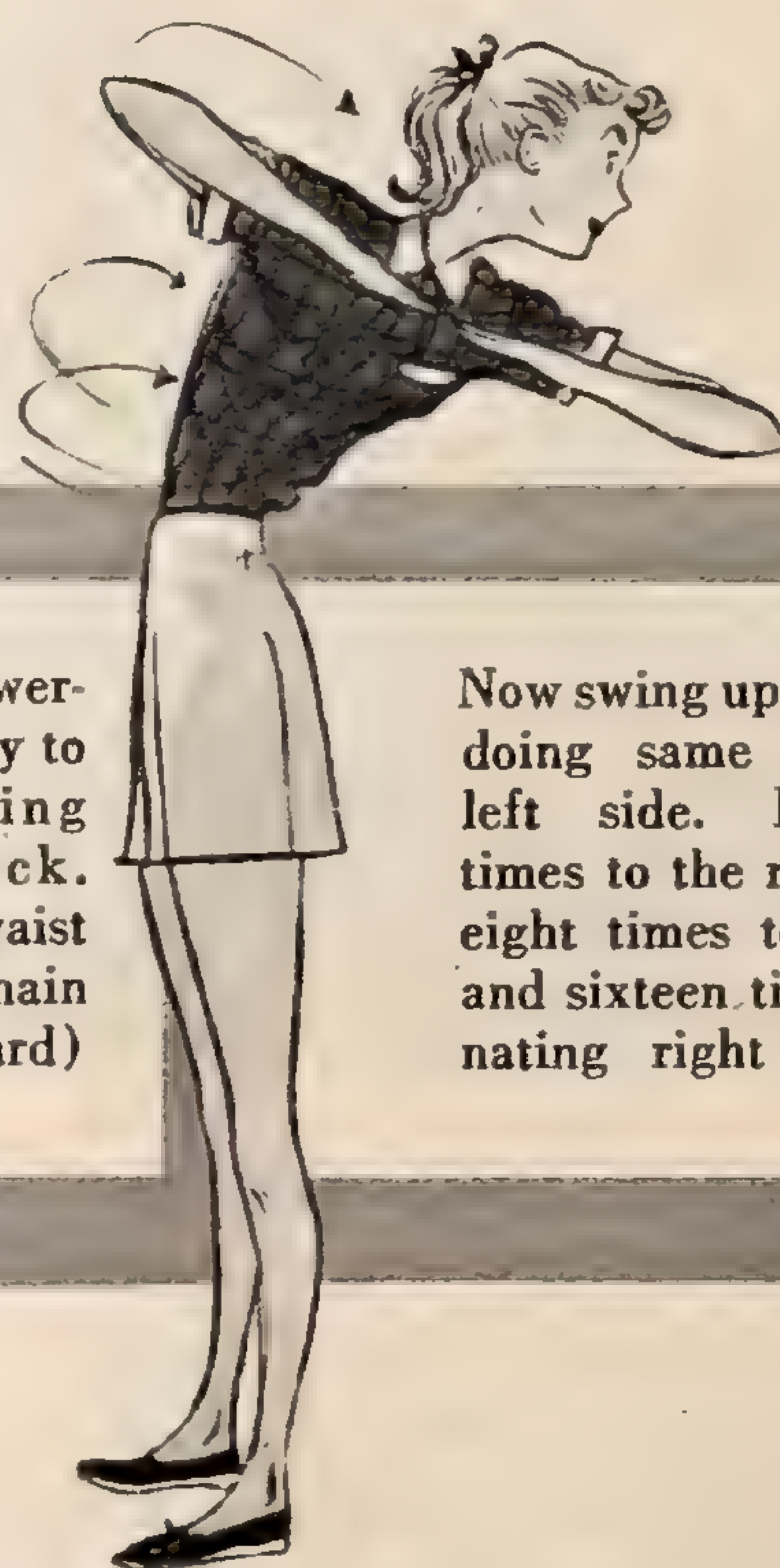


Mitzi Gaynor's waistline whittler: Stand straight, arms extended, palms down, with feet about a foot apart

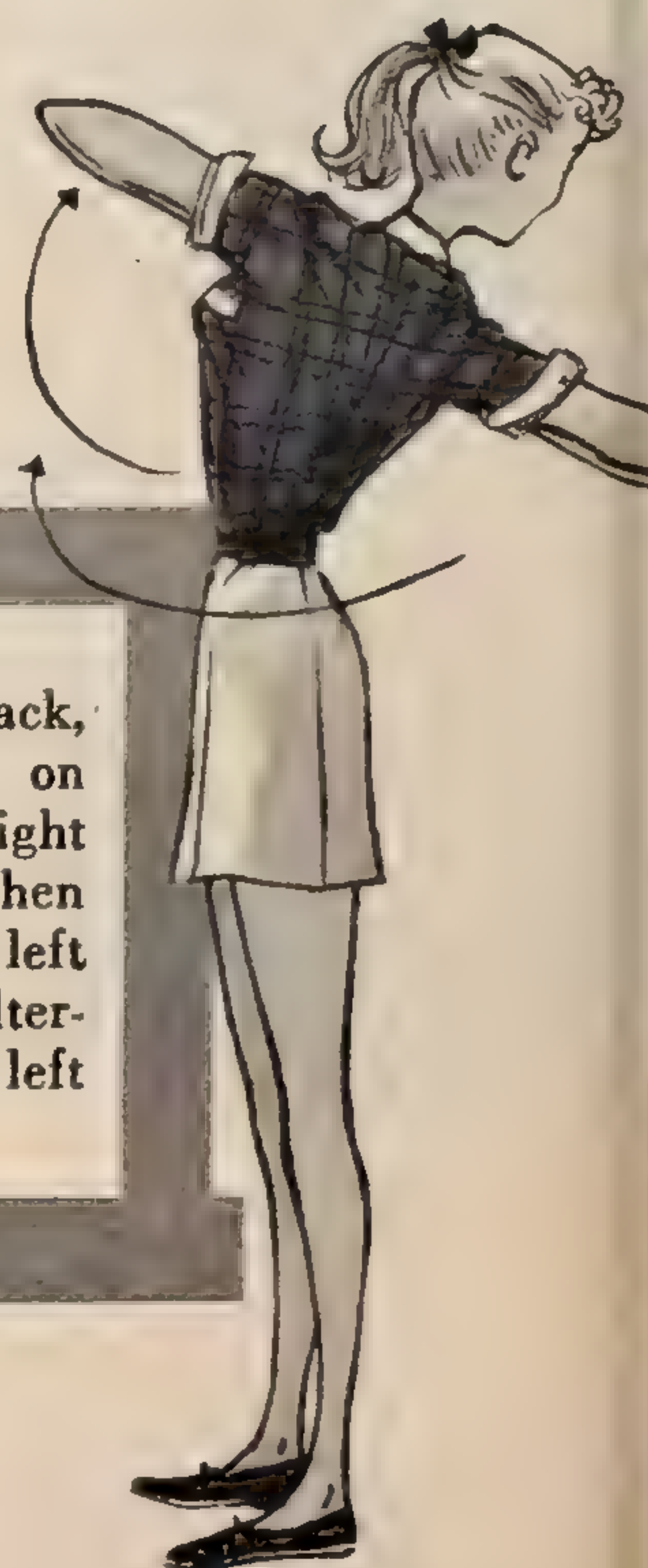


Bend arms inward so that hands, palms down, are at shoulder level. Then press down with elbows . . .

. . . without lowering, swing body to right, looking straight back. (move from waist only—hips remain straight forward)



Now swing up and back, doing same thing on left side. Do eight times to the right, then eight times to the left and sixteen times alternating right and left



wherever you live you can buy

photoplay **fashions**

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Merritt Taylor-Warner suit

512 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Korday separates

1385 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Brilliant bathing suit

1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Shepherd bathing suit

1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Par-Form bathing suit

1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Form Control bathing suit

1370 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Crescendoe gloves

240 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

U. S. Rubber espadrilles

1230 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dani beach hat

15 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Kleinert beach bag

485 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

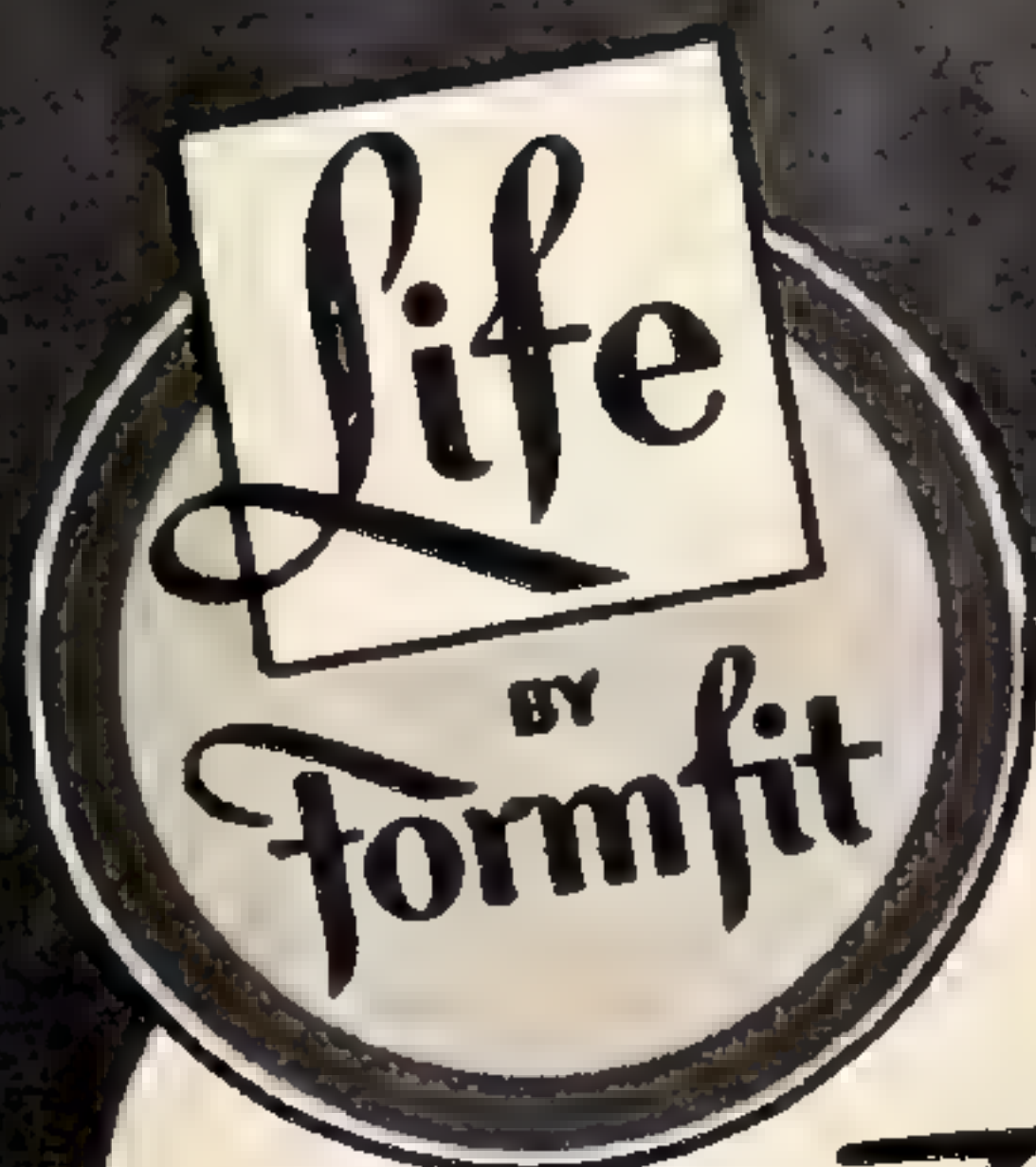
Solarex sun glasses

Bachmann Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.



Detailed drawings of
the Loretta Young-Jean Louis
pattern on page 68

"THAT **Formfit** LOOK"



...THE ACCEPTED SYMBOL

For fit, for comfort

For fit that's magically flattering, comfort that's positively pampering—look for the label that says Life by Formfit! Only LIFE BRAS by Formfit are "Triple Fitted" to you. Proportioned to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) *your separation*—wide, medium or narrow. And LIFE GIRDLE alone gives you Formfit's *tailored-in* control that slims the waist. Trims and smooths hips and thighs. With free-action comfort all the way! LIFE BRA working with LIFE GIRDLE. The secret of A Sweetheart of a Figure! Be fitted and see, at any of the better stores. You'll know then why more women demand Formfit than any other make.

Life Bras from \$1.25 Life Girdles from \$8.95

For a Sweetheart of a Figure

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

ONLY FORMFIT MAKES *Life* BRAS, GIRDLES, FOUNDATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

next-of-kin from rightful inheritance. Gossip has it that Don Antonio was already deceased when the lawyer made the will; that the lawyer asked questions and the dead man's head was manipulated by a stick held by the lawyer's friend, nodding "yes" or "no" to the questions—to the advantage of the legal gentleman.

When a niece of Don Antonio's heard of her disinheritance, she pronounced an additional curse upon the rancho. Promptly the cattle died, grasshoppers ate the crops, the grain burned in the field. Eventually, the property came into the hands of a Welshman named Griffith J. Griffith who had fallen madly in love with a local girl. In order to attract her attention, he had a professional writer compose a few laudatory verses which Griffith ran in a local paper at commercial advertising rates. The lady was impressed and married him, but as the years passed a certain lack of harmony developed and eventually Griffith shot his wife through the eye. Mrs. Griffith leaped out of a second-story window, landed on a porch roof and rolled to the soft earth, thus saving her life. Griffith was sentenced to serve two years in San Quentin prison.

Some time before this episode he had deeded the Griffith Park area to the city, and after his unfortunate notoriety he added the Planetarium and the Greek Theatre to his beneficences.

There are those who swear that on moonlight nights Jose Vicente Feliz, II, still may be glimpsed, cantering his white horse on an inspection tour of Los Feliz' hilly acres.

Another landmark of exceptional interest on this particular tour is the adobe at Campo de Cahuenga Park, 3919 Lankershim Boulevard. It was here that the Treaty of Cahuenga was signed between Lt. Colonel John C. Fremont (later General) and General Andres Pico. Every year, on January 13, Los Angeles notables gather briefly to commemorate the event. The rest of the year, the grounds and the historical exhibits are open to the public from 8:30 A.M. until 5 P.M., Monday through Friday.

Have your driver drop you—after this tour—at Clifton's Cafeteria, 618 South Olive Street in downtown Los Angeles. It is one of the spots you'll enjoy. Here, you can be picked up again for your afternoon trip:

Tanner Gray Line Tour No. 2, Hollywood and Beverly Hills: This tour leaves the Tanner Terminal at 1:45, takes three hours and costs \$3.25 per person. On this trip you will see the original Brown Derby on Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood Boulevard and Grauman's Chinese Theatre; the homes of many picture stars, the University of California at Los Angeles, Will Rogers memorial ranch, Santa Monica, the beach homes of many famous people, and the National Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle.

You will return from this tour at five, which will give you plenty of time to get back to your hotel, rest a bit, have dinner at the restaurant of your choice, and be picked up by the Tanner Gray Line at seven o'clock for Tour No. 9. This trip takes three and a half hours, \$2.75 per person.

You will see Olvera Street and make a tour of the shops; you will visit Chinatown, then the Griffith Park Observatory for a view of the city, then drive along Hollywood and Wilshire Boulevards.

Before seeing Olvera Street, you should know that this is the cradle of the city. The actual birthday was August 1, 1769, although the formal founding did not take place until two years later.

On August 1, 1769, the expedition of Don Gaspar de Portola made camp where the North Broadway bridge crosses the Los

Angeles River at Elysian Park. It was his scout, a Sergeant Ortega, who, traveling with two Franciscan priests and soldiers, decided upon the campsite. Father Serra had remained at San Diego Mission while the advance party moved up California in the name of the Spanish King.

The expedition found that there was a Shoshone Indian village near by, on the area now occupied by Chinatown. It was called Yang-na, and members of the expedition were horrified by the town and its natives. Their houses were nothing but mud bee-hives with a hole in the center roof to allow smoke from the fires to escape. The men wore no clothing at all, and the women wore mere rabbitskin aprons.

August 1 is the jubilee day of our Lady of the Angels of Porciuncula (Italy), so the campsite was named El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula. The city had a fine earthquake the morning of this August first, two more in the afternoon. But as the men in the expedition had come from Mexico where daily earthquakes were not uncommon in those days, they regarded this activity as friendly and welcoming.

While you are strolling through Olvera Street, it is likely that you will hear the ringing of the Plaza church bells across the way. One of those bells has a romantic history. Many, many years ago a daughter

.....

"A really kind man is one who goes about keeping promises he has never made."

... JEFF CHANDLER

.....

of the great Carillo family (Leo Carillo is one of her great-great-great nephews), whose name was Josefa, had two suitors. One was Pio Pico, who became governor and for whom Pico Boulevard was named. The other was the new governor Echan-dia, who had come up from Mexico to supervise the affairs of California. However, he was so enchanted with Josefa that he remained in San Diego instead of reporting to Monterey, the capital, and was promptly put out of office by revolution.

Both suitors it turned out were to be disappointed. Josefa fell in love with a Yankee, the first mate of a ship that put into port. She confided her love problem to Pio Pico who, gallant to his soul, helped her to elope by lifting her out of her bedroom window onto the back of his horse and galloped like a fury to the harbor where he tossed her into the arms of her lover. The ship pulled out to sea just as Josefa's family arrived and swam their steeds uselessly after the laughing lovers.

When the pair returned to California, they were tried and found to be unmarried, despite their shipboard wedding ceremony. The court also ruled that neither were they single. The result was that they were ordered to do penance of various types for thirty days and to give to the Plaza church a bell weighing at least fifty pounds.

That bell still hangs in the Plaza church belfry and when it rings you can hear in its song the laughter of two happy people.

Tuesday:

Why not have breakfast at Ollie Hammond's, and then dash down to the Ambassador Hotel to be picked up by Tanner so that you can take Tour No. 6, through Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Here you will see "The Last Supper," rendered in stained glass; you will see The Little Church of Flowers, Wee Kirk O' the Heather (the Annie Laurie church) and The Church of the Recessional; you will see "Duck Baby," "Frog Baby," "David,"

"Moses" and "Mystery Of Life," all sculpture of untold value. The tour takes two hours (leaving the terminal at 10 A.M.) and costs \$3.00 per person.

Have luncheon at Brookside Cafeteria, and then take Tanner Tour No. 1, Pasadena and the Huntington Library. This tour leaves at 2 P.M. and costs \$2.75. It requires three and a half hours of the best-spent time of your life.

After leaving the Terminal, you will see the Los Angeles Civic Center. From the Civic Center, Tour No. 1 will take you past Sycamore Grove where many of the state picnics are held, thence along Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena, past the Rose Bowl, past California Technological Institute, and on to Huntington Library where "The Blue Boy," "Pinky" and hundreds of other art treasures may be seen.

After the visit to the Huntington Library, the tour continues to San Gabriel Mission. For an admission price of thirty-five cents you are taken through this historic church. There is a poignant legend about one of the bells in the San Gabriel belfry.

When the mission was under construction, a young Spanish captain and a detachment of foot soldiers were sent north from Mexico City to guard the padres, their Indian converts who were completing the building, and the small band of settlers who had taken up residence near by. Unfortunately, the force sent for this purpose was too small. The warlike Yuma Indians descended at twilight one night and massacred every human being in the parish.

In Mexico City a beautiful senorita was told that her fiance had been murdered with all his troops at San Gabriel mission. When it was decided to cast a bell for the church—which was to be completed in spite of forty tribes of Yuma Indians—the senorita stripped off all her jewels, dropped them into the molten metal, moved with stately grace to her own church to pray, and fell dead across the threshold. But her gems in the bell make it answer the light of the morning sun, and her gold ring from the hand that was to have worn a wedding band gives sweetness to the tone of the Angelus.

You will be back at the Terminal around five-thirty, which will give you ample time to reach your hotel, hop into a refreshing tub, put on your favorite theatre suit, and go to Cocanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel for their famous "Night in Hawaii," complete with orchid leis, an enticing Island dinner, and a great floor show.

Wednesday:

A light breakfast at Armstrong-Schroeders should be followed by a trip to the Farmers Market at 3rd Street and Fairfax Avenue. Use your own car and a map, or call the Los Angeles Transit Lines, tell them where you are, and ask them how to get to the Market.

You will want to spend at least two hours roaming the food stands and the shops in the merchandise section. Then luncheon, assembled in the market area and carried to one of the second storey open-air dining rooms, should top off this excursion nicely.

After luncheon, drive east on 3rd Street to Vermont Avenue, south on Vermont to Exposition Park which is clearly marked on all Los Angeles maps. You will find the Los Angeles County Museum here and in it are the stone-age animals whose bones were excavated from the La Brea Tar Pits.

Drive west one mile to Western Avenue and turn south, continuing on Western Avenue all the way to San Pedro. After driving around this waterfront town, return to Western Avenue and follow it upward around the Palos Verdes.

At Portuguese Bend, you will see the only

glass church in the world. It was designed by architect Lloyd Wright (son of Frank Lloyd Wright and uncle of Anne Baxter). Eventually this religious community, which is a world memorial honoring Emanuel Swedenborg, will include the chapel (now functioning as a church in which Sunday services have been held since the day of dedication, May 19, 1951, and which may be visited by tourists every afternoon), in addition to church offices, an assembly hall, a 150-foot library, and a 65-foot bell tower. These last-named structures will also be constructed of glass, but their roofs will be of tile. After leaving the church, you should continue westward around the green hills, pausing at turnouts in order to admire the view and take pictures.

Late in the afternoon, when you have descended into the beach towns, you should treat yourself to a swim. If you have friends who belong to any of the beach clubs, you might ask the favor of guest privileges. Club del Mar is impressive; the Deauville is pleasant, and the Jonathan and the Bel Air Bay Clubs are exclusive. The Surf and Sand Club is a part of the old Marion Davies beach home, and a sight to be seen by every new explorer of the California scene. You might inquire about beach privileges at your hotel. All large hotels have working agreements with the beach establishments.

After your swim you should drive along Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica and park. Walk over to the Palisades and look down on the beach community below. Along Pacific Coast Highway are some of the most beautiful seaside homes in the world. No one, merely driving along Pacific Coast Highway, would guess at the number of patios, fresh-water swimming pools, and sun decks or the spreading expanse of the houses hidden behind tall adobe walls and redwood fences. Just before sundown, fulfill your reservations at one of the following delightful seaside restaurants: Jack's at the Beach, Holiday House, or Carl's, where you can watch the Pacific do the can-can with white petticoats flying.

Thursday:

This is Catalina Island Day!
To drive to the Catalina Island Terminal, motor south on Avalon Boulevard. The route is clearly marked.
If you wish to let the Pacific Electric Railway do the worrying, catch the Catalina Island Special at the PE Station, 6th and Main Streets. Departure time: 8:40 A.M. Round trip fare: \$1.04.
The round trip fare for adults is \$6.80 on the steamer, and the fare for children is \$3.40. The trip takes approximately two and one half hours and is delightful.
If you prefer to fly, United Air Lines will transport you in twenty minutes for \$8.74 round trip.

When you reach the island, there is a wealth of sightseeing to do. You can take a trip in a glass-bottom boat in order to find out what Neptune is doing. Time: 40 minutes. Tariff: \$1.50.
That done, you can take the Avalon Terrace Drive which winds around the superb hills of the island affording a breathtaking panorama. Time: 50 minutes. Cost: \$1.15.
Santa Catalina Island was discovered by the Portuguese explorer, Juan Rodriguez y Cabrillo, in September, 1542, just fifty years after Columbus first touched on the British West Indies. Cabrillo, like Columbus, was searching for that fantasy—a northwest passage to the Orient. He touched first at San Pedro, then sailed his bathtub-with-canvas on to Catalina; however, he gave the island the name "Victoria." Fifty years later, Viscaino landed on the island on the feast day of St. Catherine, so named it Santa Catalina.
There is enough to do in Catalina to keep you busy for several days. The men in your family can go sword-fishing, and the water babies can go swimming. The golfers and tennis specialists will find good sport at The Catalina Visitors' Country Club, and there is the fascinating bird farm for the delight of children.
Accommodations are simple, but they are pleasantly priced.
However, assuming that you have only one day for the island, you will be back in Los Angeles at 7 P.M. A quick trip to your hotel for a breather, and a change of clothes, and you might have dinner and catch the early show at Ciro's, then go on for the late show at Mocambo.
Friday:
Don comfortable walking shoes this morning, because this is your day for seeing sights on foot—the only way, really, to get to know a city on personal terms. Have breakfast at the Brown Derby on Wilshire Boulevard either opposite the Ambassador or in Beverly Hills (as convenient), then board a Wilshire bus for downtown Los Angeles. Prowl through Bullock's (especially the play deck on the mezzanine of the sport shop on the Hill Street side); check their costume jewelry section for gifts, their "separates" shop where you can assemble your dream outfit.
Wander west on 7th Street, noting the specialty shops, the great jewelers: Brock & Company and Donovan & Seaman, and the J. J. Haggerty store, then turn into J. W. Robinson's and browse through its first floor and its housewares section. Continue down 7th Street to Barker Brothers, Los Angeles' fascinating furniture store. Investigate the model rooms which are a homemaker's delight.
Have luncheon at The Statler at 7th and Figueroa. It is scheduled to open in June,

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1952, and it will be a show spot.

Board a Wilshire bus at Wilshire and Figueroa and ride to Bullock's Wilshire. You'll be open-mouthed before the treasures of the remarkable shop.

From here, walk 2½ blocks west to I. Magnin's, one of a group of elegant shops owned by Bullock's but with different merchandising policies. Magnin's is the fifty-dollar cashmere sweater spot, etc.

Again, board the Wilshire bus and ride to Beverly Drive in Beverly Hills. Walk up Beverly Drive (northbound) to Santa Monica Boulevard, cross the street and walk south. Walk west on Wilshire to Blum's and have a chocolate ice cream soda. Or walk south on Beverly Drive and have a sundae at Wil Wright's.

Better take a cab to your hotel (if your car isn't in the neighborhood) and have a nap before going to The Tropics or Don, The Beachcomber's for dinner. Sissies, at this point, will fall into bed and sleep for ten hours. Strong characters will catch a dance or two at the Palladium.

Saturday:

This is radio and television day for you. Have an early breakfast at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel where you can look out upon the morning sunlight kicking up diamonds in the swimming pool, then hurry to Radio Center which is centered at Sunset and Vine. NBC is on the corner; CBS is one block east on Sunset; Mutual is a few blocks south on Vine.

If you will go to the Information Bureau, maintained in the main lobby of every station, you will be told what tickets are available and how to get them. With even ordinary luck, you will be able to spend the rest of your day observing radio programs of every type.

Why not have dinner at the Hollywood Derby or at Nickodell? Afterward, if you have had enough radio and TV, it might be a treat to see a foreign movie. There are always a number of excellent foreign releases (with English dubbing) at nearby "art" theatres.

Weekend Trips

If you are in Los Angeles between October 15 and June 1st, any year, you should spend at least one weekend in Palm Springs, about 125 miles southeast of Los Angeles, and reached by a superb and scenic highway. Palm Springs is an incredible sight. Its green lawns, its masses of flowers, its dazzling sunlight, and its sharp nights are a climatic miracle. During October and November, the temperature will be in the 90's during the day, drop down to 60 at night. During December, January, and February, the high will be between 60 and 70 during the day, but there may be frost at night. March, April and May are unbelievable: days in the 90's or low 100's, nights in the 70's.

Although accommodations can be expensive (\$15.00 per person per day up, up, up to \$50.00 and \$75.00), there are also charming motels which are not costly. The hotel situation is managed by hundreds of one- and two-story travel lodges, usually consisting of individual cottages placed around a swimming pool.

There are restaurants on a par with the best in Los Angeles, and their prices are comparable (The Doll House, Chi-Chi, Steak House, Saddle & Sirloin, The Dunes), but The Village Coffee Shop and the Waffle Shop and several others serve good food at reasonable rates.

The palms in Palm Springs, the familiar fan palm variety, have been set out, for the most part, recently. However, back in the mountain canyons there are strange palms which bear no resemblance to any species imported into this country. Botanists can't imagine how they arrived,

but they are almost certain that these trees are as old as California's sequoias which were over two thousand years old when a star shone in the sky above Bethlehem.

Those who are more interested in modern movie stars than they are in ancient botany will be pleased by the fact that there are more picture people visible in Palm Springs during the season than at any other single point in California. Tip: mainly they come out of their houses and hotels in the early evening and seek a place to dine. They, like all other sensible people, spend their days lazing around a pool, baking out taut nerves and assembling a tan.

Arrowhead Lake:

Summer or winter, Lake Arrowhead and the resort which surrounds it, represent fun. In the winter there is skiing and ice-skating; in the summer there is swimming, horseback riding, sailing, hiking, and the usual golf, tennis, bowling, badminton and exchange of tourist topics. Dan Duryea and his family like Arrowhead so well that they have established permanent year-round headquarters in a handsome home called "The Mink." Their motor boat is named "The Little Mink." Gag is that Dan had always promised to buy his wife a mink coat when finances permitted—but they bought their place here instead.

Arrowhead is about 100 miles from Los Angeles, by way of an excellent highway, which takes one through orange groves and vineyards as far as San Bernardino and then winds easily over a high-gear road along Rim of the World Drive. The village is nearly a mile above sea level, and the lake occupies about 800 acres. There are a number of places to stay. You can live in velvet for \$26.00 per day (all meals included), or you can economize for as little as \$5.75 per day for a house-

keeping cottage accommodating four persons. This is without meals, of course.

San Diego and Old Mexico:

One of the most delightful of weekend trips is that to San Diego and into Tijuana. Important note: Native-born American will have no difficulty in crossing and recrossing the border, but naturalized citizens must have their papers and alien should check with their Los Angeles consulate before undertaking the trip outside of the States.

The Tanner Gray Line operates a two-day tour which is economical. Leaving at 8:30 A.M. one day and returning late in the afternoon of the next, the cost is \$10.00 per person, not including meals, hotel accommodations, tips or activities around town on your own. In addition to this, there is a charge of fifty cents per person at the border if you wish to see Mexico, and there is a thirty-five cent fee for entering the grounds of San Juan Capistrano Mission.

On this trip you see Long Beach and the oil fields where derricks grow in a forest of leafless spires; Laguna Beach (the art colony where Bette Davis lived for several years), the Del Mar race track, San Diego harbor with its Naval Complex, Tijuana, and then you go back up the coast and across the causeway to the Coronado Hotel, on to Balboa Park, thence to La Jolla (where Gregory Peck, Mel Ferrer and others operate the Playhouse), and on to Mission San Juan Capistrano.

Santa Barbara:

One of the most beautiful cities in the world is Santa Barbara as it lies above its deep blue bay, about 125 miles north of Los Angeles via the Coast Highway. Santa Monica, Malibu, and the town of Ventura with its mission are on the out-bound route. It is a good idea to return by way of the Ojai and San Fernando Valleys.

Santa Barbara's hotels are all that any tourist could desire, and its restaurants are superb. Don't miss The Harbor for dinner at least one night. You should plan a shopping expedition through El Paseo, a series of little shops surrounding a patio, and the tea-room in this delightful arena is world-famed.

However, if you would prefer to have your trip arranged so that you will see all there is to see without a care or a worry, this too is possible. There are a number of escorted tours that include visits to all the scenic, historic and interesting places in California. Those who plan these tours make all arrangements for you. And everything you could wish is covered by one low, all-expense price. Happiness Tours, for instance, offer several California tours which also enable you to enjoy parts of the Pacific Northwest and the Southwest en route to or returning from California.

Wherever you travel this year, and however you travel, be sure to carry American Express Company Traveler's Checks. No one can cash these checks but you. And they are honored by all hotels, restaurants, stores and transportation lines.

Come to California and see the development of its new legends while you tread with fascinated feet upon the old, old soil that still remembers the sandals of the padres. It will make all your life more vivid.

(Aldo Ray is in "The Marrying Kind"; Joyce Holden, "Bronco Buster"; MacDonald Carey, "Let's Make It Legal"; John Derek, "Scandal Sheet"; Dan Duryea, "Chicago Calling"; Arlene Dahl, "Caribbean Gold"; Lex Barker, "Tarzan's Savage Fury"; Sally Forrest, "Bannerline"; Pier Angeli, "The Story of Three Loves.")

THE END

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The Faith of Dale Robertson

(Continued from page 45)

afford it," Dale replied emphatically.

"Well, I've been pledged by a sorority, and I don't intend to turn them down."

Dale was young enough to be disillusioned. The girl's father was far from wealthy. It would take three or four years to pay for her fun. By Dale's standards, this was grossly unfair. A battle royal followed, busting up a beautiful friendship. Today he says: "Like everything else, there's good and bad mixed up in these college societies. All I knew then was one thing. They were too rich for my pocket, so for me they were out."

He's the only guy on the lot who ever objected to having a photo retouched. "Takes the character out—" He's the only guy who ever warned the studio against overselling him. Editors, seeing "Take Care" two months before its release, clamored for copy on the new boy, who remained level-headed. "I appreciate their kindness, but the public hasn't bought me yet. Why get them steamed up about a bird who may not deliver? We'd all feel pretty silly."

In the country he hails from, a man's word is his bond. It's a creed he absorbed with the air he breathed, and he won't depart from it. He maintains, for instance, that no actor has the right to reject a role. "You've signed the papers, you've given your word, you keep it."

A bystander commented, "Wait till they try to shove the wrong part down your throat."

"They've tried," said Dale. "There are ways of handling it."

His way was to go to the producer. "I'm grateful for your confidence in me. But I don't think I'm right or ready for this lead. If you insist, I'll do it. That's part of the deal, and I don't go back on deals. But with all the money at stake, I feel you'd be doing us both an injustice to use me. And to prove I want to be in your picture, I'll play any little part I'm suited for."

Instead of fireworks, he contrived a meeting of minds, won his point and made himself a friend. Pressure doesn't sit well with Dale. Casting directors, refusing to give him work, gave him free advice. "Lose that accent, brother."

"No," said Dale, not out of pigheadedness but because he'd feel unnatural without it.

"An accent limits you."

"Colman has an English accent. What's his limit?"

Impulse plays small part in his decisions as young Jackie, his bride, found out. Once, twice, he came home and sat silent for an hour. She let it pass. The third time she burst into tears. "You don't love me any more—"

"Honey, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing. It's you. Not saying a word. Acting as if I'm not here."

The grin broke as his arms tightened around her. "You're here, all right. Only something came up today that bothered me. When there's anything on my mind, I have to sit and think it through. Then when I've got it settled, I'm okay."

His basic serenity stems from his faith in God, from his love of nature and his deep family feeling. All three form part of his heritage. Born in Harrah, outside Oklahoma City, he grew up where the world stood wide and the peace of the open skies took hold of him. At the age of twelve months or so, he gave his heart once and forever to horses and dogs. Except with animals, he's hardly the type for public demonstrations of affection. But he'll grab a horse round the neck, kiss

him and call him sweetheart. Money couldn't part him from Chief, his German shepherd, whom he normally greets as "Oh, you beautiful doll!" Chief's son, equally dear, was hit by a car while Dale worked on location in "Return of the Texan." Over the phone Dale comforted his wife, but couldn't throw off his own mood of wordless dejection. To Kit Carson, stand-in and close friend, he explained briefly, "It's like I'd lost a member of the family."

The family ties are exceptionally warm, the sense of kinship close. Dale's parents were divorced. How he feels about his mother comes out in a few quiet sentences. "She raised three boys and umpteen dogs by herself. Worked for Kraft Cheese till they wanted her to go on the road, but she wouldn't quit us. Switched to the State Banking Company. On \$150 a month, she not only gave us what every other kid had but saved enough to start a convalescent home. She's still running that. It's a real good one, too. I figure if I could hand my mother the moon, it wouldn't be too much. Thing is, she'd find someone else who needed it more—"

His aunts Lillian and Ruth did their best to coddle Dale, youngest of the boys. His brothers Chet and Roxy steered him back to realities. He responded cheerfully to both forms of affection, and took his natural bent toward all forms of athletics. If sports had never been invented, his mother's wistful dream of seeing him an honor student might have fared better. He did, in fact, make the honor roll one year when a football accident kept him trussed up in casts. "For Mom," he recalls, "it was the height of mixed emotions. She liked good grades but she didn't like 'em that way."

AT Oklahoma Military, where his aunts sent him to study law, he won twenty-eight letters and was voted the school's outstanding athlete. But Blackstone and bodywork both faded before the grim fact of war, which led Dale from the cavalry to the air corps to OCS and a lieutenantancy with the 322nd Combat Engineers. Stationed temporarily at San Luis Obispo, he ran down to Hollywood for a weekend's leave. That's when he had his picture taken. AMOS CARR STUDIO, read the sign, and he thought: "I'll send Mom a photograph for Christmas."

He didn't know that Marion Parsons, the cameragirl, would blow his face up and stick it in the window. Nor that agents would stop, gawk and walk in to ask for the man behind the face. By that time the man had other things on his mind. To Lieutenant Dale Robertson, with Patton's Third Army in Germany, came letters from some of Hollywood's ten-per-centers, suggesting movie possibilities, urging him to call such-and-such a number at once. Stuck in a foxhole, Dale thought this was pretty funny. "I laughed, and never gave it another thought. Except I was glad to get the letters. In the Army, every letter you get is a break."

V-E Day found him in Prague, with a knee so shattered by enemy mortar fire that to reassemble it took nine months and two operations at Fort Bragg's Army Hospital. In March '46, he became a civilian, jobless, with every indication of remaining so. Roxy took a look at him as he wandered in from a day of fruitless search. "I'm flying out to Los Angeles. Need some fender skirts for the car. Want to go along?"

He went along for the ride. He looked up Marion Parsons because she was the only girl in town he knew. When she

mentioned the buzzing agents, he said: "That's a joke."

"Not for them, it wasn't. Of course times have changed. They were hungry for new blood then. Now the big stars are back. Still, it wouldn't hurt to get in touch with Jack Easton. He was the most persistent. I'll call him if you like."

Dale shook his head. "I'd rather think about it a while. But—thanks for giving me something to think about—"

Faith and effort did the rest—his own faith, the faith of others in him, his own shoulder to the wheel. At first he tried the home town again. No soap. Then Hollywood and Jack Easton. Quick to give people their due, he says: "Jack had every confidence in me and did all he could. Unfortunately, the time was wrong." Five or six times he trekked back and forth, got another agent, quit again, tried again, quit again. "But a lot of things led me to believe that I was supposed to come here." The nature of those things lie between him and the Lord he prays to. The point is, he believed. Without that belief, he'd never have gone to the folks with his proposal.

"I've been out there six times and nothing happened. Which maybe proves that acting's not right for me. But I still think Hollywood is. So I'd like to learn the other end of the business—cutting and editing. That'll take time and funds. If you'll finance me, I'll pay you back. When or how I don't know, but I will pay you back. And with six per cent interest—"

His mother and aunts considered it a sound investment. "They knew," says Dale, "that they'd get a run for their money. They knew I'd work, that I wouldn't just throw it away. They'd have done as much for any of us boys. They pretty well believe in all three of us."

Three years later he was still slogging it out, studying at USC, working with Peter Ballbusch, M-G-M director, taking odd jobs to bolster his shrinking capital. One Robertson fan was Solly Baiano, who tried to sell him to everyone at Warners, where he landed the smallest bit role in "Flamingo Road." Another was Lee Brooks, independent producer, who talked of putting him under personal contract. When his production plans fell through, Brooks introduced him to agents Ned Marin and Charlie Feldman of Famous Artists. They took him on and made the studio rounds with him. Dale got to know lots of office boys, perceptive characters with a cold eye for a phony. They sized Dale up as the genuine article, they began plugging for him in practical ways. With a script hot off the machine, they'd call him. On the principle that God helps those who help themselves, Dale would drive over, meet them outside, read the story and return it before it could be missed. Then he'd phone Ned Marin. "There's a part I think I might be able to handle." Next morning Marin would be pounding the studio door down.

By such unorthodox but justifiable methods, he got first crack at "Fighting Man of the Plains," Ed Marin directing, Nat Holt producing. Ned pounded his brother Ed's door down and presented his client for the part of Jesse James. "Read it," said Ed. Unruffled, Dale read it. "I like him," said Ed. "But Holt has to like him too—"

Holt liked him too. And at the Long Beach preview the fans greeted his appearance with rounds of applause and after the show they mobbed him. Holt says: "It was the McCoy. Nobody could have that many relatives," Dale says: "It was quite a night." Charlie Skouras, theatre-

chain owner, says: "I grabbed the phone and called my brother Spyros—" Spyros, president of Twentieth Century-Fox, called Zanuck. Zanuck called Ned Marin. Marin called Dale, who had gone out on personal appearances in Kansas City. "Fox wants to sign you—"

"Okay. Sign."

In the end it was that simple. "And since then, may I add, everyone's been wonderful to me—" But as failure failed to depress him, success fails to sweep him off his feet. By his deep-rooted creed, if this hadn't happened, something else was bound to. Less spectacular, maybe, but equally heaven-sent.

He figures his marriage was made in heaven too. "The Hakims invited me to dinner. Jackie came with Stanley Rubin. Everyone else talked French. We talked horses in English. When I found that Stanley was just a casual date, I asked for her phone number, called her and took her out. On our third date I proposed. Jackie said yes."

Old-fashioned in his sense of courtesy toward parents, Dale worked up a terrific speech to make to her father. "In your day, sir, people got engaged for a year, sir. Things move faster now, sir. Jackie and I—"

Mr. Wilson cut in, endearing himself forever to his future son-in-law. "Young man, you're not addressing Methuselah. I proposed to her mother the second time we went out."

By way of honeymoon, they got one day at Santa Barbara. But last Christmas Dale's packed working schedule lightened sufficiently to permit him to take his bride—along with her sister and two cousins—to Oklahoma. It was a pleasant, if uneventful holiday. Being a great family for cards, they played pitch every night. And Mom gave the boy cousin a horse, for the good and sufficient reason that he'd always wanted a horse and she had a flock of them.

Dale calls his wife Jackpot, which she doesn't like. He describes her as a small brunette. "With the same color eyes I have and the same love for horses." Others describe her as a young Hedy Lamarr. She'd just started in pictures when the gentleman from Oklahoma talked her into ditching them. "One career for two people is enough. Two careers mean trouble." Having entered the field lightheartedly, she left it in the same spirit.

His talent for composure isn't always appreciated. Jackie says he didn't get excited enough about the baby. Dale tells it this way:

On the set one day Kit gave him a couple of looks. "Feeling okay, Dale—?"

"Oh, fine, fine—"

"Anything wrong?"

"Jackie's not herself. Won't drink coffee, won't smoke a cigarette."

"That's how it started with Boots," said Kit, whose wife was expecting a baby.

The outward Dale stood perfectly still while his innards reared. "No kiddin'," he finally breathed.

Still, he kept his hopes under at first

lest they be disappointed, till day by day they grew a little more sure. "We eased into it. It's not like you don't suspect a thing and suddenly bam! you're going to be a father—"

So when Jackie phoned with the doctor's report that they'd be three next June, Dale said: "That's fine."

"You don't sound very excited about it."

"Well, honey, I kind of almost knew it anyway. Besides," added the inspired male, "I've only got a second. We're between takes."

Actually, the baby is his heart's desire. They call it Young, and Dale wants as many Youngs as they can afford. "Boys, girls, I don't care, just healthy ones."

They live in Reseda, thirty-five minutes from the studio, because houses are cheaper out there. Under the G.I. bill, Dale's cost \$200 down and \$45 a month. Once his debts are paid off, they'll sell it and get more land. "A big house we don't care for, but we want an acre of ground. Enough for at least one horse, so we can go out and nuzzle him when we feel like it." To nuzzle them now means a trip to the stables where he boards five and loves them so well that he won't pick a favorite. "They're all favorites. And smart. Pay their own keep. I use 'em in pictures and take 'em off my income tax."

AS A husband, he acknowledges a couple of deficiencies. "I don't pick up my clothes round the house like I should and I don't help with the dishes like I should. But in our family we weren't raised for a man to hang round the kitchen. Of course," he concedes as an afterthought, "we weren't raised to drop clothes behind us either." Jackie's main fault is being late. "Under my nagging, though, she's improved. Only that's another thing I hate—to nag or be nagged—" So he didn't nag her about the poodle cut she sprang on him, a lover of long hair in his women-folk. Just ran a rueful hand through the shorn crop. "Feels like I've got a little boy by the hair—"

She's a willing, if inexperienced, cook, and good enough to suit Dale. And as Dale points out, "I'm the only one she has to please." Pleasing him is a cinch. Paradoxically, in view of his husky frame, he's indifferent to food and eats because he must. This is a family idiosyncrasy. On a bird's appetite, his brother Chet managed to tip the scales at 255. Dale's customary lunch consists of a lettuce and tomato sandwich, topped by two glasses of milk. He drinks milk like water. His only other gastronomic enthusiasm is catfish and hoecakes, Oklahoma style. "Get in there and learn," he told Jackie last Christmas. Enchanted to discover something he liked, Jackie got.

The glamour of stardom means nothing to him. Hollywood is his workshop, not his playground, and he works hard. Averse to dramatic coaches, he trains himself by reading aloud. Before the cameras he tries to be natural, honest and to read his lines with reasonable sense. "If I had to act, it would be the end of me." He's

written four stories which he hopes to sell as vehicles for himself when the right time comes.

His diversions are simple. The gift of a pointer from his business manager sends him into a glow. He promptly named the dog Radar, "because he sure gets those signals from somewhere," and went into a huddle with Kit about building a concrete run alongside the house. They're also looking forward to the pheasant season next fall. "By that time the ladies'll be well along with motherhood, and won't mind our ducking out for a week or two."

On Sundays he's up at six and plays golf till noon, then routs Jackie out of bed. Pockets stuffed with carrots and sugar, they call on the horses. Jackie spends the afternoon with Boots Carson while Dale plays tennis. Evenings they take in a movie or get out the chessboard. Dale's a sucker for movies, good, bad or indifferent. Among his favorite stars are Dick Widmark and Gary Cooper. He thinks Sally Forrest's a little girl loaded with talent, and feels a special fondness for June Haver, "Because off screen she's one of the finest ladies I've ever met—" His deferential use of the word lady marks a courtliness long outmoded and all the more attractive in Robertson for its rarity.

He rates men and things for themselves instead of by labels. Drives a Pontiac because it gives him service, and keeps his eye peeled not for a Cadillac but for an old Model A that'll take him back and forth. If a \$40 suit looks well on him, he doesn't care who made it and wears it as blithely as though it cost \$150. He likes casual clothes, and generally goes tieless.

In Oklahoma they're understandably proud of him. His brothers express their pride in brotherly terms. "Don't worry, Dale. When they kick you into the poorhouse, we'll take care of you." His mother's not afraid to be sentimental. Dale took her to the Academy shindig last year, her first direct experience of fan reaction. As the roar for Dale rose and swelled, her eyes bugged out of her head about a foot. Thrilled, she beamed alike on the other kids and her own. "Son," she whispered, "if you never paid back a cent of that money, it's all been paid back tonight—"

"At six per cent!" he teased—

"At 600—"

What his mother and aunts gave him, apart from money, he can't pay back. "They stood behind me every step of the way. That's one reason I never got discouraged."

The other reasons rest within himself. So does his strength. Far from being the end-all of existence, acting to Robertson is a nice way of earning a living. Take it away and the essentials remain—love of family and friends (including the four-footed variety), his sense of oneness with the universe, his faith that the ways of God are good. In such firm ground his emotional roots are sunk. Hollywood can't touch them.

(Dale's next pictures, "Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Lydia Bailey.")

THE END

JANET LEIGH GREW UP WHEN . . .

By Viola Swisher

In 1948 Janet Leigh faced the fact that her marriage to bandleader Stanley Reams had failed and ended in divorce. She'd thought it couldn't happen to her.

Courageously she asked herself, "Why? What did I expect from marriage? What did I give to it? Where did I fail?"

She soon realized she had been bouncing along on pink clouds of romance, leaving no place for realities on her marital horizon.

When she met Tony Curtis it would have



been easy to hop another romantic cloud and marry again. Instead, she and Tony waited. Meanwhile, Janet analyzed herself and her relationships. Gradually she adjusted her attitudes and actions to harmonize with the patterns of the world she lived in. And finally it came to her that she now knew the truth about growing up.

So she married Tony, confident that the marriage will endure because she has learned the great lesson of adulthood—adjustment.

She's Engaged

To be married this May—

Virginia Browne and George Carson, both of Pennsylvania. George is with a Philadelphia publishing house. Virginia is studying interior decoration. Both love swimming and golf. Next month, when Virginia walks down the aisle of Old St. David's Church in Devon, every guest will agree—she looks truly a *fairy queen bride*!

She's Lovely

Virginia's coloring is dazzling—hair of finest spun-gold, larkspur blue eyes, a complexion as fresh and flawless as a sweetheart rosebud. And shining right out from *her face to you* is the gay, unaffected charm of her Inner Self . . . telling you at once why Virginia captivates everyone who meets her!

She uses Pond's



Virginia's ring

**"Knowing you look your best
does happy things for you"— Virginia says**

Virginia Browne—her complexion makes everyone think—what a *lovely* girl!
"Nothing cares for my skin so beautifully as Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

YOU FEEL WONDERFULLY HAPPY, so much at ease, that you're special fun to be with—when you *know* you are looking your prettiest.

Virginia finds every girl's prettiest look starts with a soft, smooth complexion that sparkles, it's so clean! Her own skin has an adorably rosy perfection. "I cream it every single night with Pond's Cold Cream," Virginia would tell you. "Because I think Pond's is the most marvelous cream ever—and my skin just *loves* it!"

Make this happy discovery for yourself, the wonderful *goodness* of Pond's Cold

Cream for *your* skin! Every single night at bedtime follow Virginia's beauty routine. It's so easy and so effective. *This is the way that gives results:*

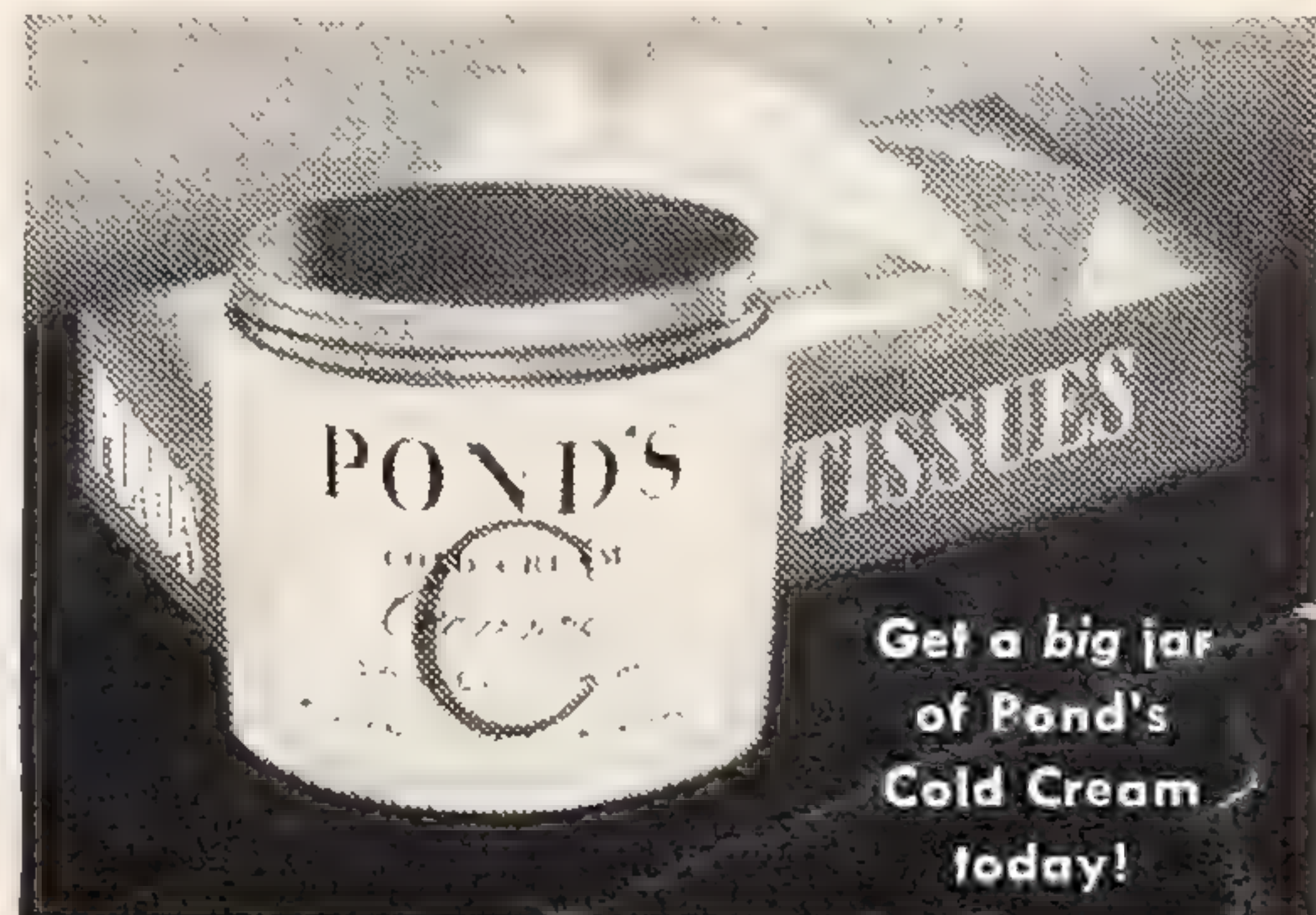
Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's Cold Cream now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn't your face feel thoroughly clean . . . blissfully soft? And did you ever see such a *smooth* look? Like satin!



Get a big jar
of Pond's
Cold Cream
today!

It's not vanity to want to show your loveliest face. When you look your very best, a happy-hearted confidence gives your face a special glow, attracts other people to you *on sight*!

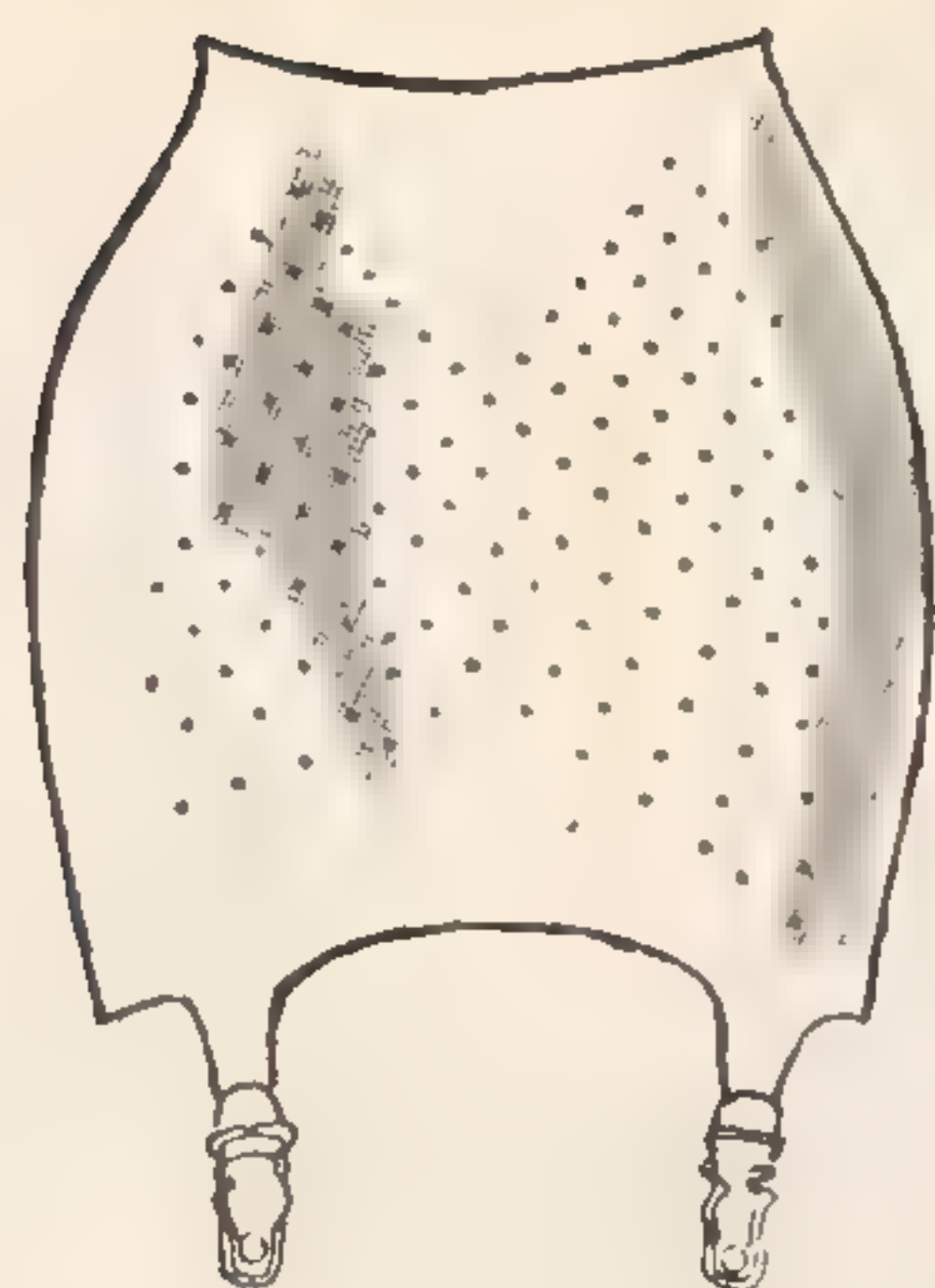
START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!

UNDERTHINGS

TO COMPLEMENT YOUR VACATION WARDROBE



1



2



3

1. For perfect form, white broadcloth Exquisite Form bra with 4-section circle-stitch cups. Also in satin. \$2.00, 32-40, A-B cup. For a smoother figure line, fab-lined Playtex girdle with sensational Adjust-All wafer-thin garters. In all sizes, "White Magic" or pink, at \$6.95

2. To round out the smaller bust line—permanently padded cotton bra with light undetectable foam rubber inserted in waffle-stitched panels. By Maidenform, 32-38, A-B cup, \$3.00. For dainty figures, Formfit's shirred elasticized net panty. \$2.95, white only, small, medium, large

3. Crisply charming under-summer clothes—flattering eyelet cotton bra with adjustable camisole straps. \$1.50 by Lovable, 32-38, A and B cup, white only. Matching garter belt with bow trim, \$1.50, 24-30

4. Everything's under control with Hollywood Maxwell's strapless bra. Elasticized back, comfortable boning keep it firmly in place. Bra cup is broadcloth with net top. \$3.98, 32-38, A, B and C cup. For billowy skirts, a Miss Elaine seersucker petticoat with frosty organdy trim. \$2.98, small, medium and large

—sweet **lingerie** dreams—

Lingerie on this page available at leading stores throughout country. For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer

Exquisite Form bra, 159 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Playtex girdle, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Maidenform bra, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Formfit panty, 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Lovable bra and garter belt, 180 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Miss Elaine petticoat by Sel-Mor, 1136 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Hollywood Maxwell bra, 6773 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.



4

photoplay fashions

Far Superior...Far More Foolproof...for Every type of Hair!

Procter & Gamble guarantees that

No Other Home Permanent Today

makes hair look..feel..behave so much like the loveliest



Naturally Curly Hair!

Dress from H. B. Wragge



Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, *Lilt* is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior . . . safer, surer for *every* type of hair . . . even for children's hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a *foolproof* Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior *Neutralizer*! It gives as *long-lasting* a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair *softer, lovelier*!

The only foolproof way to *neutralize* is the sure but easy method Lilt uses!

3. Only Lilt gives such assurance of *no kinky, frizzy look* . . . and the Lilt method is so quick, so easy, so sure!

4. Only a Lilt wave is so *easy-to-manage*. A Lilt requires *less frequent setting* than any other home permanent wave!



Refill,
only \$1.25*

(Use any plastic curlers)

Complete Kit, \$2.25*
*plus tax

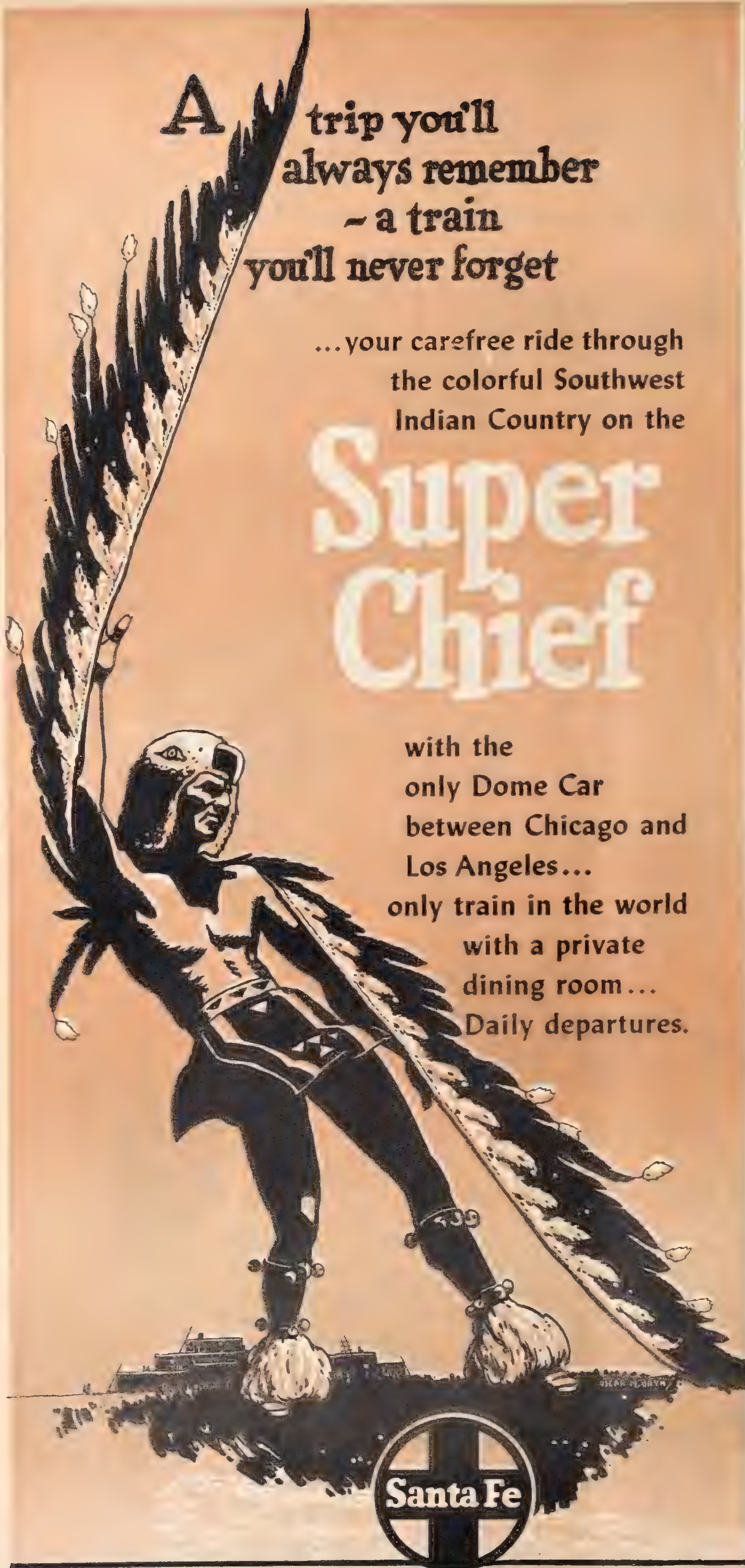


Home Permanent

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had — or your money back!

Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like *Naturally Curly Hair!*



**A trip you'll
always remember
~ a train
you'll never forget**

**...your carefree ride through
the colorful Southwest
Indian Country on the**

**Super
Chief**

**with the
only Dome Car
between Chicago and
Los Angeles...
only train in the world
with a private
dining room...
Daily departures.**



R. T. ANDERSON, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4

The Race Is On

(Continued from page 37)

of the actresses you saw in the roles. Rather, imagine how you would say these lines if the situation were real for you. If your second choice is a passage of your own choosing, have it different in mood. The only requirement of this passage is that, like the ones given here, it must be a monologue.

If you make the grade and are eligible for the next stage, the auditions, you will be notified by Photoplay by July 15th. You will then be invited to auditions which will be held in major cities throughout the country (one will be near your home) during the weeks of August 1 to August 16. At this exciting event, you will audition before the locally appointed judging boards set up by Photoplay. The boards will be composed of staff members of the local radio and television stations, local newspaper critics, high school and college dramatic teachers. Out of these auditions come the top hundred girls whose accomplishments and talent will be brought to the attention of every major network, producer, director, little theatre group and stock company in the country. Also out of this group will come the talented three girls who, at Photoplay's expense, will attend the California finals this September 14-20. There, they will audition before: James Stewart; Barbara Stanwyck; Dore Schary, M-G-M top executive; Mark Robson, famous Hollywood director; Charles Prickett, Pasadena Playhouse executive, and Lyle Rooks, Hollywood editor of Photoplay.

After the winner is selected, the two runners-up will be introduced to the casting directors of major Hollywood studios, meet the stars, tour the film capital and appear on radio or television programs.

If you are one of the talented contenders in this contest, mail your voice recordings early. If your entry is on a disc, wrap securely between cardboard so that it does not warp or break in the mails. The passages for the voice recordings are printed below.

VOICE RECORDING SELECTIONS

Record either both of the following selections or one of the following and one other short selection of your own choosing.

I WANT YOU. Reprinted courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc. Screen Play by Irwin Shaw.

Carrie Turner, nineteen, attends an out-of-town college, is home vacationing. Although in love with Jack Greer, last summer's beau, Carrie doesn't want to admit it, even to herself. When he kisses her, she pushes him away angrily.

Stop that! Can't a girl say there's a moon in this town without having you lunge at her?

Last summer I was a kid. Kissing didn't mean anything. It was a game. I don't play that game any more.

I'm growing up. I don't like people to paw me casually.

I have to tell you something. This doesn't mean anything. NOT ANYTHING. Is that understood?

Because I don't like the way you make me feel. I . . . I'm not in control of myself . . . for the first time . . . and I'm not ready yet for that.

.....
"It's tough enough to climb the ladder of success but it is still rougher trying to get through the mob at the bottom."
.....

... ALAN LADD

I have a plan for myself. I've made up my mind . . . until I'm twenty-five . . . nothing serious . . . I'm going to finish college. Travel. Maybe get a job . . .

(During this incantation, they sway closer and closer to each other. Fighting her emotion Carrie brings up each absurd project as a new barrier against Jack.)

I . . . I'm going to grow up . . . I . . . I'm going to learn how to speak Japanese . . . And there's a whole list of books I'm going to read . . . I wrote them all down . . . Two hundred and eleven books . . . The Iliad, The Critique of Pure Reason, Aristotle—I'm going to be frivolous about men and serious about everything else until I'm ready . . .

I've got to stay in control of myself . . . in control.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART. Reprinted courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen Play by Lamar Trotti.

This is the story of Jane Froman's valiant fight for recovery after the tragic plane accident that almost cost her life and the loss of one leg. Jane, not knowing whether she'll ever walk again, alternates between depression and self-pity. Clancy, a staunch friend and nurse, tries to give Jane the confidence she needs to pull her through this critical period. Hiding admiration and sympathy behind a brusque manner, Clancy speaks:

Of course, that's where we're different. If it was me that had a bad leg and some guy was still crazy about me, I'd figure maybe I was lucky . . . My love life might not be so vulnerable.

Look, this hasn't got anything to do with you, understand. I'm talking about a couple of other dames I know—pure hypothetical. But, just for argument's sake, let's say one of them's got the prettiest pair of legs in the world. A regular pin-up girl! All the fellows are just beating their brains out to marry her. Millionaires! Dopes! Producers! They can't wait. So she gets married and three columnists swoon just writing about it. But all the time this dame's wondering if this guy married her for herself or just because she's got the prettiest pair of gams in the world. And before you know it, she's worrying about what's going to happen when maybe she hasn't got the prettiest legs in the world, and about how nice it would be if she could just sit back and relax and say to herself there was something else he married her for. Like maybe because he was in love with her. Or because he admired her spirit—or stamina—or something.



Ruth Jung, one of top hundred in 1951 Photoplay Scholarship contest, went on to TV appearance with Jackie Cooper over ABC's "Hollywood Screen Test." Coaching her are producers Neil Hamilton and Lester Lewis



"'Creamwashing' with Noxzema helped my skin look so much smoother and softer," says Nellie Jane Cannon of Crooksville, Ohio. "It's a fine night cream, too!"

look lovelier in 10 days

with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL

or your money back!

See for yourself how quickly the Noxzema Home Beauty Routine can help your skin look smoother, lovelier!

This easy routine was developed by a skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin to have lovelier-looking complexions.

Surveys show that women all over the United States are switching to this sensible care. Hundreds report they're delighted with the way Noxzema helps heal externally-caused blemishes and helps skin look fresher, lovelier.

See how it can help you. No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. Remember it is a *medicated* formula. That's one secret of its amazing effectiveness.

If you have a skin problem and long for a complexion that wins compliments—just give Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine a 10 day trial.

Morning: 1. For thorough cleansing, apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water *wash* your face with Noxzema instead of using soap. How fresh and clean your skin looks after "creamwashing!" No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Apply Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

Evening: 3. "Creamwash" again with Noxzema. See how it washes away make-up, dirt. **4.** Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help your skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! And it's *greaseless*, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

*externally-caused

Noxzema works or money back!

If not delighted with results after 10 days, just return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! Get Noxzema Skin Cream today—at any drug or cosmetic counter, 40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00 plus tax.



Over-heard

(in the dormitory)



Jeanne: Same old story as last month. The party comes at the wrong time for me. I would be thinking about it every minute—afraid people would notice . . .

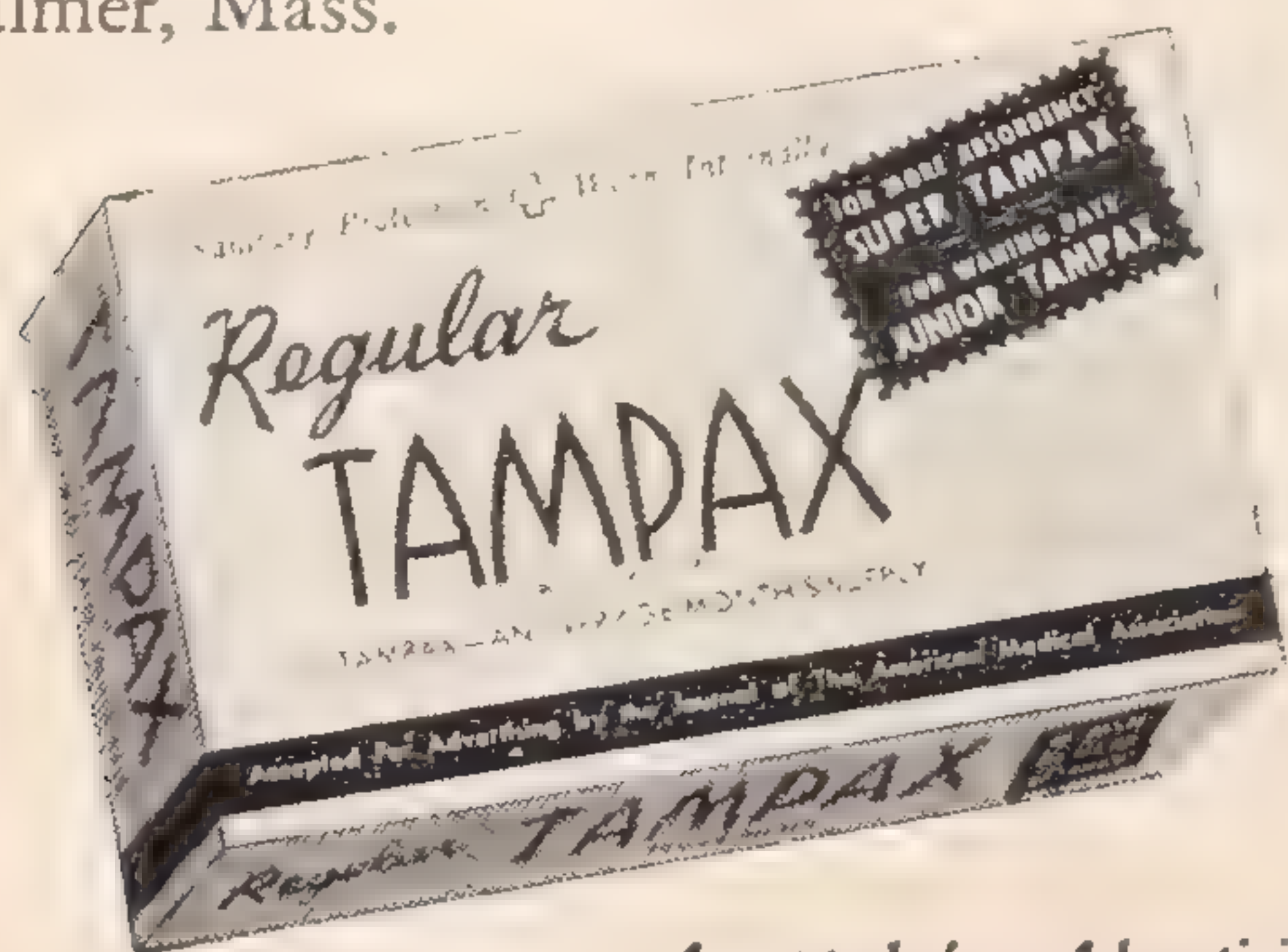
Deborah: Don't be that way. Wear Tampax this time. I heard about it from Emily. It's perfect. You forget everything! You can't even feel the Tampax!

Jeanne: That sounds wonderful. Are you sure about it?

Deborah: You ought to hear Emily rave. She knows the whole story of Tampax. How a doctor invented it—scientific principles, you know . . . *worn internally, my dear* . . . millions of women use it.

Jeanne: All right, I'm sold. I'll get some Tampax right away. See you at the party!

Tampax requires no belts, pins or supports of any kind. No external pads—no bulges or ridges for anyone to observe. No chafing or odor. Easy disposal . . . Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in slender disposable applicators. Full month's supply fits into purse. Economy size lasts 4 months (average). Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

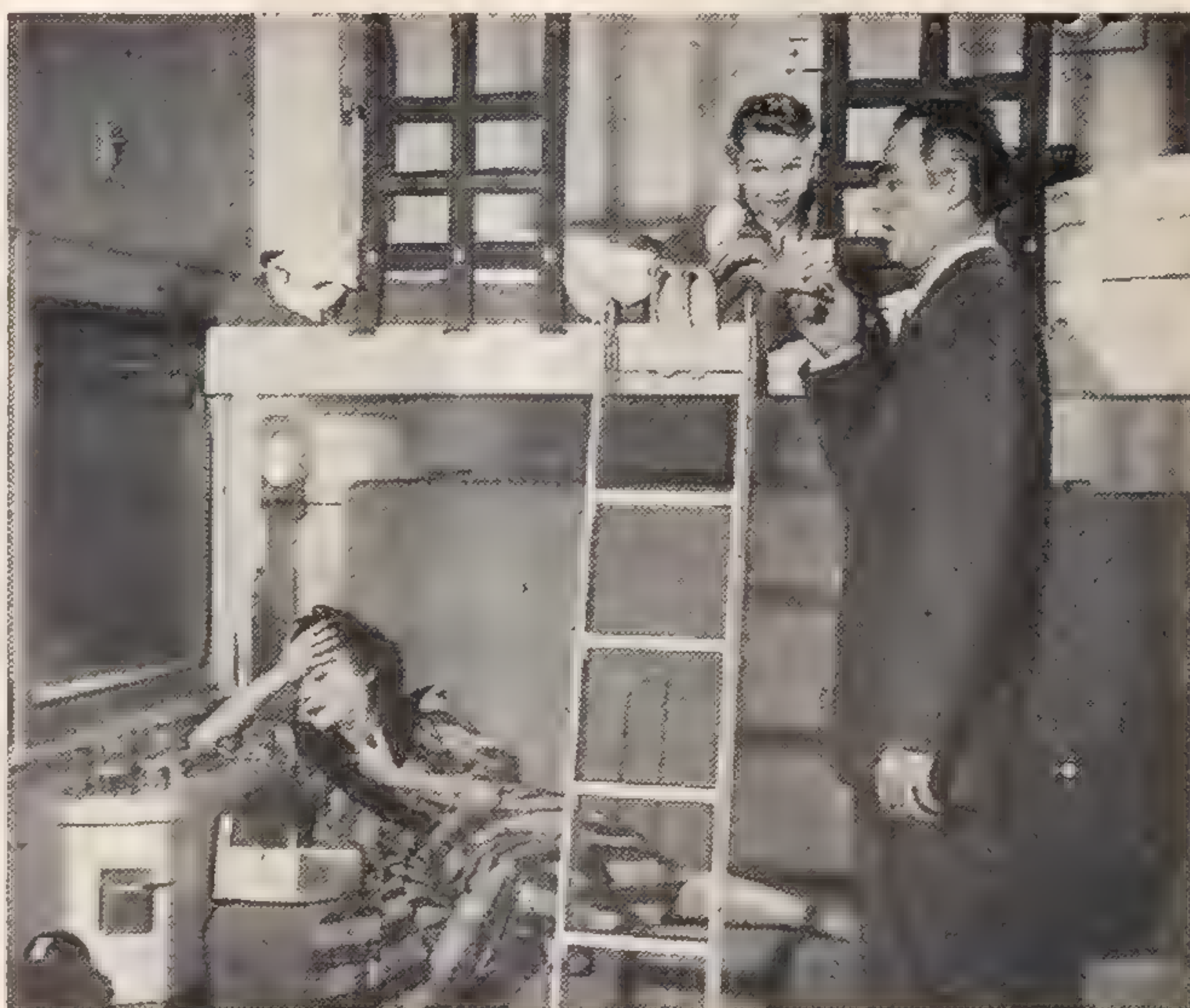
Photoplay Sneak Previews

Three for bedroom C

Gloria Swanson takes Cupid for a ride and the Super Chief becomes the setting for a gay bedroom farce



The fun begins when screen star Gloria Swanson, adopted daughter Janine Perreau, appropriate Prof. James Warren's Pullman. He doesn't recognize Gloria as the star on Photoplay's cover



Gloria turns on the charm and the dazzled chemistry professor agrees to bunk in with the Pullman porter



They fall in love. Then Fred Clark, Gloria's manager, provokes a fight. The lovers part—bitterly



But at the last stop, Gloria gets her man—with a lipstick message

IN "SUNSET BOULEVARD," Gloria Swanson played a forgotten star of the silent days. In this Warner film, she's a star of today. Gloria, who designed the clothes she wears in this picture, now has her own line of dresses.

When Gloria met Jim Warren, he was a businessman. But learning he'd been an actor (he was featured in RKO's Westerns for years), she had him tested for her leading man.

Much of this picture was actually shot aboard Santa Fe's de luxe train, the Super Chief.

The Love You Give

(Continued from page 51)

all the terrible things they had gone through, after the awful death of Julius, their second son, there was their beloved first-born, Bernie—an actor right before their eyes.

It wasn't in a real theatre. It was only at a YMCA, and Bernie had only two lines to say, playing the idiot son of a lighthouse keeper in a show called "Thunder Rock." Unknown to his parents, he'd shaved his head for the part just before going on, and he scared his parents half to death, the way he looked. In fact, he scared Mamma so that she screamed out, and her scream scared him so that he forgot his two lines. But just the same, there Bernie was on a stage—in a Young Men's Christian Association, yet, and talking in English, and so handsome.

TODAY in Hollywood, so happily under contract to Universal-International, so ecstatically married to Janet Leigh, Tony remembers how pain and pleasure continually came together in his childhood. "I was a big baby till I was nearly five," he says—as though such prolonged babyhood were a crime. "I was scared to death when I was four and they told me I had to have my tonsils out, but after the operation they promised me all the ice cream I wanted. I ate a whole quart, right then and there, which was worth giving up tonsils for."

The Schwartzes were often dispossessed for non-payment of rent. Mono was eternally trying to find a little shop, with rooms behind it in which they could live. Their diet consisted largely of potato pancakes, which are cheap, warm and filling, and which Tony adores to this day. But again and again the same pitiful pattern turned up in their lives. Mono would give credit for pressing and cleaning, and then when his customers couldn't pay, he couldn't pay either and all his customers' clothes as well as his own pitiful equipment would be dumped into the street. When the second son, Julius, was born, things got tougher and Bernie went to work, not for a fast buck, but for a quick nickel or dime. His father made him a little shoe shine stand, and with that as his passport, he'd venture farther and farther downtown, from the neighborhood of the East River and the 'Seventies, which was his usual background, to the elegance of the 'Sixties, the business of the 'Fifties. And this was really how he discovered the carriage trade, and the value of acting.

The carriage trade was at Bloomingdale's, a department store near Third Avenue and Fifty-Ninth Street. (Bernie and his pals would never have dared venture clear over to Fifth Avenue or Park, where the real carriage trade was.) He did sometimes go, with his father, to Central Park, which skirts Fifth Avenue. Walking through the park on magical, rare Sundays with his dad, he made believe he was the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, about whom his father had told him, and that the park was their royal estate. Actually, his father pointed out the shacks which had sprung up within parts of the park. "Hooverville," his father said, was what they were called, those shacks housing some of the unemployed of the great depression. But Bernie ignored them. The dream was better.

Bloomingdale's, on the other hand, was strictly business. With his bootblack box hung over his shoulder, wearing his shabbiest clothes and usually only one stocking and that one with a hole in it, Bernie would sidle up to a lady as she left the store, her arms laden with packages. If

Are you
unknowingly risking
married
happiness
...even your
health?

Don't Fail to Read These Frank
Facts About the Most Intimate
Concern of Your Life...

It's a tragedy that so many young women keep up with the latest fashions and hair-do's yet remain so woefully old-fashioned (really uninformed) about the most intimate concern of their lives—*internal feminine cleanliness*.

Too many women do not realize the great importance of putting ZONITE in their douche for *complete* hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness), for married happiness, their health and to protect against unmentionable odors.

Some women think they have to use harmful poisons, overstrong solutions of which in time can cause serious damage. Others go to the other extreme and use weak homemade solutions of vinegar, salt and soda. Your own good sense should convince you these 'kitchen makeshifts' DO NOT and CAN NOT offer you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of modern ZONITE. Yet ZONITE is *absolutely safe* to tissues.

Proof of ZONITE'S GREAT SAFETY to Tissues

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. It is *not* a poison. It is positively non-irritating. ZONITE contains no phenol, mercury or creosote. It is safe to leave around your home.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE thoroughly deodorizes. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. Whereas it's not always possible to contact every germ in the tract, you can depend on ZONITE to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. It leaves one with such a refreshed dainty feeling. Always use as directed.

THIS IDEAL "ALL-PURPOSE" ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE
SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST

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Zonite
FOR NEWER
Feminine Hygiene

*Offer good only in U.S. and Canada



Suit by
Larry Aldrich



NEW!
FREE!

Mail coupon for FREE book (never before published). Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. PP-52, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

WIN

The Time of Your Life!

ENTER THE LOVABLE GIRL CONTEST

ALL THESE PRIZES!

- WIN** All-expense-paid trip to New York City.
- WIN** 4-day stay at New York's famous Governor Clinton Hotel!
- WIN** Year's supply of flattering Lovable bras!
- WIN** Traveling set of Amelia Earhart Luggage!
- WIN** Lovely creations designed by Henry Rosenfeld!
- WIN** Year's supply of Scandia's luxury cosmetics, perfumes and lipsticks!
- WIN** Complete Candy Jones Con-over High Fashion and Beauty Training Course!
- WIN** Personal TV and RADIO appearances with these famous judges in the Lovable Girl Contest:



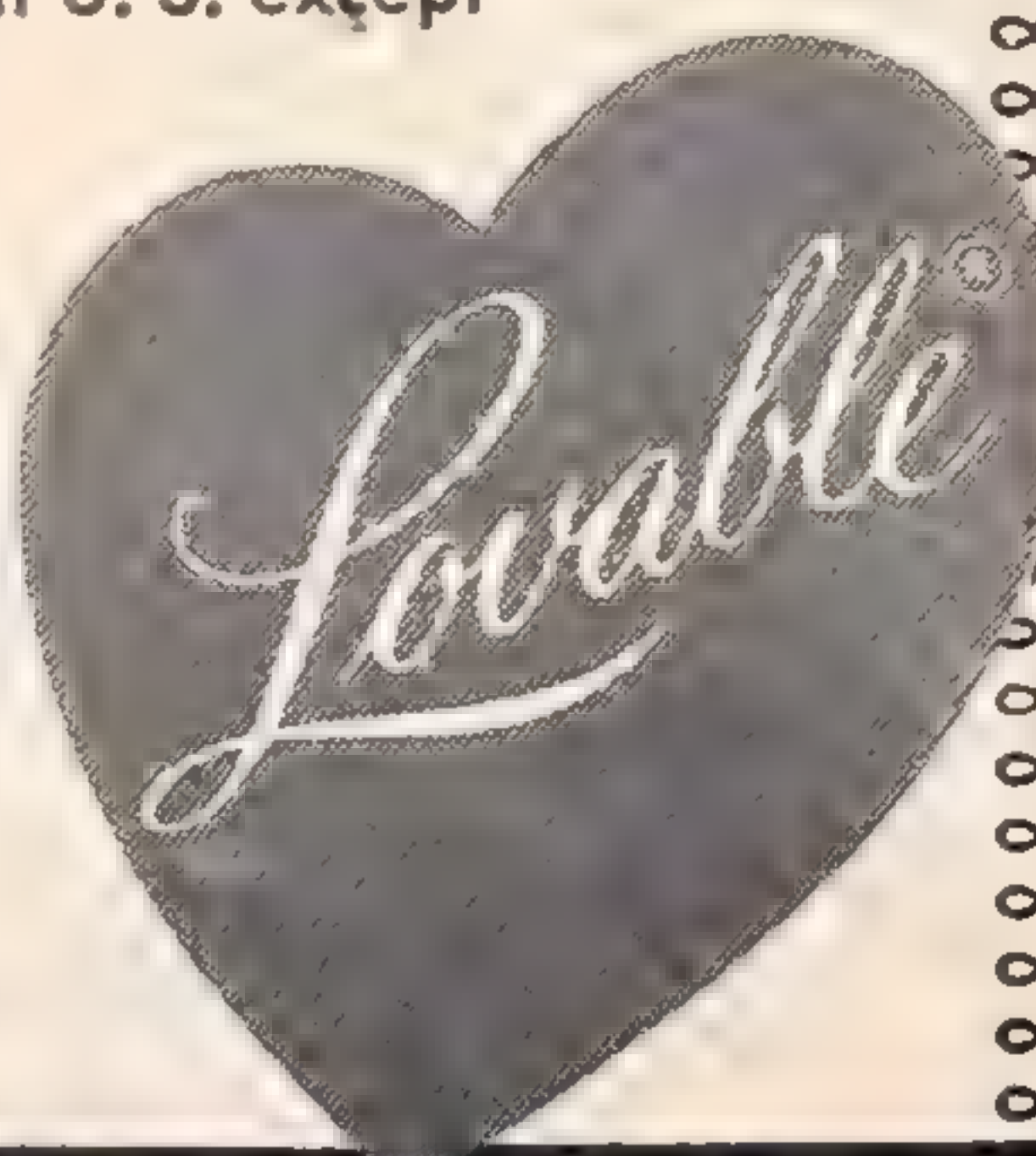
LANNY ROSS
Famous singer
heard weekdays
on Mutual Network
coast-to-coast.



MILO BOULTON
Star of
"Domestically
Yours," daily on
WJZ-TV in N. Y.

AND HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER:

Send a good recent photo with your name, address, age and following measurements: bust, waist, hips, height and weight. Mail to Lovable Girl Contest, Box 1176, G. P. O., N. Y. 1, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked before Midnight, May 15. THAT'S ALL...NO LABELS... NOTHING TO BUY! Contest is open to all girls living in U. S. except employees of Lovable, Photo-play or their agencies. Decision of judges is final; all photos non-returnable. No ties or second prize awarded.



THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO.
180 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 16

she was also trying to signal a taxi, Bernie knew he was in. "Help you across the street, lady?" he'd ask, smiling like an angel. The older and the better dressed the lady was, the more she'd melt under that smile. Rare indeed was the lady who didn't tip a dime, a quarter, and sometimes there was a mad-woman who'd give him a dollar.

Men, and shoe-shines, were tougher. Bernie had staked out a corner at 72nd and 3rd Ave. Only one block East prosperity began, at Lexington, to mount into wealth at Park and Madison and Fifth. Bernie gave good shines to those shoes which were so often English custom made and he figured, by adding a quick clothes brush-down, he'd rate an extra tip—a hundred per cent profit—a nickel for the shine and a nickel tip. One day, working on a real dude, he had visions of maybe a quarter altogether. So he gave those shoes a super shine and then advanced with his whiskbroom.

"Get away from me with that filthy broom," the man cried, kicking out so violently that he nearly broke the shine box and scattered its contents in every direction. With that he threw a nickel into Bernie's face and walked away.

HATRED and wild, almost uncontrollable anger were no strangers to Bernie Schwartz's moods. But this day, in his nine-year-old life, he knew such anger that he prayed over it to his personal god of vengeance. "Don't let me forget this man's face," he begged. "Someday I'm going to kill him."

Even at that age he often had to take a beating from bigger boys, but he was learning. There was the time, for example, when Bernie was playing around a condemned house with two Czech boys.

On this occasion an Irish boy, big and menacing, suddenly joined them. "What's your name?" he demanded of one of the little Czechs. "Flanagan," he wavered.

"And what's yours?" he asked of Bernie Schwartz. "O'Flaherty," said Bernie.

The Irish boy knocked him clear across the roof; then, as he struggled to rise, he hit him again. "That first one was for being a Jew," the Irish boy said. "The second one was for not being Irish and this one," he hurled it, closing one of Bernie's eyes, "is for being a liar."

Even as he heard the rest of his gang retreating, Bernie lay still, absorbing the lesson. The Irish boy was right, he decided. Lying served no useful purpose, and only got you into more trouble.

On the other hand, making believe was different. That was acting, that was getting away with something like his elaborate and dangerous game of "victim" whereby, dodging in and out of the East Side traffic, he would pretend to be hit, and fall moaning to the street. The driver would almost always pull up, hastily stuff money into his hand, murmur, "I'm sorry, kid," and then rush away. "Never once did one of them offer to take me to a hospital," says Tony, now. "That was mean of them, but it was good, too, because I'd have been arrested, I suppose, if any of them had."

He always had one sanctuary, growing up, and that was his home. His grandmother and grandfather had come to America now and lived near them, like his father, eking out a bare living. But what those Schwartzes lacked in cash they more than made up in love.

"We were a very kissing family," Tony says. "Once in a while when things had gone well at my father's shop or I'd made a haul in tips, the whole Schwartz clan would gather to celebrate. Mom would have potato pancakes and soft drinks for Julie and me. The older folks would have

some sweet wine and when we were particularly prosperous, we'd have dessert with a penny's worth of bubble gum in addition for me and Julie."

Then it happened, that accident that Bernie had made believe about so often, and had made pay him so well. Only this time it was real.

There had been an American Legion parade that day. "We'd tagged that parade all afternoon," says Tony, "and we'd had a ball. Then all of a sudden, some little kids came running over to me. 'A boy was knocked down by a truck,' they shouted. 'It looked like your brother.' The next minute I saw the traffic cop coming toward me. 'I want you to identify this kid,' he said.

"It was the worst moment I'd ever endured. Julie had always been more sensitive than I. I had planned how I'd help him over the rough spots, so he wouldn't have it as tough as I'd had it. Now, somehow, I knew the worst had happened. I wanted to run for my folks. I wanted to scream for my mother. Then I knew I couldn't do it. I was twelve, then. I knew I had to act grown up. I think maybe then I did grow up. I certainly knew I never was really young again, after I looked down and saw that it was Julie.

"They took him to the hospital and for two days they did all they could. Only it wasn't enough. And what I'll never forget was the lawyer for the trucking concern, talking to my folks afterward, when they came to give us \$2,000 in settlement. 'Too bad the boy didn't live,' the guy said. 'That way you would have had a steady income for life—not big, maybe, but continuing.'

"Just like I wanted to kill the man who had kicked my shoe-shine box apart, I wanted to kill that lawyer. And if it hadn't been for Paul Schwartz, the chances are I might have ended up like other kids in that neighborhood—doing a stretch of time up the river."

Paul Schwartz wasn't any relation of Bernie (Tony Curtis) Schwartz—but he was a man with an understanding of tenement kids, their problems, and what might save them.

TODAY, Tony recalls with tears in his eyes: "Two months after Julie's death we were robbed from the store," he says. (And that's the way he says it—"robbed from the store." He didn't speak English until he was nearly eight and still when he gets excited he reverts and puts a foreign construction on his sentences.) "My father lost everything and presently he flipped completely. So my mother had to break up our place and I went into a home. But it wasn't too long before my father was all right again, and trying again, but what did he ever know from business? He should have been an actor which is what he always yearned for."

Paul Schwartz was a settlement worker and he sought Tony out, suggesting he come into the acting class they had near his district. Until that moment, the boy had never heard of *King Arthur* and his *Knights of the Round Table*. After that he could dream of little else. When Paul suggested to Tony and his gang that they do a play about these *Knights*, paint the scenery for it, fix up the costumes, which were mostly cardboard swords, memorize lines, the boys went along with the idea. Until the casting of *Queen Guinevere* came up. None of them was willing to play a "goil." "We were still all at that stage where we couldn't figure what girls were for anyhow," Tony explains, grinning.

Finally our Mr. Curtis consented to be *Guinevere*. It was either that or not have the show—he was tough enough now to knock out any of the guys who might kid

him about it. He even consented to wear a gold wig—and the acting bug bit deep into him when, incredible as he looked, he did somehow convey a very faint atmosphere of reality to the proceedings.

The boys were suddenly heroes in their neighborhood, the ideals of parents, the ideals of the other kids. Tony heard about a settlement house further downtown which taught more—the Henry Street Settlement. He went there, and learned more. From his slender earnings, he gave a quarter a week to the settlement house, which entitled him to summer camp and there he taught dramatics to other boys younger than he, his repayment to Paul for what he'd been given. And he taught gym to crippled kids, too, which is something he still does with great success. He became sixteen and in high school, and then the war came, and when he was seventeen, he enlisted.

THERE had been a few girls in his life up until then, but very unimportantly. There was Elizabeth, who loved a boy named Frank, who in turn loved Gretchen, who loved Tony, who preferred Elizabeth. "We made up foursomes," Tony says, "and if the right two of us got together, the other two were unhappy. I learned right then and there life is never complete." There was a girl named Anne when he was in Seward Park High School. There was also a girl in high who offered to teach him how to kiss. "I was one of her best students," Tony says, yet he honestly doesn't remember her name. The whole truth is that he never remotely fell in love until he met Janet Leigh. And because he waited so long to fall in love, he believes he will not fall out of love, either, but that he and his beautiful wife will grow, year by year, in love as have his grandparents and his parents before him.

He was three years in the Navy, the greater portion of the time on the SS *Dragonette*, a submarine. He had two reasons for volunteering for sub service and they were like his character—both idealistic and practical.

"I got that Jewish thing thrown in my face again," Tony says. "There we were, all fighting Hitler's Jewish persecution, but just the same, the anti-Semitic influence would appear on deck every so often. So, as a Jew, I thought it was my duty to go into one of the most dangerous branches of service. And also, I liked that 50 per cent more pay you got for sub duty."

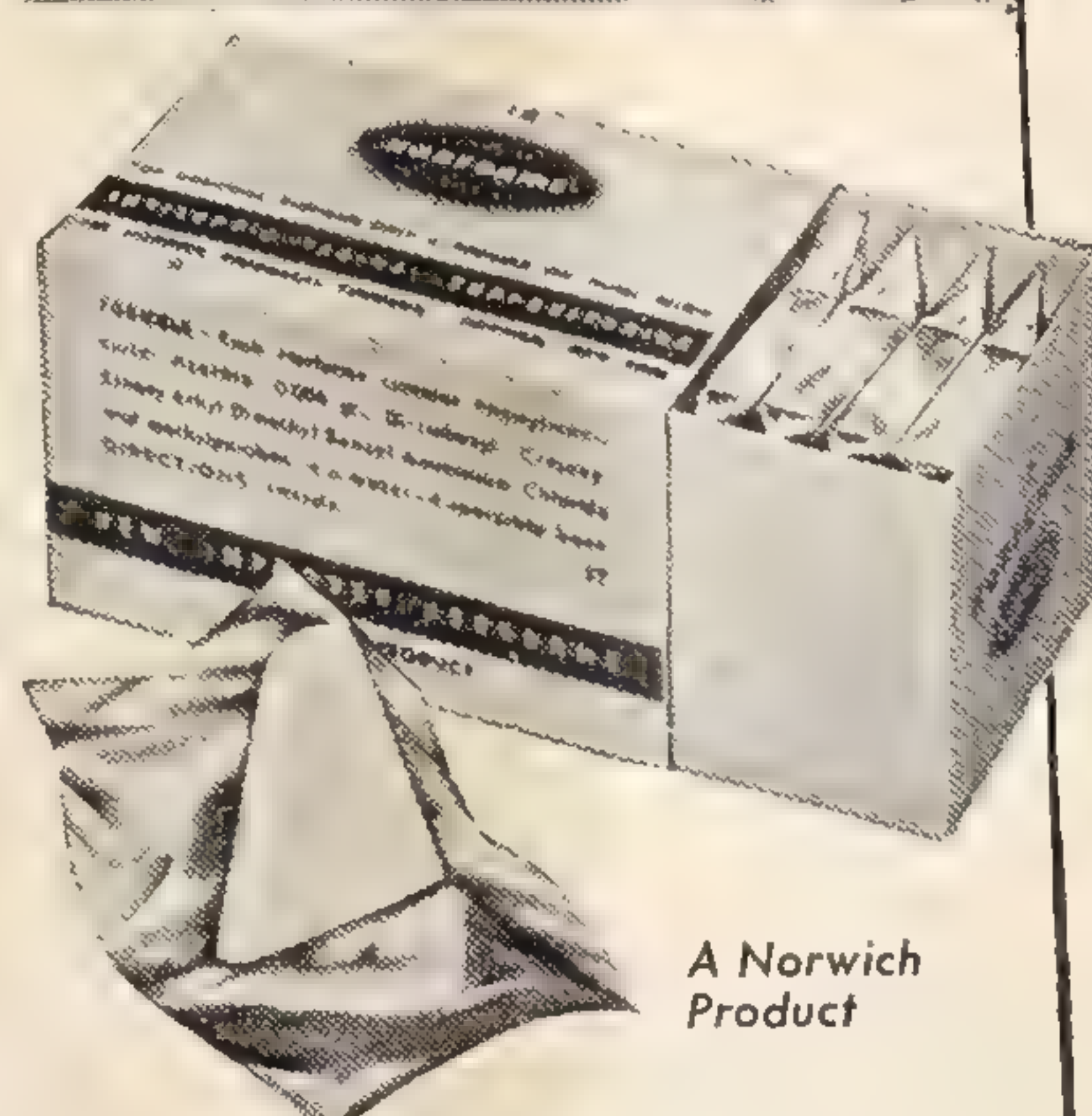
It was at Guam, while loading a torpedo, that the loading chain broke. It slid across the deck, hitting his spine. When they picked him up, his legs were paralyzed and for seven weeks he lay in a base hospital, believing he would never walk again. In fact, it still bothers him a little to dance, if he is somewhat overtired.

He came back to Manhattan, a man of twenty with two quite varied ambitions. He went back to high school, long enough to get his diploma. He then went to the Dramatic Workshop of the New School of Social Research for a year. "I never quit acting," he says. "If I saw an old peddler on the street, I'd walk home imitating him. If I passed a woman carrying a baby, I'd try being both of them."

He had saved \$300 while in the Navy. Before his enlistment, he had never owned a whole suit, so he spent \$200 of his money on clothes, which he thought then were "sharp" and which he realizes now were terrible clothes. He could live, he knew, on his veteran's compensation and he did, until one day, standing in front of a poolhall, he saw another vet doing the same thing. The next day he was studying acting under the G. I. Bill.

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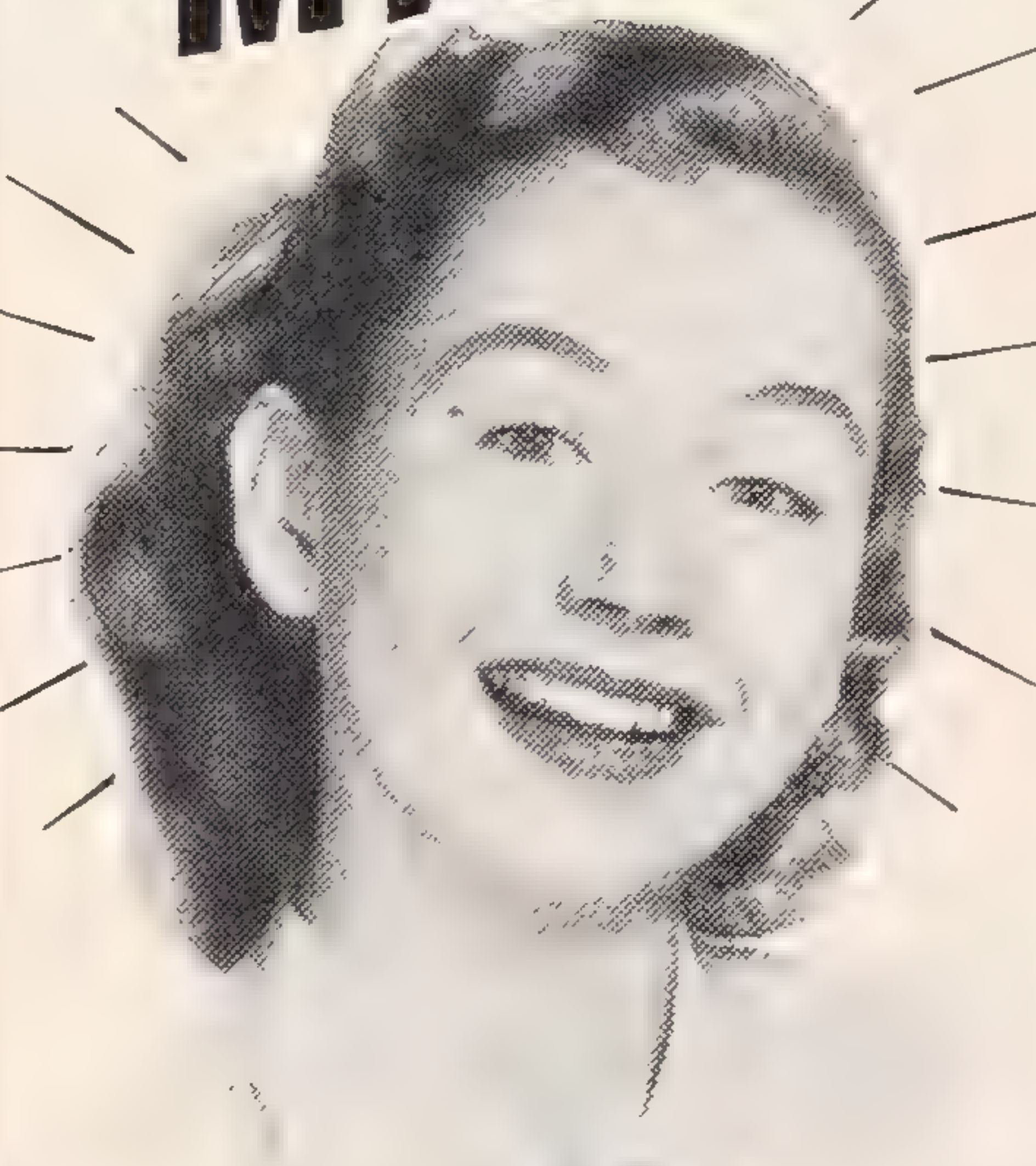


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which means, usually, an all-Jewish company playing in the resorts around New York City for all-Jewish audiences. Later, he joined with a group of other ex-Dramatic Workshop students and took over the Cherry Lane Theatre, one of Manhattan's smallest playshops. A Universal-International talent scout, Bob Goldstein, was in the audience one night when Tony was playing the lead in "Golden Boy." Mr. Goldstein has a fine eye for talent. By a beautiful coincidence, Tony learned on the afternoon of his twenty-second birthday that he was actually being sent to Hollywood under contract for an unbelievable and fabulous \$100 a week. He thought.

He arrived in Hollywood, knowing no one, hustled to his studio and discovered no one knew him either. It was two miserable days later before he caught up with Bob Goldstein, who straightened everyone out. Then he discovered he had to join the Screen Actors Guild, which costs \$150 and that he was on "layoff" from the studio, which means no dough. Since he had arrived with \$4.12 net capital, something obviously had to be done. It was. The studio "pro-rated" him so that for nineteen weeks he got the lavish sum of \$32 weekly.

Two very different girls were very kind to him. One was Ann Blyth, who volunteered to make his first film test with him, and went on a date with him when all he could afford to buy her was some soda pop at the beach. The other was Shelley Winters, who found him a place to live, on a cooperative basis, with a lot of other young actors.

"City Across the River" was the picture that did it for him. He'd been in one previously, playing a bit. He played a bit in "City," too, but he did get his face in the camera and that was all that was needed. The cast was entirely composed of young people, all hoping for stardom.

Only Tony made it. He did four pictures after "City" before he was starred in "The Prince Who Was a Thief." Meantime he moved his people out to join him in Hollywood. And he met Janet Leigh.

He fell in love with her at first sight but when he discovered she was practically engaged to Arthur Loew Jr., the wealthy son of one of the founders of her studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he held off for months before he tried to date her. But once he began, he more than made up in imagination for what he lacked in cash. They were silly gifts he bought her daily—but adorable: earrings from the dime store, flowers from a neighbor's garden, candy in penny bags.

Neither Janet's studio nor Tony's was exactly hot for the idea of their marrying, thinking it would hurt their box-office standing, and last spring, U-I sent Tony on the road with Piper Laurie to plug "The Prince Who Was a Thief" and M-G-M sent Janet to Pittsburgh on location for "Angels in the Outfield." That did it. They eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, in June, have lived in the wildest happiness ever since—and their box-office ratings are bigger than ever.

Which, of course, is the proper way the first chapter of a Hollywood prince who began as a pauper should end. Only Tony, being colorful and modern and still Bernie Schwartz, finally says, "It all proves what my father told me when I was a kid.

"When I grew old enough for Bar Mitzvah, my confirmation into the church, I was worried over how I would appear, how I'd act. That's when my father told me to forget how I might or might not impress people. He said, 'My son, it is the love you give that makes you—and everybody you come in contact with—happy.'"

Tony has lived by that rule ever since and the whole world loves him accordingly.

THE END

Four Smart Girls

(Continued from page 43)

Piper Laurie. Such a lovely dream. And that is all that it is. For not one of these girls started that way. These are four smart girls who found out how never to appear at less than their absolute best.

You can do the same thing. It's the nicest art there is—the art of making yourself irresistible.

No two girls could possibly be less alike, in temperament, in background, or in looks than Piper Laurie and June Haver. Yet both of them, as teenagers, faced exactly the same beauty problem.

It is one that most teenagers face—the quality of discovering themselves, their faults and their assets, in a beauty kind of way, and then planning exactly what they are going to do about it.

When Piper was going to Los Angeles High, her idol was Lana Turner. She wanted to bleach her hair, like Lana's, but her mother stopped that. She wanted to wear slinky formals, like Lana's, and this much she did put across on her mother. She piled her hair up on her head in a pompadour about six inches high except for the occasions when she let it swing loose, like a blanket around her shoulders. She wore too much, too black mascara and her lipstick was painted on her mouth for almost an extra inch on both lips. Since she also wore a powder base, under her make-up, there was practically no way of telling what her true coloring was—hair, eyes, skin or mouth.

She didn't look like Lana when she got finished. She didn't look like Piper Laurie, either—and distinctly she didn't look like

the beautiful Piper Laurie of today. But since she did get signed by Universal-International, she still felt she was on the right track—until that day when she went on the set of a Shelley Winters picture.

The sultry Winters was playing one of her typical "bad" girls and as she came flashing toward the camera, Piper heard the director say, "You can take lessons from this girl, Piper. She's really an artist. Look, for instance, at the way she's had them cake that make-up on her—so that she can prove in a glance what a cheap dame she's portraying."

The mascara was so heavy on Piper's lashes that she practically couldn't raise her eyes to look at him. But when she did, she saw he wasn't being sly, that he wasn't pointing out that she, too, looked overmade-up, and therefore cheap. Nevertheless, she was shocked. For there was Shelley for a part—wearing a slinky dress and shoes with bows on them. Piper had been wearing just such an outfit, only hers was for true.

Piper went straight home and scrubbed her face. Taking a hand mirror out into the sun, she studied her pale skin against her red-gold hair. She didn't actually like what she saw. The contrast seemed to her too emphatic—but she also saw that it was distinctive.

She tried wearing tomboyish clothes for a time—dungarees and plaid shirts—but they were wrong for her, she felt, for she was still wearing a long bob.

Daily she experimented. She had been wearing very dark red lipstick. She tried pale pink—which looked like nothing on

her mouth. She tried one with considerable blue in it, which was simply terrible. Finally she got a pink-orange lipstick, which is what she still uses. She stopped all cheek rouge.

The mascara experiments came next. She eliminated black, tried dark brown, abandoned that for the lightest brown. The copper tones of her hair, the orange in the lipstick, the brown-blond lashes began to make a color combination of her pale young face, like one of those golden summer lilies in a July garden.

Right at that moment she was cast in "Louisa" in a part as young as she really was, eighteen. The designers put her in clothes so simple she hated them until she saw on screen how effective they were.

Today, Piper talks to the studio fashion designers constantly. She wears soft, very feminine, very young clothes.

While still on her Lana kick, Piper had put permanents in her hair, but now she lets her naturally curly red locks fall into their own soft waves.

However, Piper did evolve one appearance trick that is just the reverse of naturalness. This one is definitely art, and it is based on her idea that no matter how well one specific clothes style, or hair-do, or make-up may be for you, if you affect it utterly and always, you get dull.

Piper gets her moments when she doesn't want her wide-eyed girl look, when she wants to be definitely smooth. You probably know that mood, too. At such times, she slicks her hair back, fastens it just below the crown of her head in a horse tail and, if it's evening and she's doing the town in a big, formal way, she wears black lace. Her black lace formal is full-skirted and strapless—not siren-ish, but definitely sophisticated. In this get-up she uses dark blue mascara on her lashes and the faintest pink face powder. "But

I'll never return to heavy make-up," says Piper.

June Haver's problem, when she arrived in Hollywood, just fifteen, was also that of transforming superficial sophistication into a real know-how of beauty. She wasn't just a little schoolgirl, like Piper. She was, instead, a stage child, with a wholly professional background. She wore the highest heels, the sheerest hose, the longest bob, the most bows. In personality June always was a perfect darling, and she still is, but in her starting days, she looked like a doll in a toy shop.

So one of her teachers at Twentieth Century-Fox took her aside and told her she ought to try being more natural in appearance. Poor Junie. She took it so seriously, she went all out the other way. She turned herself into a little peasant. Peasant blouses, falling off her shoulders and cut down to there. Peasant skirts flaring out from her lovely legs, ribbons and bows and silver buttons around her waist, bows and flowers and heaven knows what all in her hair.

ACTUALLY, it was June's dates who changed her—and incidentally, a smart girl always can learn a lot about appearance from what the boys say. Junie has always been very popular with males but, when she was first starting out, she noticed that whenever she did wear anything tailored, she always got boy compliments. With her keen mind, she couldn't figure whether that was because men are always buying tailored things for themselves and therefore recognize good tailoring, or because they actually were more becoming to her. But she did like to have scads of dates to choose from, so she began getting more suits. At first, they were fancy, but as she progressed, she got them simpler and simpler—and found she was getting

fancier and fancier compliments thereby. To show you how her mind works, when short hair first came in, about three years ago and before too many people were wearing it, June cut hers very short. Then she took a screen test in it, and she discovered that while the short hair-do made her head look tiny and chic, when her figure was regarded as a whole, it was not becoming to her head or to her profile in close-up. Actually, she has never worn very short hair on screen and doesn't expect to. After her very close cut, she wore a bun and bangs pinned on, till her hair grew back again, to about one-half the original length she had affected.

Today, whether evening or daytime, she is one of the best dressed of the younger crowd. She has achieved the right balance between daintiness, that suits her Dresden-doll coloring and smoothness. She wears the most naturalistic make-up, a pink-red lipstick, a rachel face powder, the lightest touch of brown mascara, and for evening, a faint touch of gray-blue eye shadow.

By day, she wears dressmaker suits, custom-made or soft; tailored dresses, ditto. She is always spotless. By night, because her shoulders and bosom are so smooth and attractive, she wears strapless gowns, in tulle, gossamer or chiffon in soft pastels, with white predominating. Her favorite personality trick is to remember her date's pet perfume. She always wears it when she goes out with him thereafter. (The way she remembers is to mark his initials on the bottom of the bottle.)

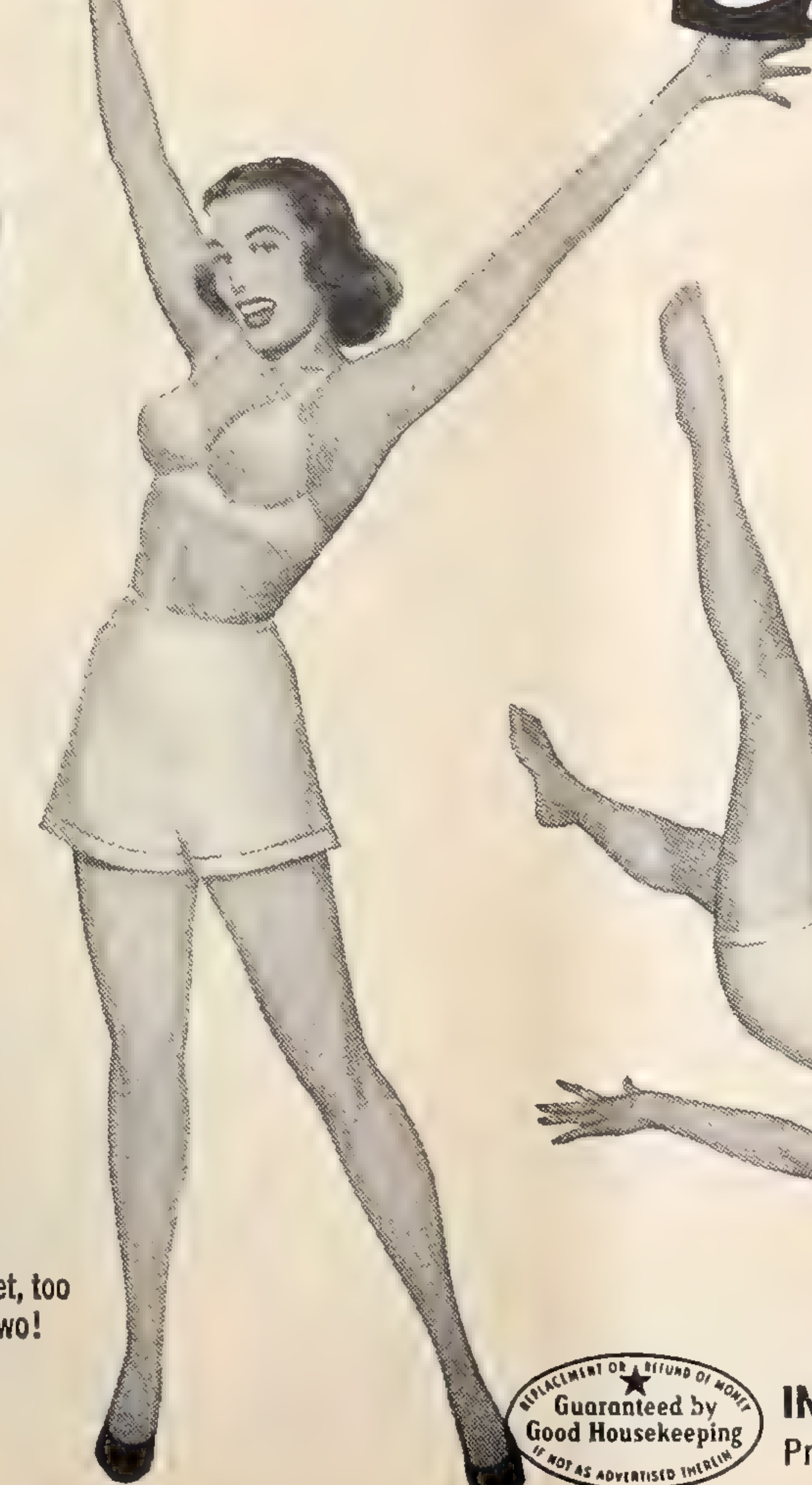
Kathryn Grayson is willing to admit that the greatest thing that has come into her life in the last year is the short short haircut. But she never would have had it if she hadn't had to emcee a fashion show in New Orleans and she would never have had to do that if she hadn't made "The Toast of New Orleans," so hereby hangs

Your "daily dozen" makes you slim  keep your budget trim



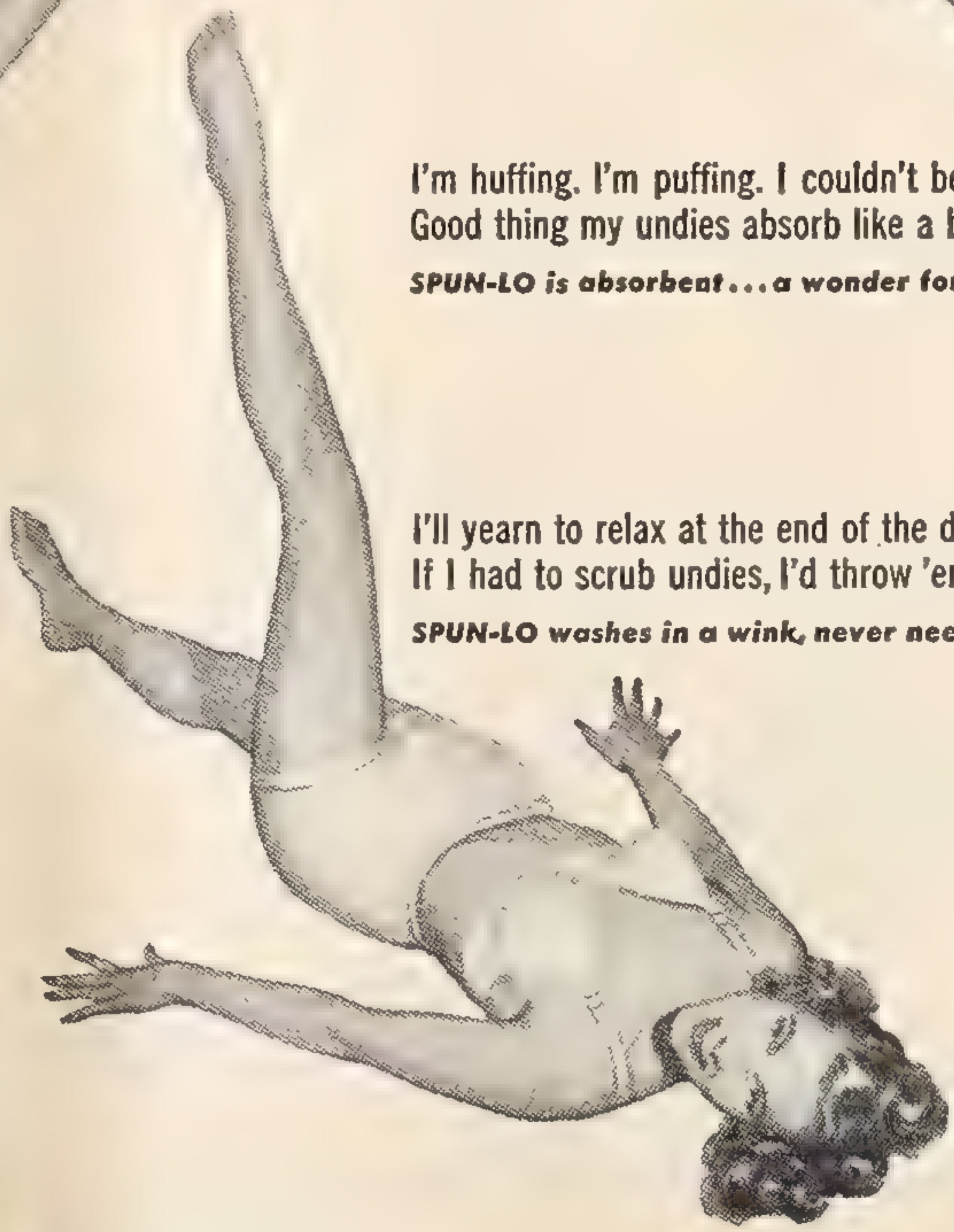
I couldn't stretch in panties that bind
I wear the comfiest briefs I can find!

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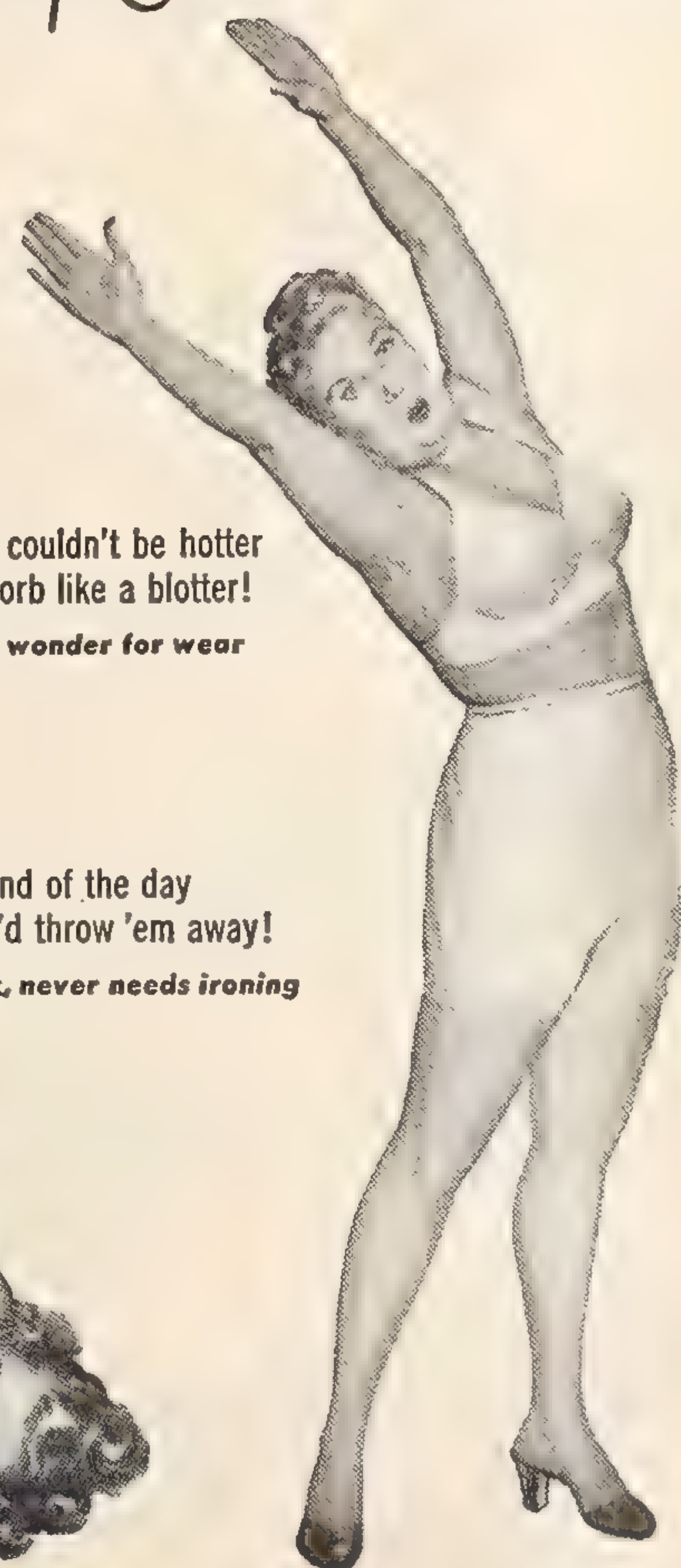
I'm huffing. I'm puffing. I couldn't be hotter
Good thing my undies absorb like a blotter!

SPUN-LO is absorbent... a wonder for wear



I'll yearn to relax at the end of the day
If I had to scrub undies, I'd throw 'em away!

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a tale. Katie openly and frankly admits that until this event she was a pretty sloppy girl. She loves music and she loves life and she felt her days were too short to go around spending hours shopping for exactly the right gloves to go with the right hat to go with the right dress. Or to sit under the hair dryer daily for a daily hair-set, or to give up grubbing in the garden, in order to protect her manicure, or any of the rest of it.

Of course, she got the full beauty treatment when she was on screen. Dutiful as a good child, she stood or sat and let them put on her whatever her roles demanded. Clothes went over her head and fell about her lusciously full figure. Make-up went on her face, emphasizing that sexy mouth and pert nose. Katie gave it all no mind. These were experts at work. Her thoughts were concentrated on the lines she had to speak, the music she had to sing. Lots of teen-agers are as Katie was until the New Orleans episode, so concentrated on what they must do that they can not externalize enough to "sell" themselves, sell their beauty or personality.

PERSONAL appearances are hard on all stars because their time is as overcrowded as a college frosh going through rush week. Besides their actual appearances in the theatres, there are interviews, photographic sittings, teas, lunches and dinners with dignitaries—and in Katie's case there was this particular early morning fashion show, coming after a particularly late and fatiguing night before.

She didn't have time to have her long hair set. She barely had time to dress. She threw on a black dress, fortunately, pulled on a perky hat, tossed on some lipstick—and walked out before the best-groomed bunch of women she had ever seen. She would have feared this in Chicago, she would have anticipated it in New York—but New Orleans, being so much smaller, caught her off-guard. She did not know that its women pride themselves on their extreme chic.

Now grooming is really polishing. Diamonds in the rough are certainly diamonds—but no one except the person with an expert eye is attracted to them that way. Kathryn Grayson, of Hollywood, a romantic dreamer, saw before her women who had polished their appearance to the last gleam of charm and attraction. Standing before them all, she was very neat and very beautiful. But that wasn't enough and, for the first time, she fully comprehended this.

Back in Hollywood she went at once to her hairdresser. "Tell me how I can always have my hair perfectly groomed." That was how her short short cut came about—and with it a psychological change in her, augmented by a trip to England—but that is another story. Her short short cut, with a cold wave permanent, was one that she could arrange anywhere in a minute or two. And the fact of it gave her a sense of release. The light weight of her head, in contrast to the weight her long, heavy hair had given her, gave a lift to her spirit, too. You saw a warmer, more outward going Kathryn as the result of this in "Showboat" and when "Lovely to Look At" gets out you will see a still warmer, happier girl because of the new short cut, plus England.

What happened on her trip for a Command Performance in England was that she felt it would be bad taste in an austerity country to be too glittering and glamorous. Fortunately, however, she did take one evening gown of the ultra glamour type. On her very first day there, a group of reporters expressed their hope that she'd be very colorful for them. Then one of the court ladies, sent to instruct her

in royal etiquette, spoke wistfully about how she hoped she would dress. But the payoff came when a group of ultra-polite fans stopped her on the street and said they couldn't wait for the big evening, to see her going in to the performance and "looking the way we just remember that everyone used to look."

Katie came back with a new respect for glamour, realizing the hope and happiness it can bring people.

Doris Day's beauty evolution was unlike any of these other girls. Even as a tiny child, she always knew she wanted to sing, and even before she was in her teens, she was so neat, she changed her clothes every time she got so much as one spot on them. As she was a tomboy, this meant changing constantly.

Then when she went out on the road with various name bands, her problem was her lack of funds. Since she had her baby to support, she didn't have enough money for fancy clothes. Yet as a "canary" she faced the necessity of many changes of "formals." She also, with one band, faced a boss who had a big yen for the old South and wanted her to look like Scarlett O'Hara singing hot jazz.

That's when Doris started her beauty scrapbook and started learning from audiences what was most effective for her. She did get some very Southern, flouncy things for that one employer and she schmaltzed it up when she wore these flouncy things, but she saw, from audience reaction, that they did prefer her to be the forthright American girl that she is. She combed her hair straight back from her face then in a long full bob, because that she could shampoo and set all by herself—but she knew she needed a better hair-do. She knew she needed to lose a few pounds, too, but who can afford a steak and lamb chop diet when she is economizing?

But she built up her beauty book. She'd see a dress she thought was right for her in a fashion magazine—and she'd clip it out, paste it in the book, and later, when she had to buy a new dress, she'd try to get one with those lines—at a quarter the price, naturally. She did the same with hats, shoes, gloves, handbags. She did it with hair styles too.

The result was that when she got her contract with Warners', she was ready. She still is spotless. On the chops and steaks she can now afford, she is slim as a whippet. When the camera showed her that her hair was more becoming slightly lightened, she lightened it. She is not entirely satisfied with the bangs which she wears, and so continually she experiments on new hair-dos. But she hasn't yet found one that is as flattering as the bangs. Don't just think those are "bang" bangs on Dodo. They are not. Looking closely you will see that part of them are curved away from her face, part not.

She is subtle about all her make-up. She dresses subtly and very expensively, too. Even when she wears dungarees, they are tailored-to-measure. Her apparently casual "boys" shirts are custom-tailored, too. She has never been seen with a hair out of place and when she goes to Romanoff's or such spots, she always wears a hat, gloves and perfect accessories.

What's more, she still keeps up her beauty scrapbook. When she is called in for a new film, she always has a pictorial file of "dresses that might be an idea"—and which the designers in the studio always find are just about perfect for her.

In other words, she's beauty hep—and for free. Just as you can be, too, you see, by any one of the methods of these four smart girls, all put together with your own personal blend and accent.

THE END

If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 72)

party she and Ty Power gave a few weeks ago, and I must admit that she looked charming. But then Linda has the little, piquant face that the style requires, the vivacity, and the daring.

Beware if your face is round—or your figure ditto!

It all gets back to point number one: the latest fashion is the best fashion for you *only* if it does something for you.

Mitzi's Slimming Secrets

For all you girls who have spot-reducing problems—a bump here, or a bulge there—and have written to ask me for specific exercises, Mitzi Gaynor, Twentieth Century-Fox's enchanting young dancing star, has worked out some miracle-producing routines.

I had heard about Mitzi's magic exercises, and phoned to ask her to share her secret with the readers of this column.

She plunged at once into a description which—since my telephone is not equipped with television—sounded unbelievably complicated.

"Oh, dear," I said.

"Wait," she said, hanging up, and in twenty minutes she was squatting in the middle of the floor of my library *demonstrating!* What a lamb!

I watched, fascinated, and took notes—and I'll try to describe the process for you.

There are only two exercises.

First, for reducing the waistline and everything below it:

Squat down, feet together flat on the floor, derriere close to the floor. Put the palms of both hands flat on the floor in front of you and keep them there throughout the entire exercise. First, in that

position, you bounce your bottom gently four times, then rear it up in the air as high as you can, straightening your knees, your feet and palms still flat on the floor. Alternate twice the four small bounces and the high-bottom bounce, then down again for three low bounces and a high bounce up, then down again for two low bounces and up for a high bounce, then down for one short low bounce and up for four high bounces.

(At this point, I interjected a remark: anyone who can do this exercise, I maintained, doesn't need it. Mitzi says it isn't so—it's easy, she says.) But there's more:

With feet and palms still flat on the floor and derriere still elevated and with knees straight, walk forward toward your flat-on-the-floor palms taking eight steps until toes and palms of hands touch. Then grab hold of back of legs at the calves, rear still elevated, knees still straight, turn your head sideways and rest it on your knees.

"Whew," I gasped, and I had been only a spectator. Mitzi wasn't even winded.

Ellen Ray, her "dance-in" on "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," had taught her the exercise, she said, and she is convinced after doing it daily for months that it stretches all the leg muscles, takes off excess tummy, hips and rear and loosens the arms like no other exercise.

Girls who need to reduce the waistline and would be happy, as an extra prize, to firm their shoulders and bosoms, are invited to try Exercise No. 2—which, you'll be happy to know, looked easier.

Stand straight, keep knees straight, feet flat on the floor and about a foot apart. Pull in stomach, shoulders back, then extend arms straight in front of you, level

with shoulders and palms down. Bend arms inward from elbow so that both hands, palms still down, are directly in front of you at shoulder level. Then press down with elbows without lowering them, swing body to right, looking straight back without swiveling hips (hips remain straight forward throughout this routine—you move from the waist upward *only*). Then swing up and back and do the same thing on your left side, so that you feel yourself pushing your hips (but not your stomach) forward and the upper torso backward and forward. Do it eight times to the right, eight to the left, and sixteen times alternating right and left.

"That's all," said Mitzi modestly, "there is to it."

And you have her word for it: it will make you feel as lithe and limber and alive as . . . well, as Mitzi Gaynor.

So Smile Again

I doubt if any of you has the strength to read further after trying Mitzi's exercises, but I do want to answer one letter from a reader who says she "is afraid to smile" because her otherwise pretty teeth are yellow and discolored.

We need every smile we can get these days, so here is a suggestion for getting this one back in working order.

A trip to the dentist for a thorough cleaning would be a necessary first step.

After that, if daily brushing with any one of the many good dentifrices on the market doesn't do the trick, I suggest trying a weekly brushing with plain, old-fashioned hydrogen peroxide. It isn't too unpleasant, and it's harmless, and it works.

So, happy faces!

THE END

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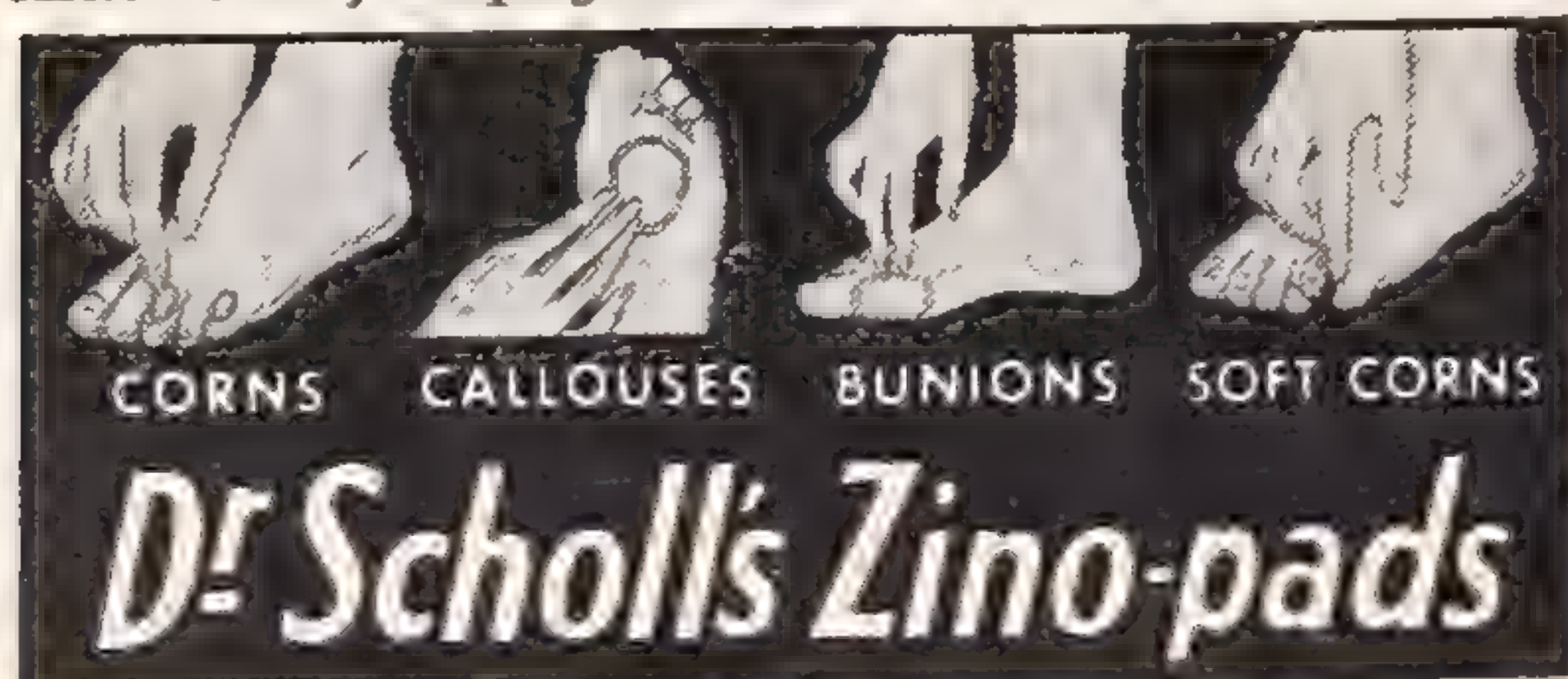
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Liz and Mike

(Continued from page 41)

she had to remain to approve the clothes being designed for her to wear in "The Girl Who Had Everything," scheduled to go into production March 26th. Time really was growing short.

Also, Michael Wilding in London had just told me: (1) That he had not made his trip to America expressly to see Liz . . . (2) That Liz herself had bought the beautiful sapphire which the press had heralded as his engagement ring to her . . .

On the first score Michael logically explained, "It was because of Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle that I visited America. They asked me to accompany them for personal appearances in behalf of 'The Lady with the Lamp,' in which Anna plays *Florence Nightingale*. My six weeks in California gave me my first vacation in years."

ON the second score, he said, equally logically. "Money restrictions being what they are, I hardly could afford to buy Liz a hot dog and a Coke, much less an expensive ring. What happened was that one night I looked into her eyes under the California moonlight and said, 'Honey, you should wear sapphires to match your eyes.' I said some other things as well. Next day she rang me up to meet her at the jeweler's where she was having a hard time deciding between two sapphire rings. I helped her make the choice—but she paid for the ring!"

At this same time Michael insisted that whether or not he and Elizabeth would marry the middle of February, when both of their divorces became final almost simultaneously, was a "yes or no" question. He thought they both would like to see what it was like being single again.

All of which is not the most romantic beginning for a wedding story—but it is, nevertheless, what happened. . . .

Michael, to do him justice, was a little embarrassed when the story of the engagement broke. "Elizabeth's announcement came as a surprise to me," he explained. "I had thought we would wait a few weeks. . . ."

And teasingly, Elizabeth told me, "It's leap year, so I leapt. . . ." Then, more seriously, "I have really grown up during the last year. From the time I was fifteen I had nothing but parties and silly little romances. Nicky, of course, was a big mistake. I think the idea of a June wedding appealed to me more than anything. But now I just want to be with Michael, to be his wife. He enjoys sitting home, smoking his pipe, reading, painting. And that's what I intend doing—all except smoking a pipe," she giggled.

"Even though on the surface our marriage looks hasty," Michael said, "both of us are more than serious about making life together satisfactory. Elizabeth is affectionate and kind. People forget she has been through a very trying year.

"She wants to be married to someone who will love and protect her and that someone—by some Heaven-sent luck—turns out to be me. I won't let her down."

They met, Michael and Liz, in 1949 when she was in London making "The Conspirator" with Bob Taylor. But not until last May did they really become acquainted. Then Michael visited the Elstree studios where Liz was making "Ivanhoe," to find her breathtakingly beautiful in a simple flowing robe, pinched in to show her small waist and wearing two heavy braids intertwined with gold.

"She was a very lovely young woman," he says, "and a very busy woman. Among other things, I remember she danced with

Prince Philip at the ball Lord Mountbatten gave for his daughter, Pamela. But I did manage to see her during lulls. Always, of course, I knew she must go back to America. But the day she left, October 7th, arrived like an hour of execution. I took her to the airport and suddenly, in the awareness of farewell—before she ran across the field to the waiting plane—she kissed me goodbye. I rushed after her—and this time I kissed her. Then, from the window she waved a final adieu. . . .

"In December we were together again, in California. I visited there, before returning to England, with Stewart Granger who is my old and very best friend. Stewart and his wife Jean Simmons and Liz and I swam and danced and laughed together.

"It is funny how much Jean and Liz resemble one another. One day I thought I spied Liz in the Granger garden. I slipped up behind her and clapped my hands over her eyes. Whereupon Stewart, who was reading under a tree, said, 'Sir, you are molesting my wife.' Liz and Jean, their hair short and wearing bright cottons, could be twins.

"They get on, too, are fond of each other, which is so fortunate."

MICHAEL, like Elizabeth, has been married once before, to Kay Young, an actress. Michael's marriage, however, lasted longer than Elizabeth's—he and Kay having been married ten years. Michael is a descendant of the Archbishop of Canterbury who crowned Queen Victoria. Also of John of Gaunt—but he says, "Wrong side of the blanket, I'm sorry to say." Born on July 23, 1912, he is six feet one inch tall, with blue eyes and brown hair. When he attended Christ's College he distinguished himself with athletics, swimming and high jumping.

In actual years, Michael is twenty years older than Elizabeth. But in his interests and general maturity he is even more than twice her age. He has spent his life, for one thing, with more sophisticated and worldly people. Marlene Dietrich has, for a long time, been his dear friend. But remember that the frenzied commotion of their wedding, which found Liz calm and poised as fifty British bobbies held back the crowds outside of the London Caxton Hall Registry office, left him pale and strained. Likewise in Paris, en route to their eight-day honeymoon in the French Alps, Liz was radiant and animated while Michael protested he was too weary to smile for the photographers, saying, "Marriage is a pretty tiring business." He also complained wryly about his slim wallet, wondering how he was to finance a honeymoon on the little money he had been allowed to take out of England.

He appears, certainly, to be money conscious, perhaps because British taxes allow him to keep so little. However, several years ago when, appearing in the Hitchcock picture "Under Capricorn" with Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten and "Stage Fright" with Jane Wyman, he filled out a publicity form. He wrote that his ambition was, "To be rich and not have to work too hard." His hobby, he noted, was collecting paintings but added that those he wanted he could not afford.

Those who know Michael best will tell you he is delightful and fascinating and stimulating but "not at all usual." It may be he will love Elizabeth enough to enjoy night clubs and dances and big dress-up parties as much as she does. Or it may be she will love him enough to forsake these things for the older and, in many instances, brilliant friends who gather in his London

flat and discuss the world and all the things in it they find interesting—for quiet weekends in the country and the long walks and simple life these holidays mean to Michael. Not that he is stodgy, not at all. The night Liz arrived in England and he drove her to London, they both danced merrily in the street before the Wilcox flat where they had to sign their applications to marry. There are many speculations about this marriage, of course. But only time will tell.

When Elizabeth and Michael returned to London after their eight-day honeymoon, Michael had to report immediately at his studio. It was his plan that during the day, while he was working, Elizabeth would rearrange his flat the way she wanted it and cook their dinners. He seemed happily oblivious that only a few months ago Liz admitted to knowing nothing about cooking.

Michael's flat is on a little street off Berkeley Square, a quiet street at night where occasional footsteps, especially in the fog, heighten the over-all *Sherlock Holmes* atmosphere. Often his sleek blue Jaguar car can be seen standing at the entrance. You walk through the side door of an expensive dress salon to reach the creaky lift that takes you to the top floor where, in a duplex, he combines his business and home life under one roof. Before the fireplace in which he likes to burn huge logs, an easel occupies the main position. The walls are hung with paintings. There's a framed photograph of Marlene Dietrich on a small table, easy chairs, books, lamps.

"We will keep my flat," Michael says. "It is so cozy and close to everything in London. And in the late spring when I can join Liz in California we will establish a home there. Until then she will live in her Beverly Hills apartment. At present our problem is geographical. I earn my living in London. She earns hers in Hollywood. Perhaps I shall make films in America. Perhaps she will make more films in England, after 'Ivanhoe' is shown and is successful.

"In the meantime I can only be grateful that a special fate brought Liz back to her native London and into my heart."

THE END

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Clown with Wings

(Continued from page 39)

British-blue—began watching too. The plane was losing altitude now, and the children cried out with the pain that shot through their ears. The funny man wiggled his jaws up and down, and they wiggled theirs too. And gradually, watching Red, their tears dried into a grin.

How thin was the line between tragedy and comedy, he was remembering. And it was growing thinner every second now.

Beside him, a red-headed Catholic priest, Father Edward J. Carney, of Lawrence, Mass., began setting up an altar in the plane window so he could give the passengers the last rites of his church. And in his own way, Red Skelton was performing his last rites too—as a clown. . .

They were more than friends, these two Irishmen. They'd been taken for brothers—and they were in truth, very close of kin.

BACK home in Vincennes, Indiana, as a child—Red had meant to be a minister. When he was four he would stand on a high chair, Bible in hand, and "preach" to his mother and his three brothers, his small face solemn and intent. But at the age of ten he was helping provide food for the family, selling newspapers, working in grocery stores, racking balls in poolhalls. His hardworking mother had dreamed of Red following in his dad's flapping footsteps—as a clown. Sometimes he would blacken his face, put on big shoes, and "act" out in the backyard—and the kids would laugh and forget for a moment the meals they'd missed. He began working in medicine shows, burlesque and vaudeville and whenever he took a fall, he would pick himself up from the floor to see smiling faces on every side. As a clown he was getting more and more converts.

Laughter, to Red Skelton, became a heavenly sound. Lifting the human heart was, in its way, a form of religion. This, he felt, was what the Guy Upstairs had intended for him—and this he dedicated his life to do.

A few hours before boarding this plane at Rome, Red Skelton had visited the Vatican. His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, had spoken to him. "You are helping us in our great cause against Communism, by means of the cinema, radio and television," he'd said. "I want to congratulate you on your work—to tell you to keep faith and keep heart. . ." Then he had given Red his special blessing. . .

At the same time, on another continent, Communist rioters were refusing to refuel the plane in which Red Skelton later would ride. At Nairobi, Africa, Communist sympathizers were rioting. British officers of the airline managed somehow to get enough fuel to reach Rome. But later, in a laboratory in France, tests were to indicate sabotage; soil was found in two oil lines of the plane, a propeller had been put on in reverse.

To the Communists, a famous motion picture star, Father Carney, a priest who'd fought Communism for fourteen years, Gene Fowler, a writer of international renown who also was traveling with Red and Georgia—and others—were a payload.

At Rome the luxury airliner had risen from the runway into golden sunshine and deep blue skies. From his seat at the end of the plane, Red had faced women from Calcutta, colorfully garbed in their saris; a British ambassador to India; an English film executive; Italians who'd boarded the plane, too, in Rome. Georgia sat two rows in front of him, with Mrs. Fowler. There were many children, too—among them, the four-year-old crippled Hindu child.

Red had been a very busy man at first, photographing the mountains—purple,

green, red-violet and snow-capped precipitous peaks.

"Hey, little Red," he had called to his wife laughingly. "Look at those two St. Bernards down there. One's carrying the brandy and the other the chaser."

The pretty stewardess had been arranging trays for high tea when they felt the heavy ship lurch for the first time. Looking out of her window, Georgia had seen that one propeller wasn't spinning. They were running on three motors.

Another lurch the other way had told them an engine on the other side of the plane was going too.

Up front the red light went on. "Passengers Fasten Your Seat Belts. No Smoking, Please. . ."

At the controls, Captain Patrick Hill, a veteran pilot who'd had Lancasters shot out from under him during the war, was radio-ing a little field at Lyons, France—praying for a miracle that would get them there. At Lyons, thirty-six minutes ahead of them, was a narrow 2,000-foot emergency landing strip built during the war—built for two-motor planes. It was much too short for this four-motor job. Even if he could make it—how could he stop the plane from crashing into the hangar and exploding at the end of the strip?

"Four-motor plane London-bound from Nairobi, Africa. Prepare for crash landing. Two motors out . . . the third . . . going—" His voice was weakening to a whisper . . . as the radio, too, went.

Behind the pilot, passengers' ears alerted to every new noise, their lips moved in many prayers. And Red Skelton started the warm-up for what might well be his last show. The plane dropped sickeningly. A silver sheet, the width of a room, streamed by the window now, shining like liquid silver in the sun. They were dumping gasoline.

Georgia smiled at Red reassuringly. She held in her hand her crucifix, so recently blessed. She was strangely unafraid. God won't take Red yet, she was thinking. He has work to do. Her eyes sought Father Carney's and she noted with some shock that his were red-rimmed and fixed with a strange expression on some distant point. *He doesn't even see me!* she thought.

THE priest, a chaplain with the paratroopers during the last war, had been close to death before—close enough to recognize that this might be the last run. They were beyond earthly help now. They must look to Another, to His mercy and love. They were in His care. Father Carney put a purple ribbon around his neck, and turning to Skelton, said words the whole world was later to read: "You take care of your department, Red. I'll take care of mine," and he began giving the last rites. . .

So, in his way, did Red. . .

He would have to do this one the hard way. No rusty brown hat, no lucky maroon tie, no cigar to chew. No falls—the safety belt prevented that. No gags—the Hindu and Italian children wouldn't understand. He would pantomime. Pantomime was a universal language. The foreign children couldn't understand English, but they could read his face. Children read faces well—sometimes too well—and they must not read the fear now in many of the faces.

They were losing altitude, and the cries of the children were mingled with the eerie "honking" noise of the plane as the pressure died.

Red began pantomiming the frightening sound of the plane, pretending to be a duck and "honking" too. He swallowed

hard and comically, to get the little fellows to follow suit and relieve the pressure on their eardrums. When the plane lurched, joggling the seats up and down—Red began to stroke energetically, pretending to be rowing a boat.

He had the little girl across from him now—she'd stopped crying. His audience was gradually growing, as other children watched and began smiling too.

They were approaching the highest point of the Alps with Mt. Blanc growing near—too near . . . And Red was *Clem Kadiddlehopper* making like a half-wit keeping a feather in air. With his mouth open and a vacant grin, he watched the feather slowly descend again. It caught in his throat, tickling him. The children laughed with him, and their parents joined in—forgetting for the moment the white face of the stewardess as she hurried by. . . .

While Red clowned, the wounded ship struggled in the sky, and the mountain came nearer and nearer. But even as it seemed they would collide, they felt a strong Helping Hand like a tail wind lifting them over that last perilous peak.

Then they were circling the small emergency landing field at Lyons. Below they could see the field—the brief, too-thin line of the runway, the townspeople gathered around—the fire engines, ambulances (and hearses) waiting.

But they were not landing there. They were dropping down into a field of clover beside the strip. They were descending into a setting of Biblical beauty, with sheep grazing and herdsmen tending their flock. An old shepherd watched them, shading his eyes from the bright, bright sun.

Red was remembering Another's script. . . .

"The Lord is my Shepherd . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me. . . ."

With some of its force gone, the plane bounced onto the runway, and on, nearer and nearer the hangar at the end. One foot away from the building it stopped. . . .

It was Red who broke the silence. "Now that we're all down safe, we can pick up the bad habits we were promising to give up a few minutes ago."

The little Hindu girl didn't know what he was saying, but she laughed with her new friend. And as he disembarked the children swarmed around, reluctant to leave their Pied Piper of the skies.

Where there's laughter—there's life, a way of life that must go on and on. . . .

Christian and clown, Red's job was not yet done.

THE END

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Do People Like You?

(Continued from page 57)

was when he had a back-yard catch with his boys and enjoyed showing off his agility before Gloria) and impulsive (as he was when he decided to go to the roof after the ball in the first place) and vulnerable (as he was when he got a case of nerves and made no bones about being skittish about coming down) that people are most lovable. We're not nearly as likely to be drawn towards those who hold themselves superior and aloof. Yes.

4. Olivia de Havilland's husband, Marcus Goodrich, is given to lecturing anyone and everyone on all manner of subjects. He seems to look upon himself as a Great Authority. However, though the Goodrich usurpation has cost Olivia dearly she holds brief for him always.

A. It is a wonderful thing for a wife to be loyal and admiring. But when a man costs a woman her friends—she should find ways and means of tempering his attitude rather than encouraging him to continue as an autocrat. No.

5. A few days following Photoplay's Gold Medal dinner, Joan Caulfield, who had attended with her husband, Frank Ross, wrote to the editor of Photoplay to tell her what a beautiful and exciting occasion the dinner had been, to the least detail. "I even," Joan wrote, "got my beef rare when I asked for it that way!"
A. It is common courtesy to telephone or write a hostess following a small party. But, too often, following a big club or business dinner no one compliments those whose responsibility such a dinner was, those who naturally would be pleased to hear that their guests had had a happy time. It was warm and understanding of Joan to do so. Yes.

6. Speaking of Photoplay's Gold Medal dinner reminds me of Mrs. Mario Lanza. When Mario was informed that he had won the Gold Medal for the most popular performance of the year as Caruso he was greatly excited. "It's the oldest award in the movie business," he explained to Betty. But beyond this fact he was at a loss. "It's all right," Betty told him. "I'll find out all about it. And find out all about it she did—by telephoning the Photoplay offices and saying simply and directly, "Please tell me about the Gold Medal Award—exactly how the public makes the choice. We are so excited, Mario and I, that he should have this great honor. We want to know everything there is to know about it."

A. I wish you could have heard the girls in the Photoplay office rave about Mrs. Lanza. "Some stars pretend they aren't impressed when they get one of these awards," they said. "They're afraid to let anyone see their pleasure or excitement. Not Betty Lanza! She's a doll!" Yes.

7. There's a star in her middle thirties, who acts cute and loves to giggle. Some people call her Mrs. Pie, "because she always crinkles at the edges."

A. No matter how effective an act may be, in time it is certain to infuriate or, at least, to bore people. No.

8. Joan Evans, still a teenager, goes overboard about greeting older people at parties, is meticulous about thank-you notes.

A. Joan also gets as excited over whatever is exciting to her as any other teenager. She loves clothes, boy friends and dancing. But, by some divine good fortune, she has escaped the delusion that to be young and gay you have to resemble,

slightly at least, a hoodlum. Yes.

9. When Errol Flynn shakes hands with a lady he bows and his eyes are smiling. He acknowledges a lady's greeting or an introduction to a lady as though he had at last, come to a happy moment in his day.

A. Errol might be called first aid to any hostess. For no woman guest leaves Errol's side without feeling more glamorous. Whereupon, of course, she is happier—and so she has more to contribute to a party's spirit. I could wish that more men would choose to be such romantic cavaliers instead of carrying to parties both the brusqueness and the cares of their offices. Yes.

10. At a Hedda Hopper party Mitzi Gaynor was asked to sing. She had a bad cold. But she went to the piano and sang a little song just the same.

A. Much better for her to sing a little number than to apologize and explain and apologize and explain. This way everyone made allowances for Mitzi's slightly hoarse tones and felt warmly towards her because of her willingness. Yes.

11. Ask Frank Sinatra to do something and he will give every indication that he would like to do it. He will explain, however, that he has to see about this or that before he can give you a definite answer. He will, he promises, call you back. And you will be called back. But if Frank's final answer has to be in the negative he prefers to have someone on his staff call for him.

A. I think Frankie has someone else make his refusal because innately he prefers to say yes. But these tactics do not endear him to people who feel let down and wonder if Frankie wasn't deceiving them when he seemed willing in the first place. Better always that we do our unpleasant jobs ourselves, as pleasantly as we are able. So those we disappoint do not feel hoodwinked as well as refused. No.

12. Joan Crawford arrived at the studios the other day with her teen-aged Christina, her slightly younger Christopher and her twins. All four children were beautifully dressed and groomed. Joan introduced them one by one to her colleagues and they shook hands, bowed or curtsied and said all the right things—for all the world like little well-trained soldiers. "And Joan," reports a bystander, "watched them like a commanding officer."

A. Joan—she would tell you so herself—is a great disciplinarian. However, since only the exceptional human being ever is capable of being the perfectionist that she is, there is a general feeling that Joan really should demand less from her children. Children should be well-mannered, of course, but not put on parade. No.

13. Farley Granger meets many people. Sometimes the meetings amount to little more than introductions. However, if someone Farley has met does not appear to recognize him he will approach him and call to mind the former meeting.

A. Usually it is the other way around. Usually celebrities are the ones who do not recognize those they have met before. Sometimes they really don't, for they meet people by the hundreds. Other times they simply don't wish to be bothered. But Farley has a warmth and a liking for people. And a memory for faces and names which is very flattering. Yes.

14. Rita Hayworth is not a talker. In a way she is—somewhat inarticulate. So

that's how she is—and she doesn't try to be otherwise.

A. It is all very well to be true to yourself. But there also is such a thing as social responsibility. No one would suggest that Rita make any attempt to be the life of the party. However a little participation always is in order. Rita should make some effort to keep the conversation going. No.

15. Ava Gardner is as friendly as a puppy. She is likely to come towards you with both of her hands outstretched in greeting, calling "Hi . . ."

A. This attitude in Ava is very refreshing—because it is so folksy and Southern, so true, in other words, to Ava's background. Too many beauties hold themselves aloof—in what they believe to be the most becoming pose and posture. As a result they are deadly bores. Yes.

16. Recently Denise Darcel came to a party given for the French Women of the Resistance. She drank her tea and ate her refreshments. She was photographed with all the celebrities present. But she asked to be excused from offering any entertainment because she was not well.

A. I was not the only one to feel that if Denise was well enough to come to the party with her young man, to have refreshments and to be photographed in every possible position likely to make the newspapers, she also was well enough to contribute to the entertainment. I said to her, "Many of us have exhausted ourselves running this big show for your country. I did hope you would perform." But Denise just shrugged her shoulders. She obviously had no compunctions about using this occasion to get publicity without making any contribution to it. No.

17. There's an up and coming starlet in Hollywood who, when you tell her a story that reflects credit on someone, manages to murmur "Oh, Honey . . ." in a way that either suggests you're a nice person and have been taken in or that there's more to the story than meets the eye. This technique saves this starlet from ever actually saying anything unpleasant.

A. In spite of the fact that this girl never commits herself in so many words, she has come to be avoided not only by those people whom she has dismissed with her "Oh, Honey" technique but also by those to whom she has cooed her sugar-coated but disparaging words. People, I think, would distrust her far less if she would come right out and say what she thinks. No.

18. Pat Nerney likes the fights. So Mona Freeman saw to it that she'd enjoy the fights too.

A. Mona doesn't just pretend to like boxing. Neither does she merely seem to hang on Pat's words when he talks about fights. When she realized Pat enjoyed the fights she made it her business—since the sport wasn't repulsive to her—to find out about boxing. So instead of being a dutiful wife, hiding her boredom, she's a real companion to Pat on fight nights. Yes.

Now then, if you are right on fifteen to eighteen questions you can be pretty sure that you know the qualities that make human beings likable. If you check with twelve to fifteen you're at least on the right track. In either case, since you know what makes people likable, there's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be likable too. If you come in under the above scores you haven't analyzed the qualities in others to which you react pleasantly and unpleasantly. But you can start doing this—right now!

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More Dressing, Please

(Continued from page 59)

Cohn, the president of Columbia Pictures, to discuss a new contract. She was wearing rolled-up levis, moccasins with bobby sox, a brightly colored shirt, while a scarf covered some of her windblown locks!

I once asked Rita, "Why the levis?" She explained that she likes to sit with her legs folded under her, and a dress is out of the question for such a position.

Shelley Winters once told a columnist that she admired Joan Crawford tremendously and wanted to pattern her career on the fabulous Miss Crawford. Joan, who admires Shelley for her acting, was pleased and touched. But if Shelley is really serious, she should begin by copying Joan's chic way of dressing.

NO one denies that pants are comfortable, that a sweater is warm or that make-up is sometimes a bore, but when a movie star makes these casual things a perpetual costume, the effect is unglamorous, to put it mildly. Only a skinny-hipped lady like Hepburn can wear trousers all the time and get away with it. Shelley, to whom nature has been generous, figuratively speaking, should put away those eternal slacks of hers, tight, baggy, short, long. At Sunday Night Academy movie shows, Shelley appears in her unbecoming trademarks, all topped with a shapeless polo coat and with her hair every which way. You love being a movie star, Shelley. Please love to look like one.

When Bette Davis worked at Warners, she bought a new dress, a French import. "It's the first time I ever owned anything like this," she confided to an intimate, adding, "I'll probably wear it for the next ten years." She wasn't kidding. She's New England thrifty. A girl at Magnin's calls her whenever there is a sale, and if it's a good buy, Bette buys—even if the dress isn't too becoming.

When Jane Russell was about to take off on her first personal appearance with "The Outlaw," an intrepid press agent penned a note to her boss, Howard Hughes—"Her clothes are terrible. I think we should spend a few hundred bucks and get her 'dressed up.'" Jane can be as oblivious to the stains on her clothes as her public, who usually stare at something more interesting. She's the tomboy type of the wide open spaces.

But at RKO there's a complete wardrobe made especially for Jane, and loaned to her when she goes on personal appearances. For her appearance at the British Command Performance, where she met the Princesses and the Queen, RKO made her

a red velvet dress trimmed with mink. For less formal occasions they loaned her suits.

At home, Jane dispenses with girdles, but never with a bra; likes sweaters, blouses, and velvet and corduroy matador pants, tied at the ankles! Jane's much publicized bust is 37 inches around. Not too much when you consider that Kathryn Grayson, who isn't anywhere near as tall or statuesque, has the same measurement.

Betty Grable was originally scheduled to star as the "I Don't Care Girl." She went on suspension at the time and Mitzi Gaynor took over. But in private life that belongs to Betty. She just doesn't care. Especially when it comes to clothes. She has what you might call an un-studied taste, an I'll-put-this-on-because-it's-the-closest attitude. She does not wear anklet jewelry any more, but that's about the only change in Betty's private-life dressing in the past ten years.

At the racetrack—Betty's home away from home—she wears what the trade calls "a pattern suit." Any blouse can fill in. Now and then she wears a hat, but it's usually too small for her face. She loves purple, pink, red, blue, every color, for her huge collection of slacks and sweaters. Any old scarf is good enough to cover her platinum-dyed locks. A minimum of make-up—usually just lipstick.

But when she dresses for the screen it's another story. Betty will try on a hundred and fifty pairs of shoes to get the right pair. Every strand of hair has to be in place. She loves period gowns and stands patiently for hours during arduous fittings. Could be this is why Betty takes a vacation from fashion in her private life?

RECENTLY, a top designer, watching Susan Hayward arrive at a premiere, cracked, "Susan reminds me of the M-G-M lion." He continued—"A great mane, and a pout." A few months back, for her Jane Froman picture, "With a Song in My Heart," Susan was persuaded to part with a few inches of her mop of red hair. She was the last of the stars (with the exception of Rita) to cut her crowning glory. It's still longish, but now you can see she has a neck.

"You'll see a new Susan in the Froman film," Charles Le Maire, fashion arbiter at Twentieth Century-Fox, assures me. "She wears forty-two dresses, and it's like a fashion show. She told me, 'Charlie, I'll never go out from now on, unless you tell me what is right.' She was so pleased the other night when people did a double

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take and said, 'I didn't know it was you, Susan.' When she wants to she can be so beautiful."

That's what I think. Susan's problem has been that she dresses the way she thinks a movie star should. No peasant skirts or slacks for Susan, *she dresses*—up to the hilt. And what she can't wear she carries. At a party not so long ago, she wore a black and gold dress that was too shiny, too draped, too bunched and too low cut. She has a gorgeous figure, but like Janet Leigh, who is on this list only for this reason, she shows too much of it, front center.

I've been around, and I've lived a long time in Hollywood, but I really was pushed off my pins when I saw Janet at a not-long-ago premiere. However, this isn't the place to give an intimate description of Janet from the neck to the waist. Janet is a charming girl. I'll never know why she chose to use her figger for a publicity prop.

Lana Turner spends a lot of money on dresses, furs and jewels. And I've seen her looking very glamorous and starlike at night clubs and parties. But around town, when photographers are not popping with flashbulbs, Lana's public sometimes pops at sight of the blonde Lana in her everyday shopping get-up. Last week, anyone who saw Lana in the fashionable Jean Long shop in Beverly Hills found it hard to believe she was the same girl seen on the screen. She wore a shapeless polo coat, tied in the middle like a sack, over drab-looking pants. Around her head she had tied an old scarf and I recognized her only because the gentleman with her was Fernando Lamas.

NATURE intended Lana to be plump. And between pictures Lana is all for giving nature its head, or rather, her body. After her starvation diet to thin down for "The Merry Widow," she swore she'd never put the poundage on again. But she did. Directly "The Merry Widow" was in the can, Lana forgot to remember to count calories.

Pier Angeli is nineteen. But her mother won't let her grow up. Only once has Mrs. Pierangeli (Pier's real name) allowed her darling daughter to be alone with a man—the safe Arthur Loew Jr. who escorted the Italian beauty to a cocktail party honoring Betty Furness. And even at that crowded gathering Pier had to telephone her mother every two hours to explain where she was. This maternal surveillance probably accounts for Pier's childlike attitude, all whimsy and Alice-through-the-looking-glass. It also includes her appearance. Pier is not allowed to use lipstick. She wears flat shoes, full peasant skirts, and long straggly untidy hair.

Esther Williams is so healthy looking, I guess it doesn't really matter what she wears, or when. And this opinion is shared by Esther. Esther always looks wonderful in a swimming suit. And she looks okay in her every-day suits. But, in the evening, she often has a slightly homemade look. It's fine to make your dresses, but they never should look as if you did.

And now I think I'll leave town until this issue of Photoplay is off sale.

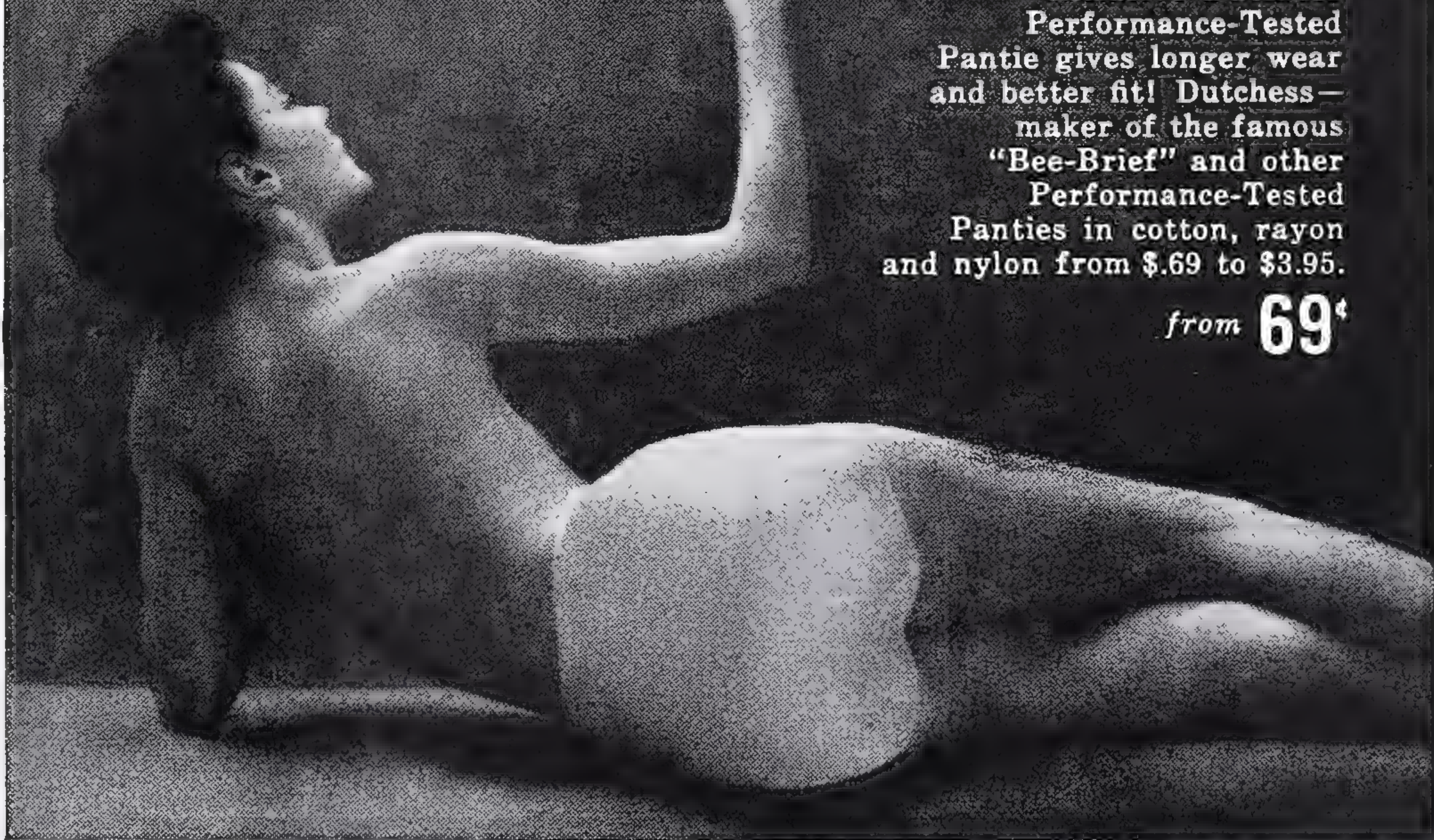
(Lana Turner is in "The Merry Widow"; Jane Russell, "Macao"; Betty Grable, "The Farmer Takes a Wife"; Susan Hayward, "With a Song in My Heart" and "Cow-poke"; Shelley Winters, "Untamed"; Rita Hayworth, "Affair in Trinidad"; Bette Davis, "Phone Call from a Stranger"; Pier Angeli, "Story of Three Loves"; Esther Williams, "Skirts Ahoy"; Janet Leigh, "Scaramouche.")

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She's My Girl

(Continued from page 61)

little Blyth girl? She's pretty enough, but she's scared of her own shadow."

"She'll never get any place the way she sits quietly in a corner, never trying to sell herself."

"Why, you can just barely hear her when she talks. My kid can act rings around her."

They were right on several scores. Ann, who then was about eleven, did sit quietly in an inconspicuous corner when she wasn't needed. She also might have been considered the mousy type, compared to the kids who did hand-stands, cart-wheels, anything to show off and attract attention. And Ann never did try to sell herself. But she *wasn't* afraid and she *could* act. While the other kids hammered home their lines, Ann—even at that early age—had a warm tender quality in her voice that was far more arresting.

FROM 1942 to 1946, while I was in the Navy, Ann and I naturally didn't see each other. She grew up in the meantime, and the very first thing that impressed me when we got together again was that same inner serenity (more matured, of course) that now glowed in her eyes and was so appealing in her voice. The way we met again, incidentally, is typical of Ann's lack of pretense and her wonderful humor.

It happened one early morning back in 1946—January 24th, to be exact—just two weeks, three days and a few million happy heartbeats following my naval discharge. The telephone rang. "Is that you, Dick?" asked a voice that sounded like honey on velvet. "This is Ann."

"Ann who?" inquired this dope.

"So I have competition," the voice laughed back. "This is Ann Blyth. If that other Ann won't scratch my eyes out, I was wondering if you'd like to take me to a premiere tomorrow night."

It had been four years since I'd talked to the Ann I've loved from the time we were kids around the New York theatre. How did she know I was out of the service? Who told her I was in town? Where had she got my telephone number? It's amazing, I've since discovered, that Ann is so intuitive. She always follows her hunches and they seldom fail her. She had had a hunch I was back in town. So she had called the Screen Actors Guild and made inquiry.

The day of the premiere I had to work on a picture at Paramount until six. At eight on the dot I rang Ann's doorbell and she came to the door. She kissed me on the cheek, greeted me warmly, while I held her at arm's length to get a better look at her. The child I had known now was a lovely young woman. It was wonderful to see her Aunt Cis and her Uncle Pat again, too. And we shot the breeze a bit until Ann suggested we head for Hollywood.

"Is the studio car here?" I asked, assuming that Universal-International would be sending their new and important star in a studio limousine. Ann's eyes danced.

"What's wrong with your car?" she needed, "Don't you like the color?"

"But, Ann," I explained, "I haven't had it washed. And it needs a paint job after being in storage four years. It never occurred to me that you'd want to ride in it—now!"

For the record, I've never made a remark like that again! We arrived at the premiere surrounded by the shiniest limousines. Ann had a ball. I kept thinking: "If only my old shipmates could see me now, they'd have to believe their favorite actress really was a very dear friend of

mine." Brother, how they used to rib me about having forged the signature on Ann's photograph that hung in my ship-board locker!

Because I'm lucky enough to see Ann often, I'm invariably asked what she is really like, especially on a date. Well, Ann likes those unplanned evenings best—like the time we started out for a quiet movie and ended up bowling our brains out at the Sunset Bowling Alley. I'll long remember her standing there, so tiny and feminine and so determined to make a strike.

Speaking of Ann's quiet determination, it sometimes seems to perform miracles. Last summer we were fishing at Lake Arrowhead. After two and a half hours, Aunt Cis, Uncle Pat and I threw down our poles in disgust. But not Ann. She continued to stare at the spot where her line hit the water as if willing some poor fish to bite. And for the next three days we had trout coming out of our ears.

During my recent hospitalization (the result of an old war injury), despite the fact that Ann was busy preparing for a picture she, with Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, was a regular visitor at the hospital. Her presence did a lot to cheer me, as well as three other young fellows who shared my room and also eagerly awaited her visits. One of them volunteered: "Ann's appearance here does more good for me than all the miracle drugs."

Shortly after my recovery, but before I could walk very well, Ann invited me to a *luau* at the Ambassador Hotel, where she was honored as the favorite movie star of the people of the Hawaiian Islands. She had to hold my arm and help me shuffle to our table. Outside the hotel as we waited for our car we got a big laugh out of the remark made by our friend Vera-Ellen: "Ann, when you walked in helping Dick, people wondered who the old cripple was. And, as you left, I'm sure they thought you were helping hold up your escort, who had had one too many!" Not many actresses of Ann's age and with her success would have put up with me as an escort.

However, her warmth and generosity goes out to strangers too.

ONE Saturday night we went with Jane Powell and Geary Steffen to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund Dinner Dance. Driving downtown Ann explained kiddingly:

"You get off easy tonight. The Russian boots I wear all day for 'The World in His Arms' rubbed an ugly blister on my heel, so I can't dance."

Later, one of the group of servicemen who were honored guests at an adjoining table told her, "My buddies have a bet that I can't get you to dance the Charleston with me."

Under the table Ann's sore foot slipped back into her shoe.

"Isn't it a shame they have to lose their bet?" she said, smiling at him as they headed for the dance floor.

Anyone in Hollywood knows that a movie star would sooner part with her husband (well almost!) than her Academy Award Oscar. So imagine Ann's dismay when, attending a Scavenger Hunt given by Columnist Ed Sullivan's daughter, Betty, we were assigned to return with the Oscar which Joan Crawford had won for her performance in "Mildred Pierce." Ann got her first big break in this picture and was herself nominated for an Award.

"Oh, Dick," she groaned, "how can I possibly ring Joan Crawford's doorbell and ask for the loan of so cherished a possession?"

She finally decided to telephone first.



YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

When the Dexters first moved to Hollywood they weren't sure they'd be staying—rented their home. But with Tony's success in "Valentino," new pictures coming up—his next is "The Brigand"—and the advent of the baby, the Dexters decided they were in Hollywood to stay—and so were agreed they should buy a house. They notified the . . .



. . . landlord they'd be moving and Tony told the real estate agent just what they wanted: "A house on a hilltop, roomy, cheerful, with fireplaces." But the . . .



. . . Dexters didn't just sit back and wait for the agent to find something. They toured the countryside and read all the ads. But none of the houses seemed right. Then one day, Tony's wife . . .



. . . let out an excited yelp. "Look," she cried, showing Tony an ad. "Hilltop, roomy, fireplace," he read. "And it's listed with our agent—let's go!" They dashed out to the car, raced over to the . . .



. . . realtor's. "That house you advertised—we want to see it," they chorused and waved the paper in the agent's face. Startled, he took the ad, read it, then grinned. "You've seen it," he . . .



. . . told them. "It's the house you're living in!" The Dexters gasped, reread the ad. "Hilltop, fireplace—just what we want. And we had it all the time!" Tony grinned. "Okay, we're sold!"

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